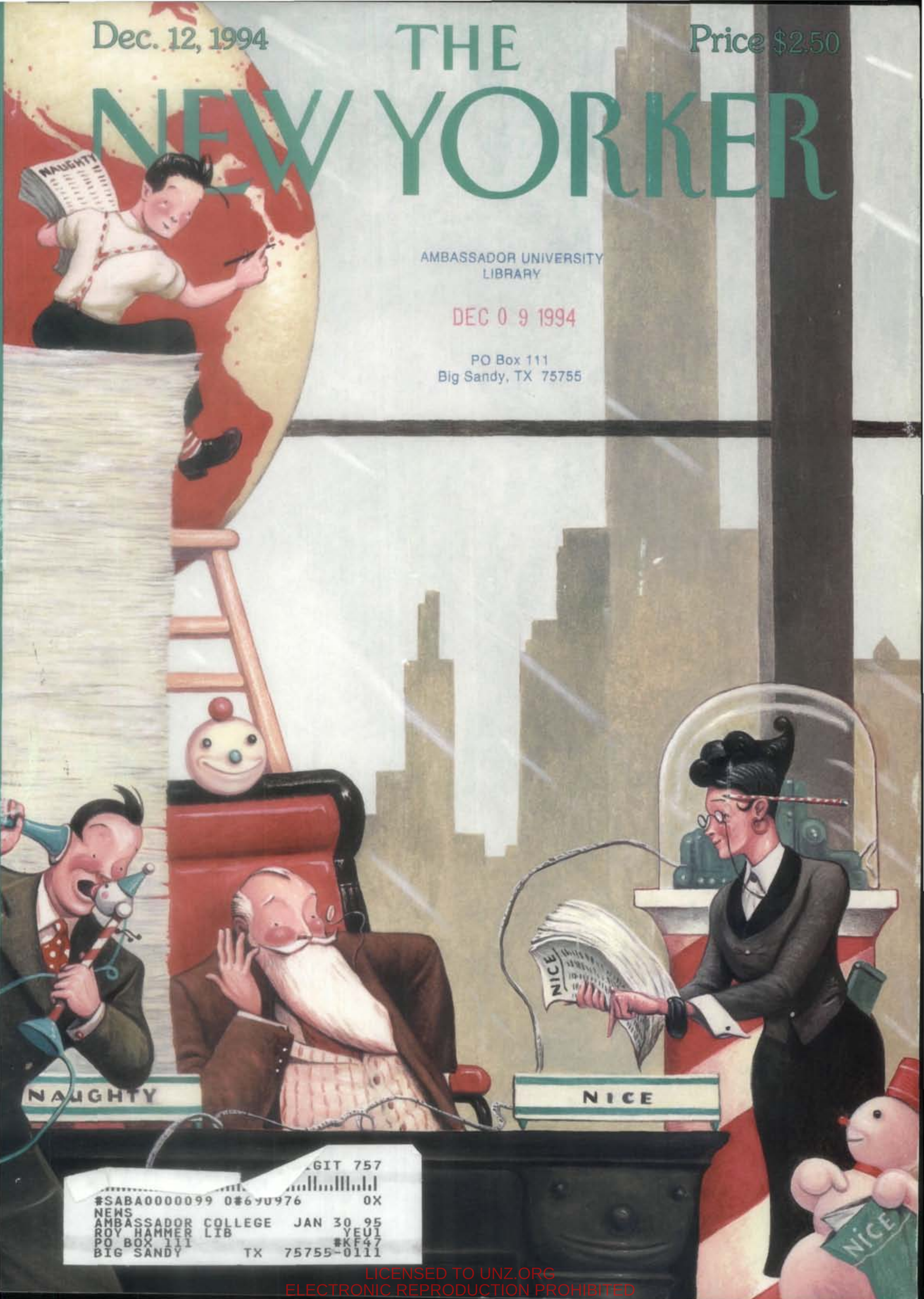
Dec. 12, 1994

THE NEW YORKER

Price $2.50


NAUGHTY
NAUGHTY
NICE
NICE
NICE

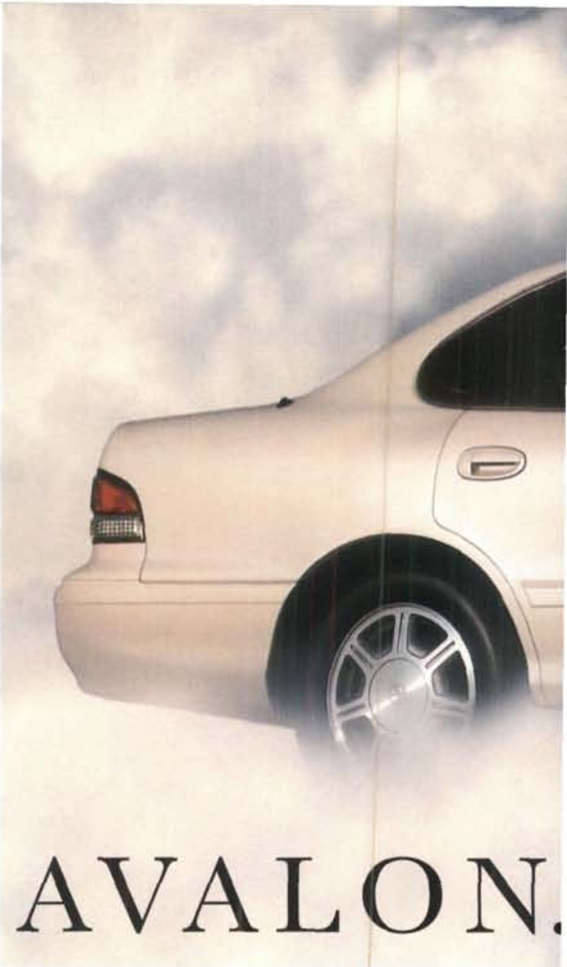
AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

DEC 0 9 1994

PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755

GIT 757
#SABA0000099 0#690976 0X
NEWS
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE JAN 30 95
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 #KF47
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

Avalon's bench seat features a retractable armrest for more personal driving comfort.



It is a world of superior COMFORT, room and refined driving performance. It has an expansive WHISPER-QUIET interior that offers a SERENE feeling unlike anything else. It has a MUSCULAR 192-horsepower V6 engine and a

Introducing AVALON.

It is an experience

You have a choice of plush bucket seats or a spacious bench (shown) that allows Avalon to accommodate six passengers.

©1994 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you. * Starting MSRP without freight for Avalon XL. Avalon XLS with optional equipment shown. Actual dealer prices may vary.

a b o v e ALL ELSE.

SOPHISTICATED suspension system that sets new standards of driving EXCELLENCE. It is the highest level of Toyota CRAFTSMANSHIP, QUALITY and technology.

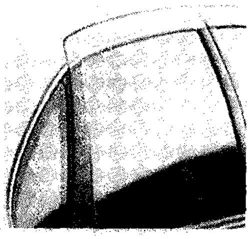
And it is built exclusively in America.

It is AVALON...the new FLAGSHIP from Toyota...starting at only $22,758.*

Experience the TRANQUILITY. Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a BROCHURE and location of your NEAREST DEALER.

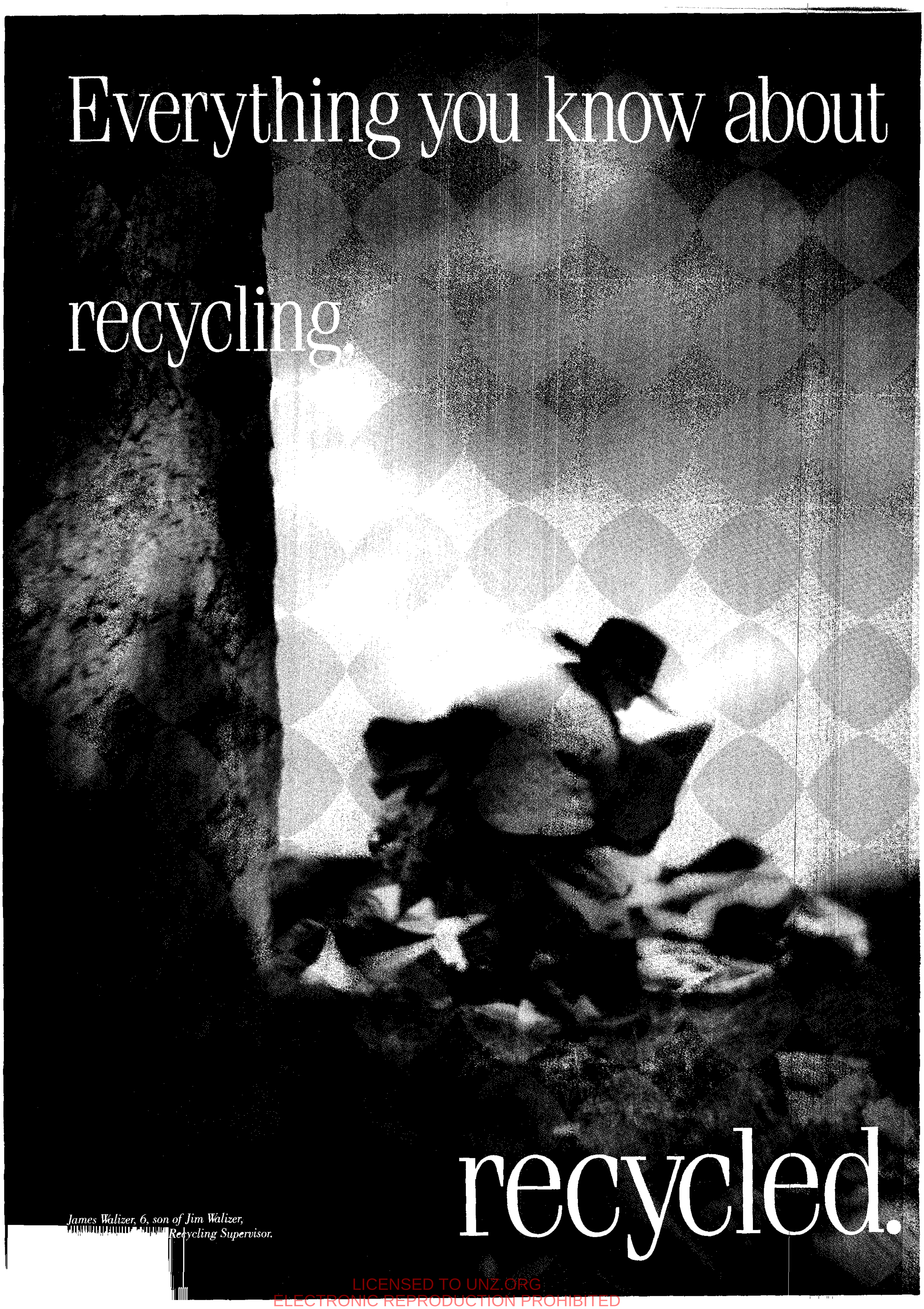
TOYOTA AVALON

I Love What You Do For Me



Flush-mounted glass and body panels make Avalon uieter for the ear and more pleasing for the eye.

A liquid-filled engine mount makes a quiet, all-aluminum engine even quieter.


Everything you know about
recycling
recycled.

James Walizer, 6, son of Jim Walizer,
[redacted] *Recycling Supervisor.*

AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755

WHAT ARE THE ISSUES?

After everybody's finished reading this magazine, it will probably end up in a recycling bin. From there, it'll be recovered and turned into new paper.

We say this with reasonable assurance because America has made great progress in recycling. We're recovering over 40% of the paper we use, making the U.S. one of the best recyclers in the world. Soon we expect to reach 50%, which is generally regarded to be near the practical limit because about half the paper we use isn't recoverable. For instance, a lot of paper gets stored in the form of books and documents, and some of it also gets contaminated beyond recovery.

So the issue now isn't whether to recycle, but how best to use recovered paper.

One thought: make all new paper out of 100% recycled paper. Idealistic but not very practical. Why? First is the enormous demand (over 88 million tons per year) for paper in our country. This demand can't be met with recovered material alone, no matter how good we get at recycling.

Secondly, when paper is recycled, its fiber weakens, ultimately making it unusable.

Lastly, sometimes recovered paper isn't of high enough quality to make better grades of paper. So the recycled material must be combined with different amounts of "virgin" fiber (raw material derived from harvested trees).

Where does all this leave us? Seeking a balance between the demand for paper products requiring virgin fiber, and the best way of using recovered paper.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

International Paper currently makes over 100 types of recycled paper products. With our Springhill Incentive and Hammermill Unity papers, we are also the first and only North American company to make 100% recycled business papers entirely from old newspapers and magazines.

We're also installing the world's largest, most efficient machines to make business and packaging papers containing recovered fiber. This, in turn, will further increase our total intake of recovered paper.

We meet the need for virgin fiber through a practice called "sustainable forestry," which includes planting 50 million SuperTree™ seedlings every year. SuperTrees, developed through a process of natural selection, produce 30% more wood per acre over a 25-year growing period. This ensures that we can harvest fewer acres and still satisfy the demand for high-quality paper.

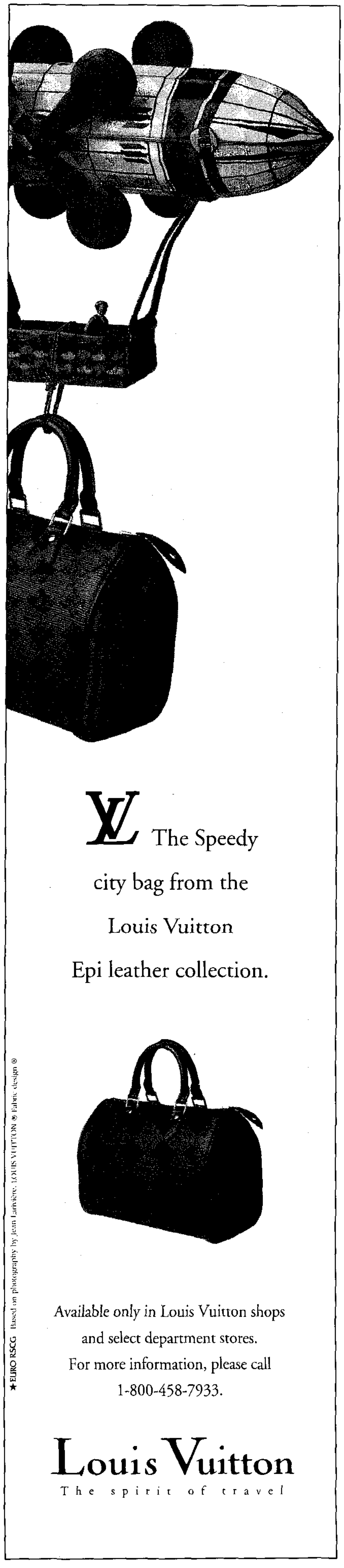
WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU.

This year, through the combined efforts of people like you and companies like International Paper, more paper will go to recycling plants than to landfills. You can also rest assured that our forestlands will be around for posterity.

Finally, if you've read this far, it's obvious that you'd like to see more progress in recycling. To talk more, call Steve Van Voorhis, Manager of Recycling Programs, at 1-800-831-8354.

INTERNATIONAL PAPER
We answer to the world.

©1994 International Paper



The Speedy city bag from the Louis Vuitton Epi leather collection.

Available only in Louis Vuitton shops
and select department stores.
For more information, please call
1-800-458-7933.

Louis Vuitton
The spirit of travel

★ EURO RSCG Based on photography by Jean Larivière. LOUIS VUITTON ® Fabric design ®

THE NEW YORKER

DECEMBER 12, 1994

COMMENT Closing the Books . . . . *David Remnick* 9
On Thomas vs. Hill, two accounts yield a single conclusion.

IN THE MAIL 12

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 16

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 45
Postscript on a killer; the independent filmmakers' guru;
mischief on Madison Avenue; honoring Justice Brennan; etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Our Far-Flung Correspondents Drawing the Line . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 50
A request from Orthodox Jews in London began a
battle over the boundaries of what is acceptably English.

In the Garden Earthly Delights . . . . *Jamaica Kincaid* 63
How do gardeners survive the winter? The right gift helps.

Onward and Upward with the Arts Medium Cool . . . . *Jervis Anderson* 72
Wynton Marsalis is today's most acclaimed jazz musician,
so why has his Lincoln Center project riled the critics?

A CRITIC AT LARGE Read All About It . . . . *Adam Gopnik* 84
Who is to blame for the media's current crisis?
An investigation of recent books reveals some suspects.

SHOWCASE Truffaut's Twin . . . . *Richard Avedon, Terrence Rafferty* 90

EASEL Gift Wrap . . . . *Kathy Osborn* 102

FICTION "Dark Hour" . . . . *Philip MacCann* 104

THE CRITICS

Books Edward O. Wilson's "Naturalist" . . . . *John Updike* 109
Children's Books Titles for the holidays . . . . *Daniel Menaker* 117
The Current Cinema "Tom and Viv,"
"Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle" . . . . *Anthony Lane* 125
The Theatre "Vita & Virginia" . . . . *Nancy Franklin* 130
Musical Events Esa-Pekka Salonen . . . . *Paul Griffiths* 132

POEMS

"Flies" . . . . *Galway Kinnell* 94
"Artichoke" . . . . *Robin Robertson* 120

SHOUTS AND MURMURS The Con Channel . . . . *Christopher Buckley* 136

COVER *Santa Claus in Town, by William Joyce*

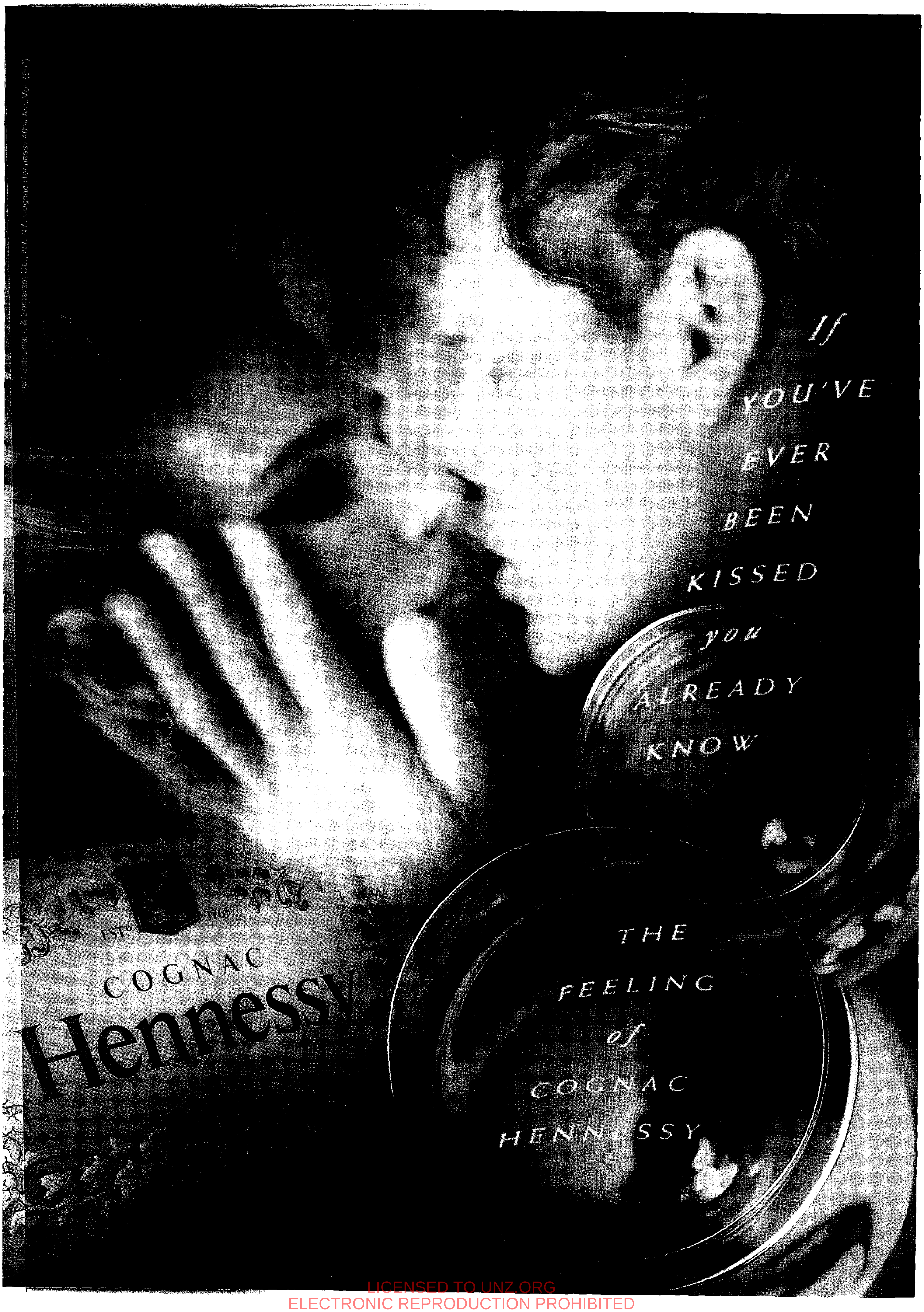
DRAWINGS *Robert Mankoff, Jack Ziegler, Donald Reilly, Frank Cotham, Tom Cheney, George Booth, Edward Frascino, William Hamilton, Warren Miller, Mike Twohy, Edward Sorel, Robert Weber, Roz Chast, Edward Koren, W. B. Park, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Michael Maslin, Charles Barsotti*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for three combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, the last week of June and the first week of July, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXX, No. 41, December 12, 1994. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $76.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Third-class mail enclosed in Version 2S

Bulk Rate
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
The New Yorker


If
YOU'VE
EVER
BEEN
KISSED
you
ALREADY
KNOW
THE
FEELING
of
COGNAC
HENNESSY
ESTD 1765
COGNAC
Hennessy

© 1991 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY. Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)

® Montblanc® Meisterstück®

The Meisterstück 149 Fountain Pen and Leather Agenda. Pen, personalized engraving available. Agenda, personalized embossing available. At Montblanc Boutiques and Authorized Retailers worldwide. (800-896-8775)

"No
great
artist
ever sees
things
as they
really are.
If he did he
would cease
to be an
artist."

Oscar Wilde

MONT BLANC
THE ART OF WRITING
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

You'll Swear The New InTech™ System From Lincoln Has A Mind Of Its Own.

Actually, It Has Three.

INTRODUCING THE LINCOLN INTECH SYSTEM.

The new InTech System is precisely what its name implies: intelligent technology. A system that constantly checks and re-checks powertrain and suspension functions to help deliver miles of worry-free driving. You'll find this technology on both the Lincoln Mark VIII and Lincoln Continental.*

1. POWERTRAIN A 32-valve InTech V-8 engine and a computer-controlled 4-speed automatic transmission work in tandem to provide quiet, responsive power. For additional peace of mind, the impressive V-8 has been designed to run for 100,000 miles before its first scheduled tune-up.†

2. SUSPENSION Another example of advanced intelligence is the computer-managed, 4-wheel independent air-suspension system for a more stable ride and better handling. The load-leveling feature automatically compensates for changes in passenger seating and trunk loads.

3. CHASSIS A four-wheel Anti-lock Brake System and speed-sensitive steering round out the smart thinking. ABS helps you maintain steering control during hard braking. Speed-sensitive steering increases or decreases responsiveness depending on how fast you're going.

Look closely and you'll see that the new InTech System has plenty of street smarts.

*1995 Continental available January 1995.
†Available on Mark VIII models produced after 10/17/94.

LINCOLN
What A Luxury Car Should Be

COMMENT

CLOSING THE BOOKS

Two opposing takes on the Thomas-Hill affair yield one conclusion.

THREE years ago, the Senate Judiciary Committee, with its televised hearings on the nomination of Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court, gave the nation a political morality play that gripped its attention as nothing had done since the Watergate hearings nearly a generation earlier. Like Watergate, the drama of Anita Hill's tremulous accusations and Thomas's stern denials spawned its own evocative vocabulary: instead of "modified limited hangout," "twisting slowly, slowly in the wind," and "I am not a crook," it featured "a high-tech lynching," "you just don't get it," "Long Dong Silver," and "Coke can." The spectacle ended with Thomas's confirmation by a Senate vote of fifty-two to forty-eight, but the mystery of what actually happened between Hill and Thomas remained, and the daily coverage gave way to more ambitious forms of examination.

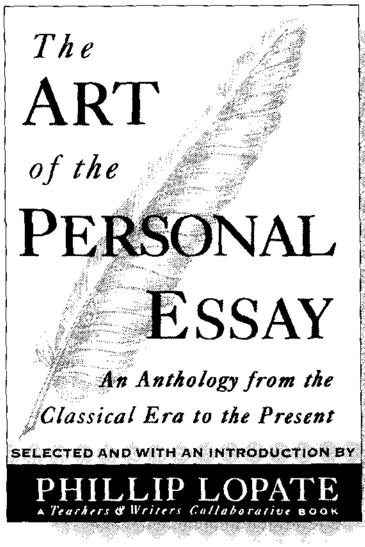
The early books on the controversy were unrevealing or—as in the notable case of David Brock's "The Real Anita Hill"—sloppy and vicious. The new ones are more enlightening. The most fascinating and, at times, the most bizarre of them is "Resurrection: The Confirmation of Clarence Thomas," a memoir by Thomas's friend and protector in the Senate—John Danforth, Republican of Missouri. The book is probably as close as we will ever get to hearing the story the way Thomas would tell it.

Senator Danforth, an Episcopal minister, portrays Thomas as a deeply religious man—a tortured soul, who not only denied the charges of harassment but could not fathom the motives of his accuser. To Danforth, Thomas was a Job figure, so ravaged by the charges that he writhed in agony on his bedroom floor. But then, with Danforth's help, he turned his anguish into a focussed, and politically astute, strategy of public rage. On the morning of October 11, 1991, the day Thomas would launch his counterattack, charging the committee with inflicting upon him a public humiliation no better than a lynching, Thomas, Danforth, and their wives crowded into the bathroom of the Senator's office, and Danforth switched on a tape recording of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir singing "Onward Christian Soldiers."

"I looked at Clarence," Danforth

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/managing editor; Diane M. Silberstein, senior vice-president/publisher; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Mauric Perl, vice-president/public relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Julie A. McGowan, advertising director; Cindy Schreibman, creative services director; Gretel Schneider, marketing director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1460, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; MediaAmerica, Ltd., 10 Old Brewery Mews, London, England NW31PZ; Penn Brown & Associates, 20 Park Plaza, Suite 446, Boston, Mass. 02116; The Media Company: 3525 Piedmont Road, N.E., Building 5-Suite 440, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; MPR: 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; 585 Ingrid Street, Laval, Quebec H7P 3P7; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Steve Leece Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong. SLDM Pte. Ltd., 7500-A Beach Road, #09-324 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore, Republic of Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. © 1994 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

A sublime gift—
perfect for one who is
wry
witty
candid
artistic
incisive
reflective
thoughtful
opinionated

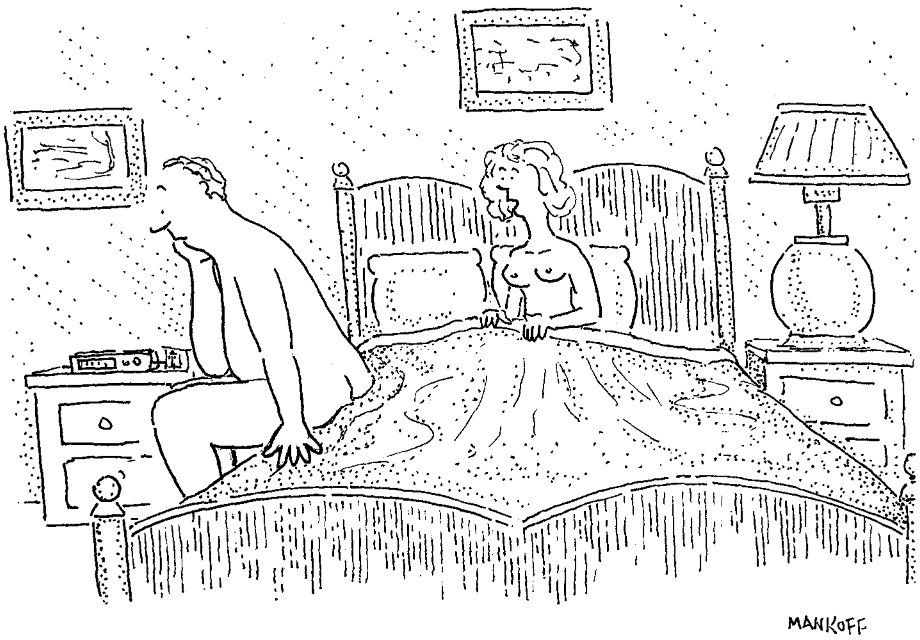

The ART *of the* PERSONAL ESSAY
An Anthology from the Classical Era to the Present
SELECTED AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
PHILLIP LOPATE
A *Teachers & Writers Collaborative* BOOK

AN ANCHOR HARDCOVER

—and appreciates the startling candor, the distinctive voice of self-reflective writing at its eloquent best. In **THE ART OF THE PERSONAL ESSAY**, Phillip Lopate has mined 76 brilliant gems from the classical era to the present in a work **"packed with personality and beguiling first-person prose"** (The Wall Street Journal), a literate feast that is **"pure pleasure"** (Vivian Gornick), **"definitive and marvelous"** (Molly Haskell) and altogether **"a wonderful book"** (The New York Times).

Books that hook you

ANCHOR
Anchor Books is a division of
Bantam Doubleday Dell Publishing Group, Inc.



"It's O.K., hon, it happens. It even happened to NATO.*"*

• •

writes. "His eyes were closed, his head bowed; his foot beat time to the music. The choir sang two verses of the old hymn. I pushed the stop button, put my hands on Clarence's shoulders, and spoke as a minister: 'Go forth in the name of Christ, trusting in the power of the Holy Spirit.' Clarence says that by the morning of the hearing he 'felt pure.' He had asked God's forgiveness for past sins, and he 'felt as though God had cleansed me.' Now he was ready to give his testimony. As he left my office for the walk to the Senate Caucus Room, he said he 'felt as though I was armed for battle then. I was still scared, but I felt that God was with us. That God was going to guide me. That God had given me these words.' "

Thomas, after delivering his statement, told Danforth, "I was loaded for bear."

Thomas may be convinced that his forceful playing of the race card, in language given from above, provided the margin of victory. And yet Danforth, a patrician not widely known for the sin of bluster, suggests that Thomas's confirmation was due as much to the sponsor as to the nominee. In "Resurrection" he reveals that at least two colleagues, his fellow moderate Republicans William Cohen, of Maine, and Warren Rudman, of New Hampshire, said that they voted in the affirmative less for Thomas's sake than for their friend John Danforth's.

The Senator's devotion is often moving, if only in the immensity of its mistakenness. But he recuses himself from the hardest judgment when he admits that he was never interested in the central issue, the question of sexual harassment. He relates that he telephoned Thomas after the F.B.I. interviewed him. "As [Thomas] remembers that call, I told him that I did not want to get into his personal life, and that whether or not the charge was true, I would support him to the end." Danforth's loyalty was to his protégé, not to the truth. By his own account, he nearly lost his soul in joining in the effort to smear Hill as everything from a lesbian to a nymphomaniac.

The other book of the season on the case, "Strange Justice," is the work of two *Wall Street Journal* reporters, Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson. They lack the dubious advantages of friendship with any of the principals, and they don't provide much insight into the meaning of the case. What they do provide is the first thoroughly convincing investigation into the facts of the matter. They explode the notion of Clarence Thomas as a wronged man, and make it painfully evident that the country is destined to live—perhaps into the second third of the next century—with a Justice of the Supreme Court who when his life's ambition was jeopardized protected it by lying in the high style.

In a prose as plain as Brock's was combative, Mayer and Abramson compile, through hundreds of interviews, a record of evidence, circumstantial and direct, that makes Hill's testimony wholly credible and Thomas's defense nearly impossible to believe. Their account is not absolute, but the margins of doubt recede to the vanishing point. For example, three officials who served with Thomas at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, including an associate general counsel, Michael Middleton, told the authors that they remember hearing tell of Thomas's famous pubic-hair-on-the-Coke-can comments at the time. "Strange Justice" builds a convincing case that additional witnesses—including Angela Wright and Rose Jourdain—would have corroborated Hill's description of Thomas's behavior had they not been turned away by the committee and its feckless chairman, Joseph Biden. And the authors establish beyond doubt that Thomas, both while he was in law school and while he was at the E.E.O.C., was an enthusiastic devotee of pornography. That taste is nobody's business, of course, and is unimportant in itself; it was made important only by the denials of it by Thomas's supporters.

In their different ways, both "Strange Justice" and "Resurrection" confirm a kind of hidden consensus that Hill essentially told the truth and Thomas essentially did not. That this consensus is tacitly shared even by Thomas's political defenders is easily shown. If Thomas's testimony was factual, it necessarily follows that Hill (whatever her motives) perjured herself spectacularly and at length, and that she did so, moreover, in furtherance of a monstrous conspiracy to subvert a constitutionally prescribed process—that of confirmation. It is hard to imagine a higher political crime; yet which of Thomas's defenders has ever called for the bringing to justice of the conspirators whose existence is demanded by Thomas's version of the facts? Once Thomas was confirmed, the matter was simply dropped—an inconceivable lapse if Thomas's testimony had been taken seriously by his supporters. What remains, looming above all the pieties about the case, is a hard reality: to be in possession of the truth can amount to nothing in the face of an overwhelming ambition to win.

—David Remnick

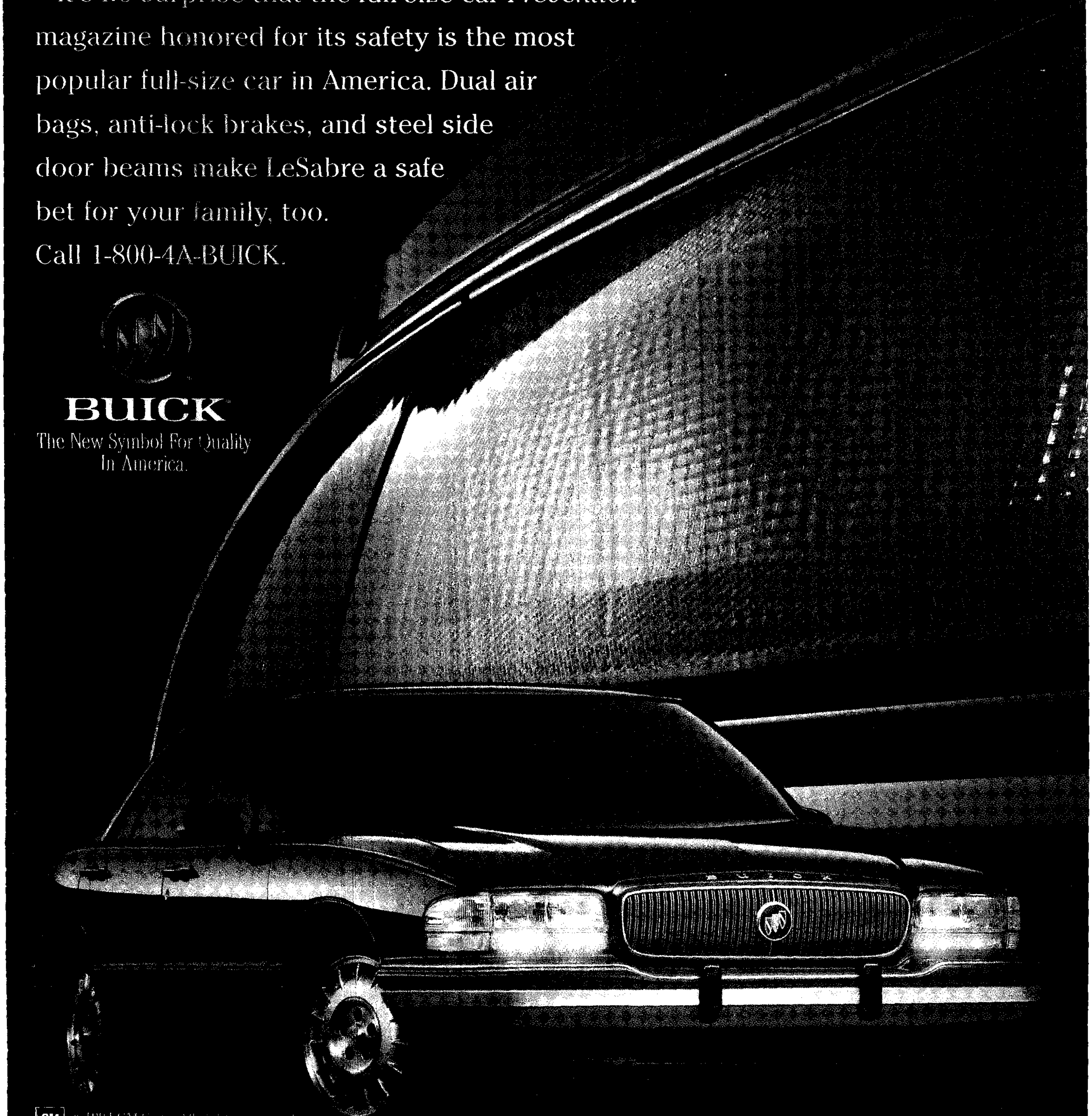
Prevention magazine chose LeSabre for its "Safe Car Achievement Award." America chose it as their favorite full-size family car.*

It's no surprise that the full-size car *Prevention* magazine honored for its safety is the most popular full-size car in America. Dual air bags, anti-lock brakes, and steel side door beams make LeSabre a safe bet for your family, too.

Call 1-800-4A-BUICK.

BUICK

The New Symbol For Quality
In America.



GM ©1994 GM Corp. All rights reserved.
LeSabre is a registered trademark of GM Corp.
Buckle up, America!

*Based on 1992 through 1994 model year sales.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAMILY

"A BOOK TO SAVOR."
—Janice Harayda
The Cleveland Plain Dealer

"REMARKABLE... That rarest of events, a family reunion worth inviting strangers to attend."
—David Willis McCullough
The New York Times Book Review

"A KEEPER—squarely in the American grain."
—Malcolm Jones, Jr., *Newsweek*

"A STUNNING BOOK, written in sentences and paragraphs concealing emotional depth charges that explode across the gap from page to reader."
—Geoffrey Stokes
The Boston Sunday Globe

"A writer of uncommon grace and subtlety."
—Steve Johnson, *Chicago Tribune*

"What makes the book succeed as more than a family chronicle is how much the Fraziers' history parallels that of the country."
—Heller McAlpin, *New York Newsday*

IAN FRAZIER

A selection of
The Book-of-the-Month Club,
The Quality Paperback Book Club and
The History Book Club

FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX
At bookstores everywhere

IN THE MAIL

FASHION MATTERS

As scholars in the social psychology of textiles and apparel, we would like to commend *The New Yorker* on its November 7th issue, which painted an interesting portrait of one of the world's most visible, dynamic, and fascinating industries. But we must take exception to the conclusion drawn by Adam Gopnik in his Comment. According to Mr. Gopnik, "people who try to make fashion 'matter' by insisting that it is the key to social history are barking up the wrong tree."

The study of clothing and appearance is embedded in cultural contexts that cut across many disciplines. Scientists have found that clothes, because they are readily observed, help us to organize and make sense of our social experiences. Concrete examples of why fashion matters are plentiful: it matters because children and teen-agers are killing each other over tennis shoes, leather jackets, and gold chains; it matters because urban street gangs use dress as a way of identifying members and nonmembers; and it matters because research shows that we will go to extremes to make the way we look resemble the images we see in fashion magazines.

In all fairness, we must note that Mr. Gopnik was astutely on target in two instances. He was correct in asserting, first, that fashion is "arbitrary"—that components of dress, in and of themselves, have no inherent meaning (but he failed to note that clothes do take on meaning in the context of a given culture and era)—and, second, that fashion is "fun." It is a gross oversimplification, however, to deem something frivolous just because it's fun. That which is fun is not necessarily superficial or capricious.

JENNIFER L. PAFF
HILDA BUCKLEY LAKNER
University of Illinois
Urbana, Ill.

Twenty of the twenty-five articles in the issue on fashion were written by men. Of the five articles written by women, two were written more than thirty years ago. This issue had little to do with women (save supermodels) or how fashion affects women. As a typical woman—and fashion victim—I felt overlooked by the lack of discussion of fashion as anything but "fun." To briefly pooh-pooh the idea that women's fashion has any serious social significance or that women are in important ways socially devalued by this institution of "fun" and "glamour" is to fail to acknowledge what most women in some way live. The analysis of women's fashion might have been less flimsy and far more interesting if more women had been included in the discussion.

NINA LUCHETTI
Boston, Mass.

A few days ago, I put on a facial mask—the kind that hardens—and sat down with the November 7th *New Yorker* to pass the drying time. When I reached the second paragraph of S. J. Perelman's "Frou-Frou, or the Future of Vertigo," the mask began to crack. I told myself I had the will to suppress further smiles and read on, but within moments both resolve and mask were in shambles. I even like some of Diana Vreeland's "Why Don't You?" hints and plan to adopt one or two.

AVIAN MONTI
La Grange Park, Ill.

MARIO'S NEW JOB

Sidney Blumenthal's "eulogy" of Mario Cuomo (Comment, October 31st) is reminiscent of Ralph Waldo Emerson's rueful tribute to his disciple Henry David Thoreau shortly after the latter's untimely death. "Few lives contain so many renunciations" as did Henry's, Emerson lamented, including walking

BUILT LIKE OUR SWISS ARMY KNIFE.

$450
$225
$350
SWISS ARMY

The Swiss Army® Brand Chronograph, all-steel Officer's™ and Officer's™ Two-Tone share the same heritage, and it shows. They look distinguished, but they're tough as nails.

Water-resistant to 330 feet, they perform their tasks with split-second Swiss quartz precision accuracy. With tritium hands and markers for night. Bold easy-to-read numerals for day. And hardened mineral crystals to resist hard knocks.

These watches are built to capture time. With a history that reaches back 100 years, they're tooled to last.

SWISS ARMY® BRAND

TOURNEAU

SWISS ARMY® BRAND IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF SWISS ARMY BRANDS LTD.
© 1994 SWISS ARMY BRANDS LTD. A SUBSIDIARY OF THE FORSCHNER GROUP, INC. SHELTON CT.
FOR A FREE BROCHURE CALL 1-800-442-2706

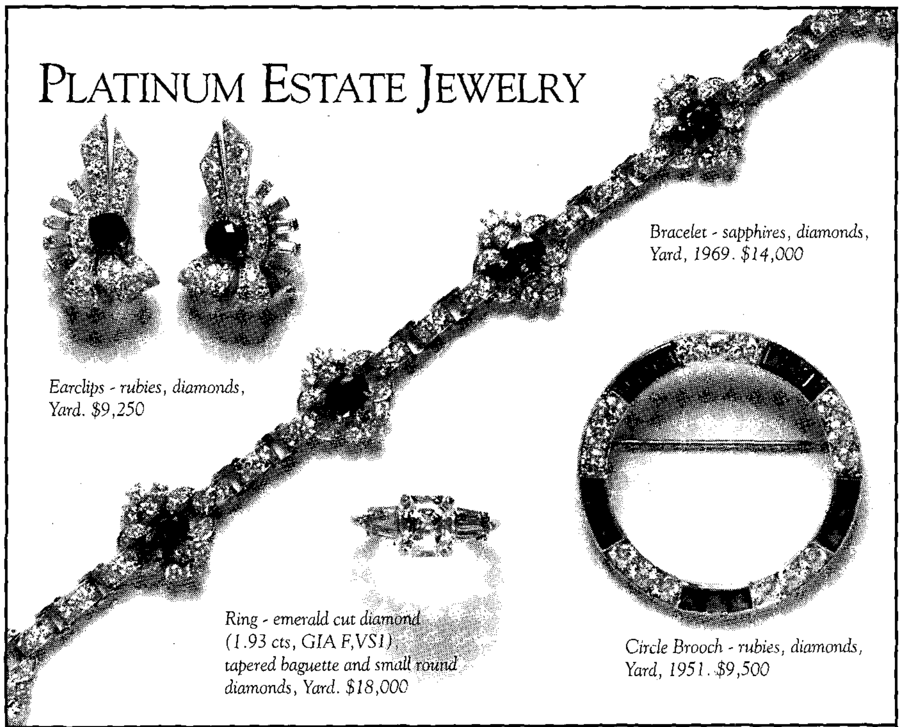
HERE'S A GIFT NO ONE WILL MIND EXCHANGING.

$100
NM EXPRESS CARD
Neiman Marcus

Why guess? We know exactly what the hard-to-shop-for people on your holiday list want. Available in denominations ranging from $10 to $1,000 or more, the NM Express Card can purchase merchandise or services at any Neiman Marcus store. The electronic gift certificate of the '90s, it comes with a computerized toll-free number for quick balance checks. To order today, call 1-800-338-1222 or stop by your nearest NM store. You may never have to buy another fruitcake again!

Neiman Marcus

PLATINUM ESTATE JEWELRY



Earclips - rubies, diamonds, Yard. $9,250

Bracelet - sapphires, diamonds, Yard, 1969. $14,000

Ring - emerald cut diamond (1.93 cts, GIA F,VS1) tapered baguette and small round diamonds, Yard. $18,000

Circle Brooch - rubies, diamonds, Yard, 1951. $9,500

RAYMOND C. YARD
Fine Jewelers since 1922

745 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10151

SUITE 1406
212-247-6222

away from his father's pencil factory after designing a superior graphite pencil, which came to be regarded as the best in the country. Cuomo's repeated renunciations, twice of a Presidential nomination and once of an appointment to the United States Supreme Court, cause us to wonder: is he destined to waste his enormous talents as Thoreau did, in Emerson's final sad estimate, as a "captain of a huckleberry-party"? In any case, let us hope that Cuomo will apply his "elegancies," so reminiscent of Thoreau's rhetorical gifts, to publishing a diary of his twelve years of seclusion in the Governor's mansion that will take its place alongside "Walden," Thoreau's memoir of a rich inner life.

RHODA NATHAN
New York City

BANAL EVIL

I found Joyce Carol Oates' short story "Zombie" (October 24th) so brilliantly rendered that it served equally well as narrative text and as gag-reflex test. In its careful sense of place and its deliberate unfolding of plot, "Zombie" is very like Shirley Jackson's "The Lottery," which *The New Yorker* published in 1948, but "Zombie" is too easy. Ms. Oates' human horror, the would-be zombie-maker Quentin P., can be recognized quickly and comfortably as the literary equivalent of the evil we've been conditioned to find in movies and in paperbacks with shiny titles and pools of blood on their covers. He is a violently deranged lunatic, alien to his story's audience, and his experiments and pleasures reward the expectations of that audience, which gets a fix of adrenaline at the recognition of an evil "out there." While "Zombie" is unsettling, a less conventionally disturbing Halloween treat might have been a reprint of Ms. Jackson's story, which continues to reveal a deeper, more difficult, and more lasting horror—an evil "in here."

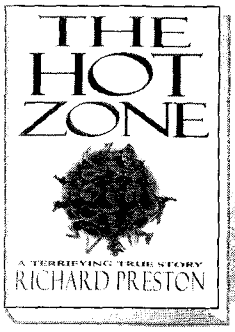
ARTHUR J. LEO
Portland, Ore.

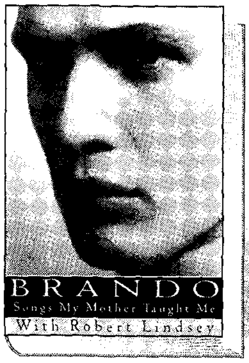
Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

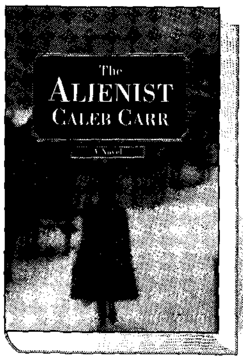
ALL'S FAIR
Love, War, and Running for President
MARY MATALIN
JAMES CARVILLE
with Peter Knobler

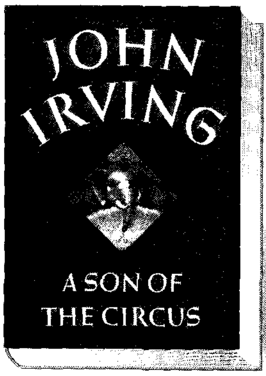
Best reads,
best sellers,
best gifts.

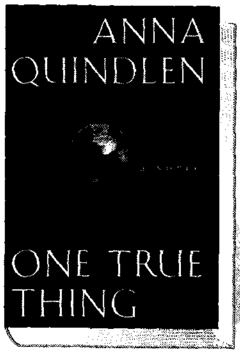
MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL
JOHN BERENDT

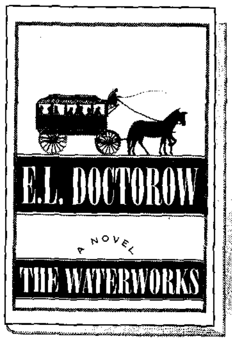

THE HOT ZONE
A TERRIFYING TRUE STORY
RICHARD PRESTON

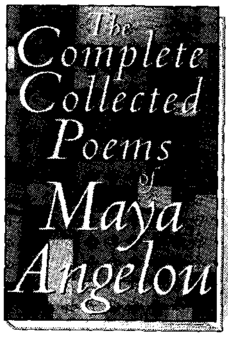

BRANDO
Songs My Mother Taught Me
With Robert Lindsey

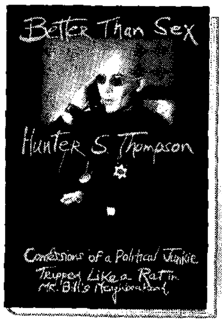

The ALIENIST
CALEB CARR
A Novel

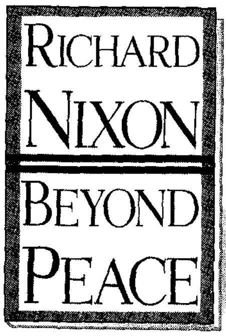

JOHN IRVING
A SON OF THE CIRCUS


ANNA QUINDLEN
ONE TRUE THING


E.L. DOCTOROW
A NOVEL
THE WATERWORKS


The Complete Collected Poems of Maya Angelou


Better Than Sex
Hunter S. Thompson
Confessions of a Political Junkie
Trapped Like a Rat in Mr. Bill's Neighborhood


RICHARD NIXON
BEYOND PEACE

Books make great gifts this Holiday Season

RANDOM HOUSE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
11	12	13	7	8	9	10

THE THEATRE

Creative Financing

THERE are two ways to look at the Independent Theatre Company, the six-year-old outfit whose production of Harold Pinter's "Old Times" opens December 7: as a troupe that produces smart, richly textured versions of classics from Euripides to Stoppard, and whose subscriptions have doubled in the past year, or as a company whose productions are staged in a tiny theatre on a poorly lit street on the Lower East Side by a cast and crew who don't get paid. Actually, it's both. Off Broadway and Off-Off Broadway may be where the action is this season, but all the excitement doesn't mean that it's suddenly any easier to make money there.

Michelle Gigante, the Independent's managing director (as well as house manager, publicity manager, and, frequently, a director, actress, and light-board operator), and Paul Todaro, the artistic director (and lead actor and set builder), took over two years ago, when the group was nearly broke. They mounted their first show, "Marat/Sade"—a play with twenty-three speaking parts—for fifty dollars. (The set was constructed with lumber from their own loft bed.) Since then, finances have improved a little, but the company still subsists wholly on what it earns at the box office—between day jobs and company responsibilities, nobody has the time to seek out grants. Doing full-scale productions on a shoestring is still the name of the game. "I can't imagine how much fun we'd have," Ms. Gigante says with a smile, "if all we had to do was be creative."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

America Dreaming—A musical-theatre work about race, culture, and assimilation, by the poet Chiori Miyagawa and the composer Tan Dun. Previews begin Dec. 8. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

Me and Jezebel—Elizabeth Fuller's two-person show, which ran at the Ballroom this summer, about the month Bette Davis spent with the author and her family. Louise DuArt has stepped in as Miss Davis. Opens Dec. 7 at 8. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

Old Times—The Independent Theatre Company's production of Harold Pinter's 1971 drama about sexual obsession. With Michelle Gigante, Julia Langham, and Paul Todaro. Opens Dec. 7 at 8. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088.)

The Petrified Prince—A new musical, based on a screenplay by Ingmar Bergman and directed by Harold Prince. The score and lyrics are by Michael John LaChiusa, and the book is by Edward Gallardo. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Shhh . . . The Secret Plays—An evening of works by children aged nine to eleven—all members of the 52nd Street Project, which pairs young Hell's Kitchen residents with professional theatre people. The actors include Cynthia Nixon and Reed Birney. The brief engagement takes place Dec. 9-11. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. Free, but reservations are required; call 642-5395.)

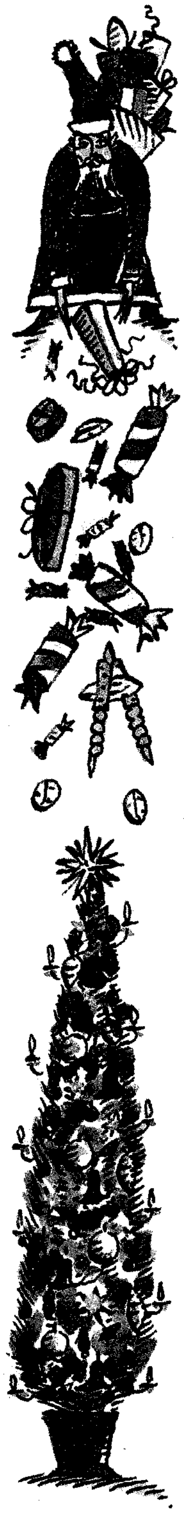
Slavs! Thinking About the Longstanding Problems of Virtue and Happiness—A satirical new play by Tony Kushner. Mary Shultz, Marisa Tomei, and Joseph Wiseman are in the cast. Previews through Dec. 11. Opens Dec. 12 at 8. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

Trafficking in Broken Hearts—A play by Edwin Sanchez about a Times Square hustler (Giancarlo Esposito), a white-shoe attorney (Neil Pepe), and a young runaway (Anthony Rapp). Previews Dec. 8-12. Opens Dec. 13 at 8 and runs through Jan. 7. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242.)

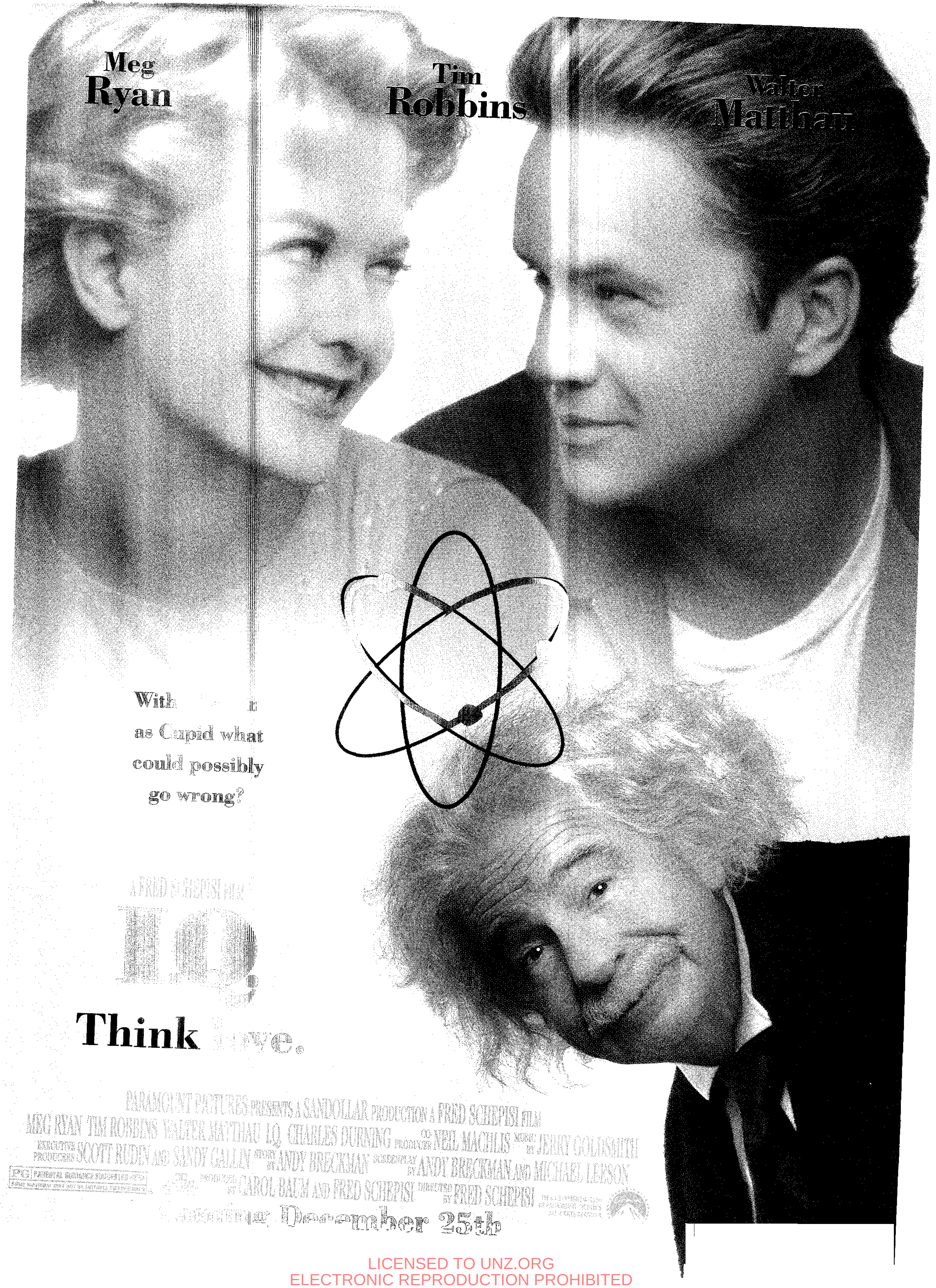
A Tuna Christmas—Broadway's sequel to the 1982 comedy "Greater Tuna." The original cast members, Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, portray all twenty-four citizens of Texas's third-smallest town on the day before Christmas. Previews begin Dec. 8. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

What's Wrong with This Picture?—A comedy by Donald Margulies about an odd Brooklyn family, with Faith Prince, Alan Rosenberg, Jerry Stiller, and Florence Stanley. Joe Mantello is the director. Two previews on Dec. 7. Opens Dec. 8 at 6:30. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Zooman and the Sign—A revival of a 1980 play by Charles Fuller about a murder in an inner-city neighborhood. Larry Gilliard, Jr., has the title role. Previews through Dec. 10. Opens Dec. 11 at 7. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)



EMMANUEL PIERRE



Meg Ryan

Tim Robbins

Walter Matthau

With [illegible]
as Cupid what
could possibly
go wrong?

A FRED SCHEPISI FILM

I.Q.

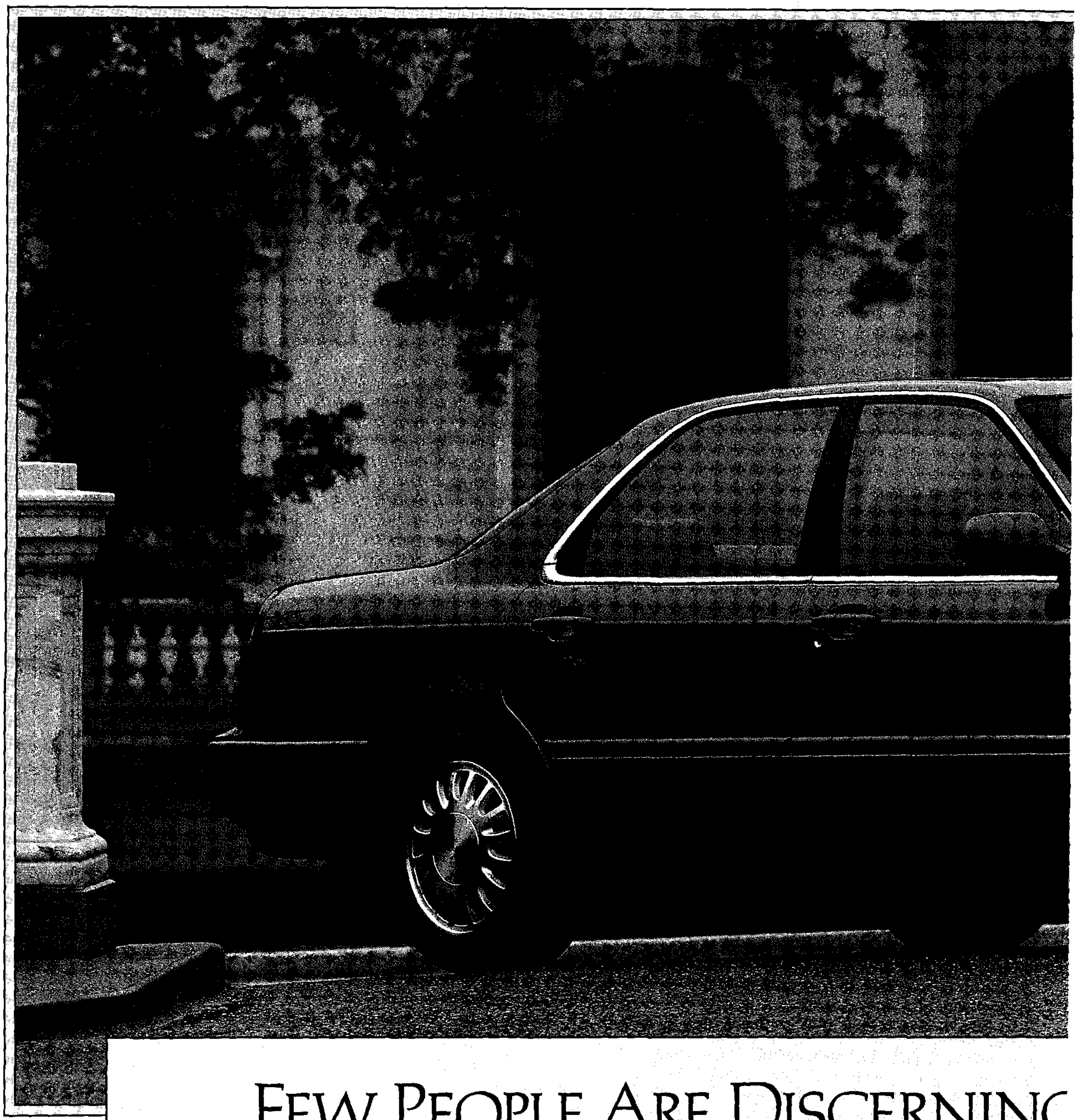
Think Love.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS A SANDOLLAR PRODUCTION A FRED SCHEPISI FILM
MEG RYAN TIM ROBBINS WALTER MATTHAU I.Q. CHARLES DURNING CO-PRODUCER NEIL MACHLIS MUSIC BY JERRY GOLDSMITH
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS SCOTT RUDIN AND SANDY GALLIN STORY BY ANDY BRECKMAN SCREENPLAY BY ANDY BRECKMAN AND MICHAEL LEESON
PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN
PRODUCED BY CAROL BAUM AND FRED SCHEPISI DIRECTED BY FRED SCHEPISI

[illegible] BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Opening December 25th

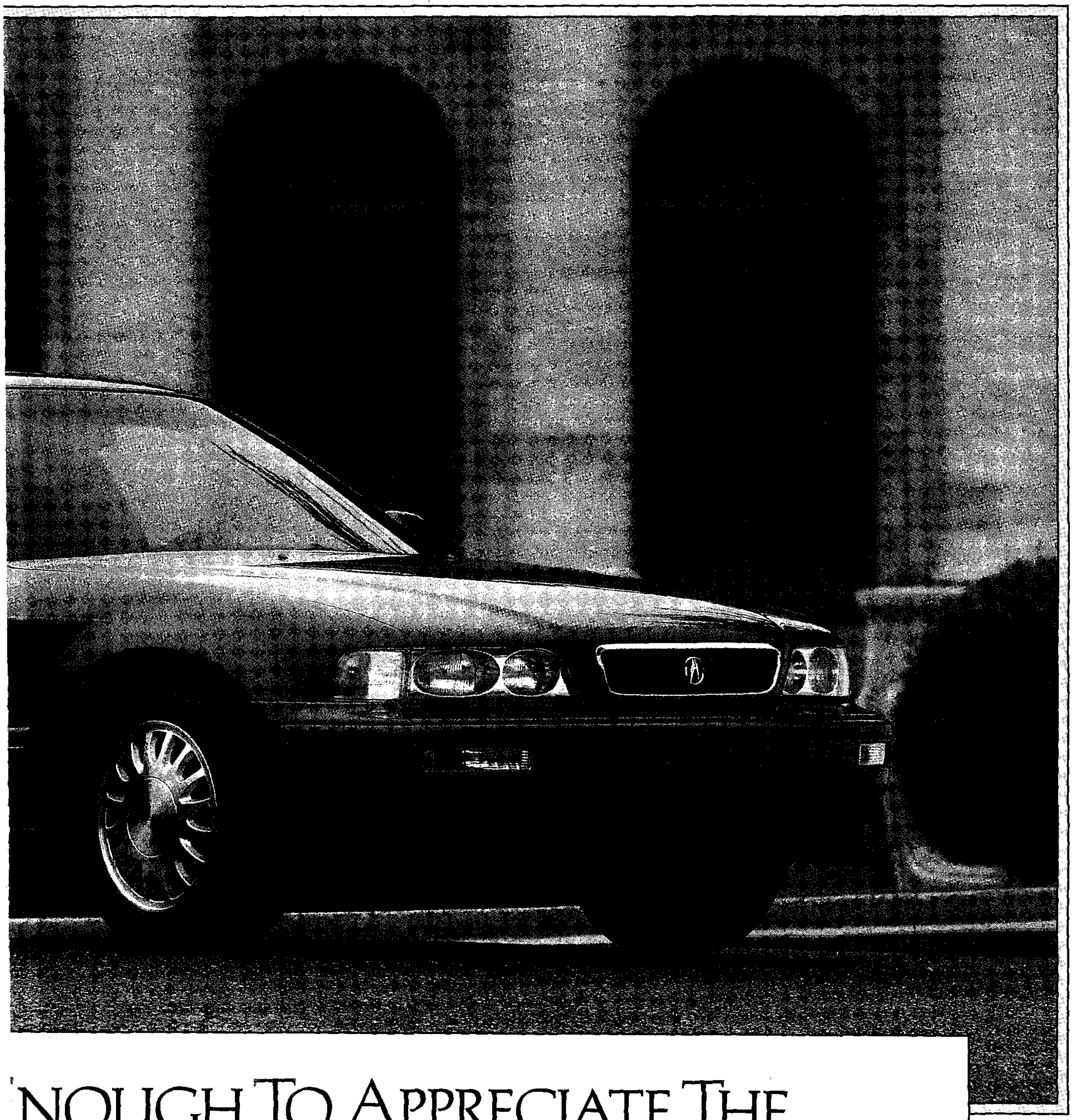
ONE GLANCE AT THE sculpted lines of the Legend Sedan LS, the liquid finish, the flow of the body design, and there's no denying this is an automobile blessed with exceptional character. A conclusion furthe supported by a breathtaking balance between accou trement and performance. From the softness of i



FEW PEOPLE ARE DISCERNIN
VERY BEST. WHICH, OF CO

ather-trimmed, heated front seats. To its powerful, all-uminum engine. From its Automatic Climate Control. its silken handling and responsiveness. Qualities which produce not only inspired transportation. But also, it seems, an extremely discriminating clientele.

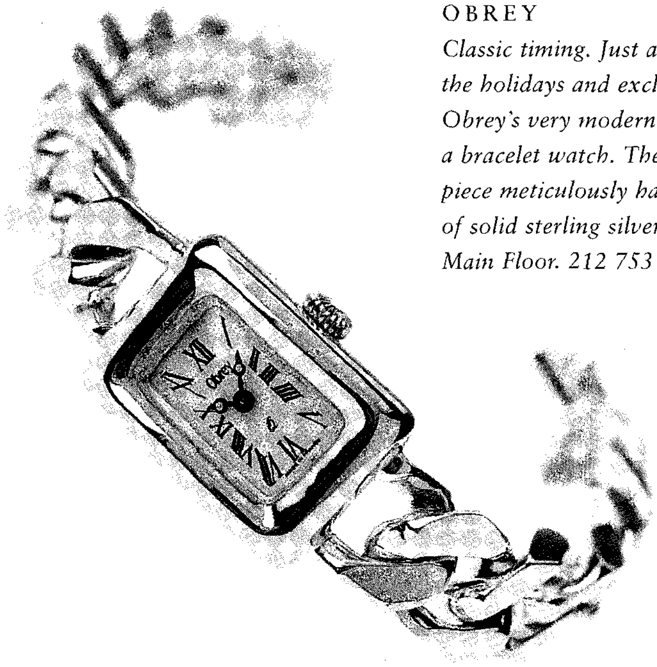
SOME THINGS ARE WORTH THE PRICE. ACURA



NOUGH TO APPRECIATE THE
SE, IS PART OF THE APPEAL.

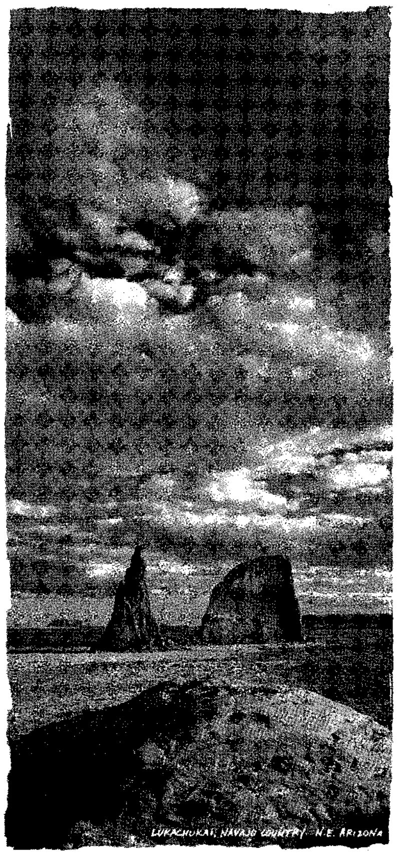
©1994 Acura Division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura and Legend are registered trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd. Make an intelligent decision. Buckle up. Call 1-800-TO-ACURA for the dealer nearest you.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



OBREY
Classic timing. Just arrived for the holidays and exclusively ours: Obrey's very modern jewel of a bracelet watch. The quartz timepiece meticulously hand-crafted of solid sterling silver in France. Main Floor. 212 753 7300

BERGDORF GOODMAN
ON THE PLAZA IN NEW YORK



◇ ARCOSANTI ◇ RESORTS ◇ WILDLIFE ◇ PAINTED DESERT ◇ CANYONS ◇ INDIAN JEWELRY ◇
BIOSPHERE 2 ◇ TOMBSTONE ◇ RODEOS ◇ SUNSETS ◇ NOGALES ◇ GEM & MINERAL SHOWS
◇ MISSIONS ◇ HOLBROOK ◇ FIESTA BOWL ◇ INDIAN RESERVATIONS ◇ PRESCOTT ◇ BED & BREAKFAST ◇
SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS ◇ KINGMAN ◇ TENNIS ◇ MUSEUMS ◇ SEDONA ◇ CAMPING

LUKACHUKAI, NAVAJO COUNTRY N.E. ARIZONA

OTHER WORLDS DO EXIST.

It looks different here. And feels different. More compelling, more sensational. Not a dream, but like a dream, where colors burst, time flows seamlessly, and unlikely and impossibly beautiful things share the same scenario.

People who come here feel changed, forever. People who come here usually come back. Just because it's Arizona. And it exists in a world all its own.

ARIZONA
GRAND CANYON STATE

For a free Arizona Travel Packet, call 1-800-842-8257, ext. NY4.

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

OPENED RECENTLY

As You Like It—A return engagement of the English troupe Cheek by Jowl's all-male production of Shakespeare's play. (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St. 1-718 636-4100. Closes Dec. 10.)

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

The Beaux' Stratagem—George Farquhar's late Restoration comedy, about two well-bred intriguers out to swindle naïve country folk. The Pearl Theatre Company's presentation, directed by Mary Lou Rosato, is held back by a few uneven performances, so it only partly mines the play's abundant cleverness. (Theatre 80, at 80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes Dec. 10.)

A Cheever Evening—A. R. Gurney's new play, based on eighteen stories by John Cheever, is Cheeveresque in name only, a skin-deep, almost sitcom-like gloss on the writer's disquieting work. The only authentic thing about the evening is the talent of the six delicious actors in the cast. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Jan. 1.)

A Christmas Carol—A musical version of the venerable tale, with a score by Alan Menken. Walter Charles leads a ninety-member cast. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 307-7171.)

The Diva Is Dismissed—Jenifer Lewis has a good voice, good looks, and good comic timing in her one-woman show. Billed as "the queen of camp," she isn't quite as outrageous as the title suggests. Less humility would deliver more glee. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Dec. 11.)

Durang Durang—Christopher Durang's new collection of six short plays has an impish, everybody-into-the-pool spirit about it; among those who get soaked are Sam Shepard and the tough-talking David Mamet. The highlight is a hilarious parody of "The Glass Menagerie," in which Durang pays homage to the raw, tender feelings of Williams' characters by riding roughshod over them. Walter Bobbie directed. (11/28/94) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes Dec. 18.)

Dylan Thomas: Return Journey and **The Truman Capote Talk Show**—Two one-man shows written by, and starring, the Welsh actor Bob Kingdom, and directed by Anthony Hopkins and Kevin Knight, respectively. Performed in repertory. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 307-4100.)

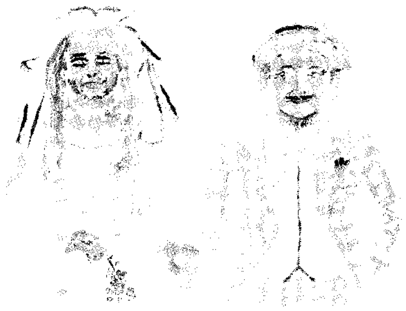
The Flying Karamazov Brothers Do the Impossible!—Four jugglers whose astonishing skill suggest that they've been practicing together since dinosaurs walked the earth, and whose satirical humor suggests that they attended liberal colleges in the early seventies. Not for children only, but kids between about eight and twelve will flip over some of the pyrotechnics. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. Closes Jan. 1.)

The Glass Menagerie—Tennessee Williams' most transparently autobiographical play, in a fascinating production directed by Frank Galati. Julie Harris, as the rueful and desperate Amanda Wingfield, does a superb job of letting the play speak quietly through her character. Calista Flockhart brings an affecting delicacy to the role of Laura; the droll and dreamy Željko Ivanek plays Tom; and Kevin Kilner is the gentleman caller. (11/21/94) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Jan. 1.)

Grease!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phonyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. With Brooke Shields as Rizzo. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hapgood—Stockard Channing heads up a British intelligence agency in the New York première of this 1988 play by Tom Stoppard. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Inside Out—A six-woman musical extolling the benefits of group therapy; the actors do more with their roles than you'd expect, and their voices are strong. Henry Fonte's direction is sometimes heavy-handed, but Gary Slavin's choreography enriches every song. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)



Richard Cant and Peter Needham in "As You Like It."

KAREN CALDICOTT

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. Mr. Mason takes a vacation starting Dec. 12; he'll return on Dec. 27. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—"The Cherry Orchard," by Anton Chekhov, runs in repertory with a modern-dress version of William Wycherley's Restoration comedy "The Country Wife," in which the subtle art of making cuckolds is conveyed all too often with a lascivious pelvic thrust. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Jelly Roll!—The snakily elegant Vernel Bagneris plays Jelly Roll Morton, in a wonderful show that traces the musician's transformation from New Orleans dandy into jazz legend. Morten Gunnar Larsen provides the thrilling piano accompaniment. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 265-1086.)

Love! Valour! Compassion!—The eight gay men in Terrence McNally's beautifully written new drama connect in ways that almost any nuclear family would envy. Under the nimble direction of Joe Mantello, seven actors (including Stephen Spinella, Stephen Bogardus, John Glover—doing double duty as identical twins—and the wonderful Nathan Lane) present humbling evidence of what love is and can be. (11/14/94) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Put the Ridiculous Theatrical Company and Shakespeare's comedy together and you get ridiculousness of a very high order indeed. With Everett Quinton (who plays Bottom and Pyramus) directing, the large cast, featuring many veteran Ridiculi and a few newcomers, puts on a well-paced and spirited performance. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271. Closes Dec. 18.)

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—The second coming of writer-director Dan Goggin's hit. Five talented actresses take the veil and perform a revue to raise money for their convent. There's dancing, singing, boozing, and bingo, but none of it saves the show from the clutches of cliché. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shea and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Public Enemy—Kenneth Branagh's play is not much more than a moody knockabout, but it does offer an enticing conceit: a Belfast boy (Paul Ronan) works the night-club circuit as a Jimmy Cagney impersonator until the Troubles turn his gangster fantasies into real-life drama. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

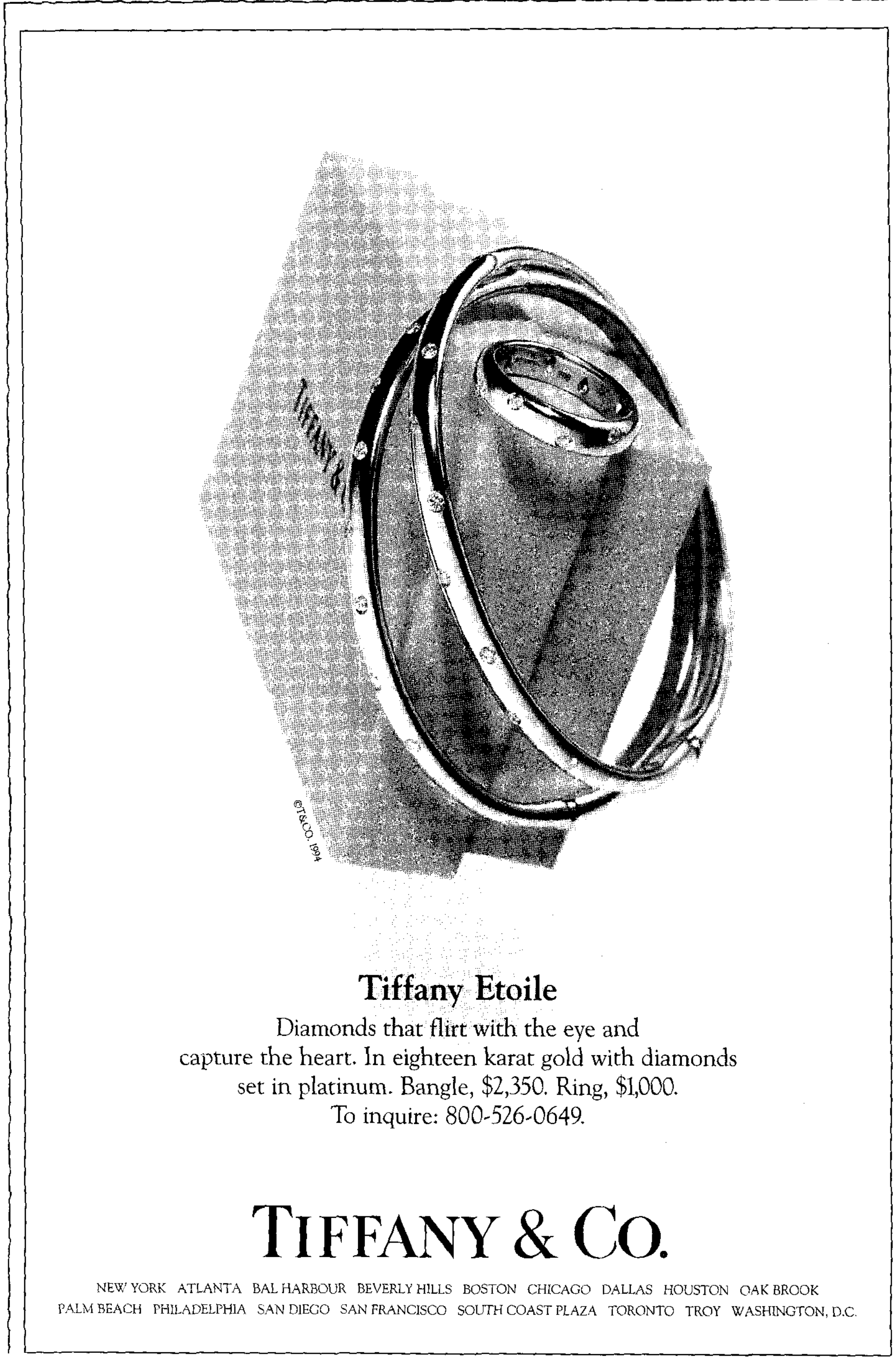
The Shadow Box—A revival of Michael Cristofer's 1977 play about the different ways that three cancer patients (and their loved ones) face their impending deaths. Jack Hofsiss has directed the cast with sensitivity; the actors include Mary Alice, Mercedes Ruehl, Jamey Sheridan, Estelle Parsons, and Marlo Thomas. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 1.)

Show Boat—Harold Prince's bighearted production of the 1927 Jerome Kern–Oscar Hammerstein II musical is epic-size, full of life and full of vision. With John McMartin and Elaine Stritch as the patriarch and the matriarch of the floating theatre, and Lonette McKee, whose moving rendition of "Bill" is the show's most intimate moment. (10/17/94) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Simpatico—Sam Shepard's turgid three-hour allegory about two guys (Ed Harris and Fred Ward) who have framed a horse-racing commissioner with pornographic photographs. With Beverly D'Angelo and Marcia Gay Harden. (12/5/94) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Dec. 18.)

Some People—Danny Hoch's one-man show features thirteen New York characters. Jo Bonney directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Dec. 11.)

Sunset Boulevard—Glenn Close takes the monumental role of Norma Desmond and makes it something all her own, in Andrew Lloyd Webber's homage to Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett's 1950 fable of Hollywood corruption and dementia. Also with George Hearn, Alan Campbell, and Alice Ripley; directed

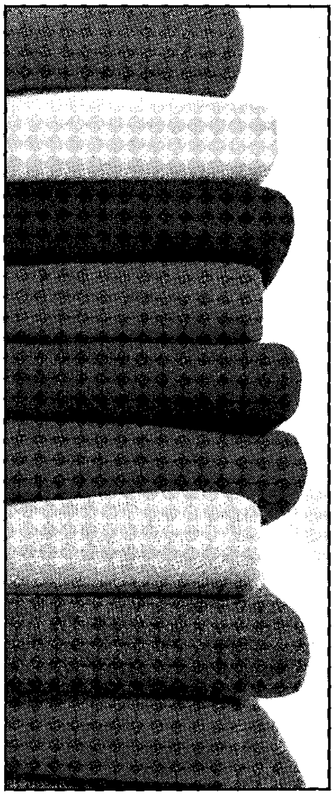


Tiffany Etoile

Diamonds that flirt with the eye and
capture the heart. In eighteen karat gold with diamonds
set in platinum. Bangle, $2,350. Ring, $1,000.
To inquire: 800-526-0649.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK ATLANTA BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS BOSTON CHICAGO DALLAS HOUSTON OAK BROOK
PALM BEACH PHILADELPHIA SAN DIEGO SAN FRANCISCO SOUTH COAST PLAZA TORONTO TROY WASHINGTON, D.C.



A SPECIAL CASHMERE VALUE

$195

Selected solid and fancy Men's 2-ply cashmere sweaters knitted in Britain exclusively for Brooks Brothers.

Brooks Brothers

NEW YORK • BOSTON • WASHINGTON, D.C.
SAN FRANCISCO

OFFER IS AVAILABLE IN
SELECTED LOCATIONS ONLY.

by Trevor Nunn. (12/5/94) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007.)

That's Life!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. Thirteen composers and lyricists collaborated on the twenty musical numbers. The choreography and direction are by Helen Butleroff. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

3 Postcards—Craig Lucas and Craig Carnelia have reworked their 1987 musical, which explores the friendship of three women (Johanna Day, Amy Kowallis, and Amanda Naughton) as they go from childhood through adulthood. Watching it is like reëxperiencing the bewilderment of growing up—you wonder what it's all about and when it will be over. David Pittu takes the men's roles, and Steve Freeman provides piano accompaniment. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 239-6200. Closes Dec. 18.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. Jordan Baker and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes are also in the cast. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

Uncommon Women and Others—Carole Rothman's production of Wendy Wasserstein's 1977 paean to Seven Sisterhood goes for maximum laughs and minimum emotional impact. The cast includes Mary McCann and Haviland Morris. (11/14/94) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 1.)

Vita & Virginia—Vanessa Redgrave and Eileen Atkins star in a play that Ms. Atkins adapted from the letters of Vita Sackville-West and Virginia Woolf. Zoe Caldwell is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

You Should Be So Lucky—A long and largely unrewarding comedy in which Charles Busch appears, out of drag, as a shrinking-violet electrologist who comes into his own via an unlikely benefactor (Stephen Pearlman). Nell Campbell plays his sister, and Julie Halston is a veritable force of nature as a Scarsdale matron. Directed by Kenneth Elliott. Recently at Primary Stages, the show moves to the Westside Theatre starting Dec. 8. (407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

LONG RUNS

ALL IN THE TIMING: John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CAROUSEL:** Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **DAMN YANKEES:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100. . . . **FAMILY SECRETS:** Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. (Closes Jan. 1.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Invasion from Mars—The characters in Shelly Mars' one-woman show include a Howard Stern fan, an AIDS activist's mother, and a "socially challenged" Ohio housekeeper. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Closes Dec. 18.)

Naked Breath—A new solo piece by Tim Miller ("My Queer Body"), which includes some songs that Miller and the late Michael Callen wrote together. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Closes Dec. 18.)

DANCE

Bleacher Creatures

MOSES PENDLETON has always kept in tune with the times. In the countercultural seventies, he co-founded (and performed with) Pilobolus Dance Theatre, whose pieces were collective (and occasionally unclad) efforts. In the egocentric eighties, he founded MOMIX (for "Moses' mix"); cinematic techniques figured heavily, and this time he had the final edit. In the nineties, he has become a multinational conglomerate, working with Lina Wertmüller on the Munich State Opera's "Carmen," making films, doing music videos (for Prince, among others), raising an eight-year-old daughter, and fielding two MOMIX teams—both of which have been busy in recent weeks rehearsing "Baseball," his new evening-length work for ten dancers and an oversize bat, ball, and glove.

Pendleton talks about the piece in terms of the "poetics" of baseball. "I'm in love with the description of the game: the words, the puns, the clichés—'getting to first base,' 'striking out.' " For its world première, at the Joyce Theatre on December 16, Pendleton says he wants the cozy auditorium "to seem like the left-field bleachers at Yankee Stadium. We're talking ball here."

New York City Ballet—Presenting "The Nutcracker," which will run through Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Dec. 7 at 2 and 6; Dec. 8 at 6; Dec. 9 at 8; Dec. 10 at 2 and 8; Dec. 11 at 1 and 5; and Dec. 13 at 6. The season will continue through Feb. 26.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a four-week engagement. Dec. 7 at 7: "Carmina Burana" (with guest artists Harolyn Blackwell, soprano; Donnie Ray Albert, baritone; and Gregory Hopkins, tenor) and "Revelations." (A benefit program.) . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 8: "The River," "Hymn," and "The Winter in Lisbon." . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 8: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Vespers," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2: "The River," "Shelter," and "The Winter in Lisbon." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 8: "Hymn" and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 3: "Hymn," "Vespers," and "The Winter in Lisbon." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 7:30: "Carmina Burana" and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 8: "Hymn" (with guest artist Anna Deavere Smith), "Cry," and "Revelations." (A benefit program.) (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Through Jan. 1.)

MOMIX—A three-week engagement opens on Dec. 13 at 8 with "Passion," an evening-length work. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Jan. 1.)

Ballet Hispanico—Final performances of the engagement include "El Baquiné" and "¡Sí, Señor! ¡Es Mi Son!" (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Dec. 7-9 at 8; Dec. 10 at 2 and 8; and Dec. 11 at 2 and 7:30.)

Min Tanaka and the Maijuku Company—Solo and group works by the Japanese Butoh/modern dancer and his company. Programs vary each night. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Dec. 8-11 at 9.)

92nd Street Y Harkness Dance Project—Dec. 7 at 8 and Dec. 11 at 3: Robin Becker & Company. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 and Dec. 10-11 at 8: Peter Pucci Plus Dancers. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. For information about tickets, call 996-1100.)

NIGHT LIFE

Death Star

It's a good thing that Trent Reznor doesn't rely on federal funds to support his indecent, nihilistic art. The twenty-nine-year-old auteur of Nine Inch Nails—he is the band's songwriter, singer, and studio genius—would be in very hot water if Jesse Helms had an excuse to investigate his raging assaults on the minds of American youth. In the disks "Pretty Hate Machine" (1989), "Broken" (1992), and this year's "The Downward Spiral," Reznor has mounted a sustained sonic onslaught, armed with industrial noise, jackhammer rhythms, and hysterical screaming vocals—music that offers visions of a cloacal hell where the damned are furious pigs and the distinction between sex and mayhem has dissolved in a miasma of sadomasochism and disgust. "Your parents should hate it," he told the Los Angeles *Times* recently. "If it pisses you off, that's great. If you think I worship Satan . . . great."

But, of course, Nine Inch Nails requires no assistance from the National Endowment for the Arts. Last March, "The Downward Spiral" débuted at No. 2 on *Billboard's* album chart, and it's still racking up strong sales. The album got a second wind after the band's maniacally mud-caked appearance at Woodstock this past summer. During their last stopover in New York, in May, they put on a scorched-earth show at Webster Hall. But Reznor offers more than mere din and depravity; ranting aside, he is an audacious machine-music artist whose digital assemblages can be as hypnotic as they are terrifying. This time he and his band will be shaking Madison Square Garden for two nights, on December 7 and 9.

CONCERTS

"Heavenly Jazz"—A mainstream pianist of pure genius, Dave McKenna is a massive rhythmic generator capable of putting almost any bassist out of business. He is from the old school: he seems to know every song ever written, and his offhand virtuosity is enlivened by an equally impressive wit and refinement. With Gray Sargent. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Dec. 11 at 5. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Melissa Etheridge—While the Bryan Adams approach is hardly cutting edge, this raspy-voiced rock singer's latest album, "Yes I Am," is probably her best, and she does her arena-rousing thing with verve and conviction, giving boys and girls alike a reason to shout. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Dec. 13 at 8.)

Barbara Lea—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Dec. 7 at 12:30 P.M. Admission by contribution.

Terence Blanchard Quartet—Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Dec. 9 at 8.

Kol Simcha—Playing contemporary klezmer, the Jewish soul music. (Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway. 496-1759. Dec. 8 at 7.)

Toby Kasavan and Mark Hennen—Duo pianists, playing jazz and gospel standards. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Dec. 8 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Nine Inch Nails—With the Jim Rose Circus and Marilyn Manson. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Dec. 7 and Dec. 9 at 8.)

Hawaiian Slack Key Guitar Festival—With Keola Beamer, Ledward Kaapana, and Cyril Pahinui. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Dec. 9 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

WDRE "Acoustic Christmas"—The first of two concerts. Big Audio, Black 47, Evan Dando, Frente!, G Love and Special Sauce, the Go-Go's, Jesus and Mary Chain, Love Spit Love, and Radiohead. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Dec. 13 at 8.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **WESLIA WHITFIELD** is currently in the midst of an extended run. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and Johnny Parker, weekends to the Freddy Francis trio, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—It may have taken him thirty years, but **JOE HENDERSON,** in through Dec. 11, is finally enjoying a reputation as one of the premier tenor saxophonists in the history of jazz. He's a major stylist who uses understatement and a beguiling, exquisitely crafted tone to make a point. Joining him will be the guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD,** who appears on Henderson's excellent recording "So Near So Far." Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Through Dec. 10: a trio featuring **CECIL MC BEE, GEORGE CABLES,** and **TOM HARRELL.** Dec. 11 belongs to pianist **JOHN HICKS.** Dining.

Cajun, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz

• •

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A selection of recent box sets, anthologies, and vintage recordings for your holiday shopping list.

"THE BEATLES: LIVE AT THE BBC" (Capitol).

"THE EVERLY BROTHERS: HEARTACHES & HARMONIES" (Rhino).

"THE R&B BOX: THIRTY YEARS OF RHYTHM & BLUES (1943-72)" (Rhino).

"SAM COOKE'S SAR RECORDS STORY, (1959-65)" (Abkco)

"BIG, BAD & BLUE: THE BIG JOE TURNER ANTHOLOGY" (Rhino).

"LEAD BELLY'S LAST SESSION" (Smithsonian Folkways)

"THE SUN RECORDS COLLECTION" (Rhino).

"THE ESSENTIAL GEORGE JONES: THE SPIRIT OF COUNTRY" (Legacy/Epic).

"GEORGE JONES: CUP OF LONELINESS, THE CLASSIC MERCURY YEARS" (Mercury).

"FROM THE VAULTS: DECCA COUNTRY CLASSICS, (1934-73)" (MCA).

"HONKY TONK GIRL: THE LORETTA LYNN COLLECTION" (MCA).

"BUCK OWENS: THE VERY BEST OF, VOLS. 1 & 2" (Rhino).

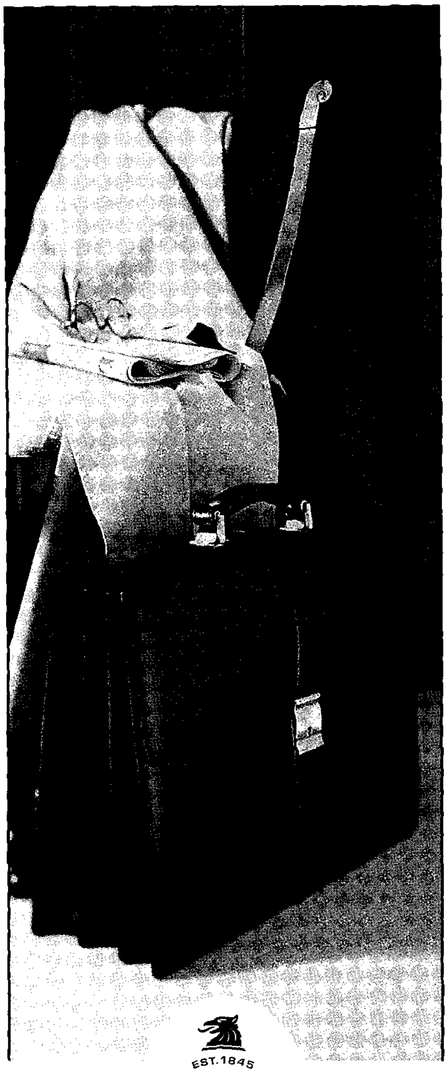
"BLACK BOX: A THIRTEEN YEAR HISTORY OF WAX TRAX! RECORDS" (Wax Trax!).

"TINA TURNER, THE COLLECTED RECORDINGS: SIXTIES TO NINETIES" (Capitol).

"TANGAMENTE: ASTOR PIAZZOLLA (1968-73)" (Justin Time).

"DUENDE: THE PASSION & DAZZLING VIRTUOSITY OF FLAMENCO" (Ellipsis Arts).

"THE INSTANT MONTY PYTHON CD COLLECTION" (Virgin).



EST. 1845
MARK CROSS
NEW YORK

AT THIS MOMENT, A REMARKABLE BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY IS ABOUT TO PRESENT ITSELF IN LONDON, AND THERE'S ONE SEAT AVAILABLE IN FIRST CLASS.

Introducing the Regent Business Collection. Available at Mark Cross and select department stores. For more information or a catalogue, please call 800-281-7716.

NEW YORK / SAN FRANCISCO
HOUSTON / BOSTON / BOCA RATON
BAL HARBOUR / COSTA MESA

MARK CROSS
AN ACCESSORY TO ELEGANCE

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

and Blues band. Saturdays belong to the New Atlantic Jazz band.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT.** Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tickling; nor has it taken the edge off his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. Now in his twenty-seventh year at the Carlyle, Short can still spin a lyric by Ira Gershwin or Cole Porter with all the sophistication, humor, and pathos it deserves. A de-lightful, de-lovely evening. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano. Carroll's timing is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato figures and double-time sprints.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A sleek piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel. Thursdays through Sundays, **DONALD JOHNSTON** is the featured pianist. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. Through Dec. 10: **MULGREW MILLER.** Miller was part of the Betty Carter trio in the early eighties, before being tapped for the coveted piano seat in Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Dining.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—The **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET**—four horns, no rhythm section—celebrates its twentieth aniversary here on Dec. 8. Though the second-alto position (currently held by Eric Person) has been a revolving door for the past few years, the mighty core of this self-contained unit—tenorist David Murray, baritonist Hamiet Bluiett, and altoist Oliver Lake—is still standing firm, as are the sumptuous arrangements and alternately plush and cacophonous textures. Dec. 9: Living Colour guitarist **VERNON REID** plays experimental ambient jazz with Don Byron and a d.j. or two. . . . ¶ Downstairs in the AlterKnit Theatre, on Dec. 7-11, **JOHN ZORN** presents a musical tribute to the late Sonny Clarke and to the music of **JOHN PATTON.** Zorn's Sonny Clark Memorial Band salutes the overlooked hard-bop pianist-composer (who died in 1963), while simultaneously proving that Zorn—if he's in the mood—can swing a little, too. Zorn will also team up with Patton, one of the funkiest, most sophisticated organists of the sixties—a decade when organists had their fair share of competition.

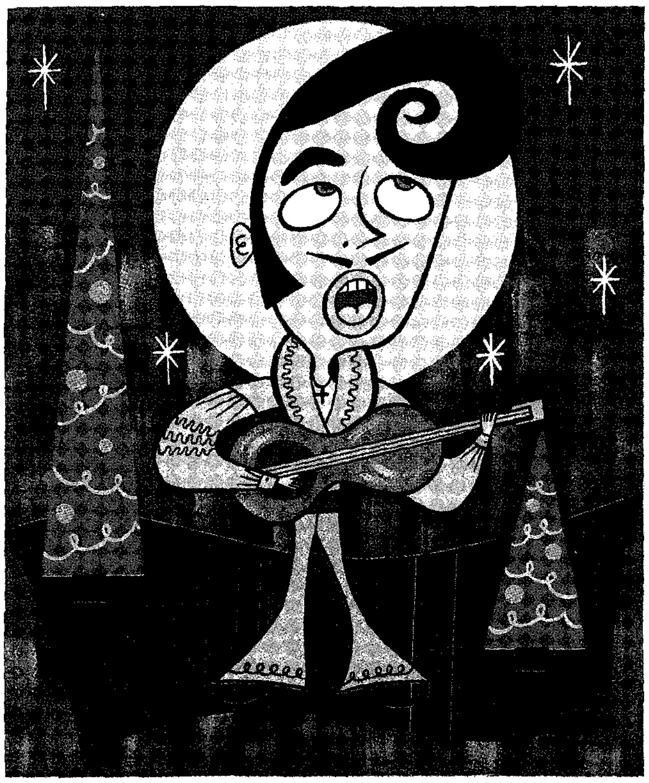
Le Max, 147 W. 43rd St. (764-3705)—Every Wednesday and Thursday evening, **JOHN WALLOWITCH** and **BERTRAM ROSS** present a delightful cabaret revue, the high points of which include an Irving Berlin medley and amusing novelty tunes like "Mahatma Gandhi" and "Bagel and Lox." Dining.

Metropolis, 31 Union Sq. W. (675-2300)—A swank basement club, home to high-profile jazz combos. His son Joshua may be basking in the spotlight, but **DEWEY REDMAN,** who's performing here through Dec. 11, is no slouch himself. Having apprenticed alongside Ornette Coleman, the tenor saxophonist moves easily through the outer boundaries, but he's equally comfortable wrapping his broad tone around a sturdy standard or a bebop jaunt.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—The great cabaret in the sky. **LORNA LUFT,** Judy Garland's younger daughter, is a skilled and charismatic performer. Her current engagement, which runs through Dec. 10, includes show tunes and an extended Burt Bacharach medley. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Michael Andrew and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Thursdays belong to Stan Rubin's big band; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Sam Ulano and the Bourbon Street Swingers; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.



El Vez at Fez.

CAREN SCARPULLA

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Born just a few steps out of time, **RICKY FORD,** in through Dec. 11, was a neo-con wunderkind before there was a neo-con movement. Now a venerated veteran in his early forties, the mighty tenor saxophonist can still reel off bulldozing bebop runs. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tatou, 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144)—The **NAT JONES** trio entertains every weekend. Wednesday through Saturday: a saucy cabaret revue called "Just for Kicks." Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Dec. 11: **MC COY TYNER.** If Tyner had retired after leaving John Coltrane's group in 1965, he'd still be remembered as one of the most brilliant and individualistic pianists of an era that prized iconoclasm. But he never succumbed to the temptations of an electronic age; on his records from the seventies, he didn't have to plug in his piano to make it thunder and ring with authority. A certain laxness pervades his eighties work, but his drive returned with the dawn of the nineties. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—Dec. 9-10: A flair for hard-bop piano must travel in the blood, but **KENNY DREW, JR.,** has a florid streak his illustrious dad never exhibited. Rampaging over the keyboard, splashing doughy chords around jittering right-hand runs, Drew is a second-generation wild man. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. Through Dec. 10: a trio featuring **JOHN BUNCH** (piano), **JAY LEONHART** (bass), and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** (guitar).

ROCK, ETC.

Academy, 234 W. 43rd St.—Dec. 7: The **GO-GO'S.** "Mirth! Melody! Mayhem!" So promises the lurid cover of "Return to the Valley of the Go-Go's," a new anthology by the ultimate eighties girl group. (Sorry, Bangles.) As one might expect, "Return" includes half-baked relics from long-forgotten recording sessions, giddy pop confections like "Our Lips Are Sealed" and "We Got the Beat," a few ingratiating new tunes, and goofy before-and-after photos. For concert information, call 249-8870.

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night. On Dec 9: **JAMES KEANE** and **JOHN DOYLE** host an evening of button accordion and guitar.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Dec. 8: A (premature) soap opera Christmas, featuring musical numbers by cast members of "All My Children," "General Hospital," "As the World Turns," and other daytime dramas. Dec. 12: **JOHN WAITE.**

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (429-8392)—The **BOTTLEROCKETS** are here on Dec. 9, followed by **SPEEDBALL** on Dec. 10.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Dec. 7-10: **SUGAR BLUE.**

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, poseurs, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typicial East Village bar. Live music nightly.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—A comfortable lavender and stainless-steel paradise deep in the heart of the meat district. Dec. 10: **BLONDE REDHEAD** arrives. Wednesday nights are given over to experimental d.j. spinoffs.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Dec. 7: The Loser's Lounge deconstructs the music of Carole King. Dec. 9: **MARY MARGARET O'HARA,** a critically acclaimed and reclusive Canadian singer. **EL VEZ,** "the Mexican Elvis," is your host on Dec. 10. Mr. Vez is far more than your run-of-the-mill Elvis impersonator: He claims to be the illegitimate man-child of the King and Charo. He sings in Spanish and wears a layered Velcro outfit that he slowly unpeels and tosses into the audience. This appearance will feature holiday classics like "White Christmas," or rather "Navidad Blanca." With tender vocal support from the lovely Elvetts. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** continues to pack them in every Thursday. Dining.

Flannery's, 205 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—A well-scrubbed, amiable Irish pub with many of the classic features (pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports) and a few of the near-classics (a CD jukebox, a portrait of Elvis).

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. The **SOUP DRAGONS** stir it up on Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Every Sunday night, the Swing Dance Society pays homage to the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Dec. 13: **AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB** begins a two-night stand. This Bay Area band's colorless name is a kind of grifter's camouflage for a spectacularly unfashionable and eccentric sound. The band's recent release, "San Francisco," is a minor setback after the jaw-dropping grandeur of last year's "Mercury," but singer Mark Eitzel remains one of the finest poets of tenderloin passion and despair since Tom Waits.

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. Dec. 7: KILLING JOKE makes a terrifying industrial racket. LOVE JONES appears on Dec 10, followed, on Dec. 11, by TESTAMENT, DOWNSET, and RED SQUARE BLACK. Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest below-stairs room that looks like a spruced-up tenement apartment. Mondays belong to BEAT RODEO, a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. The SWINGIN' NECKBREAKERS are here on Sept. 9.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Dec. 7: The witty and vastly underappreciated singer-songwriter JULES SHEAR swings by. Shear is the great existential hero of modern rock—his records are commercial disasters, but his songs go on to become huge hits for lesser artists. His new album, "Healing Bones," is yet another in a series of charming money-losers. Dec. 12: AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB (who appear the following night at the Knitting Factory).

Nell's, 246 W. 14th St. (675-1567)—A Victorian-style club, home to an eclectic crowd of downtown youngsters dancing to throbbing funk and techno-pop. Monday night is Funky Buddha, with live bands and a celebrity d.j. "on the wheels."

New Music Café, 380 Canal St. (941-0900)—Thursday nights belong to GIANT STEP, a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop.

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

S.O.B's, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. Tuesday nights, S.O.B.'s is home to Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies funk and R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—This broad, spacious, and agreeable club offers a consistent lineup of blues greats. Dec. 8: VICTORIA WILLIAMS. Even those who have trouble with this Louisiana-bred folksinger's voice—a high, mildly cloying, Kewpie-doll instrument—have been charmed by her uncanny talent for songwriting. This fall she released her fourth album, a splendid collection titled "Loose." She has also been waging a graceful battle against muscular dystrophy and has become a stout campaigner for a health-insurance system for musicians. Dec. 10: The JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION. It's hard not to love a record that begins with someone shouting "bell-bottoms," and that's what happens on "Orange," the new CD by this savage New York-based trio. The Explosion devotes a great deal of time and energy to the enduring mysteries of the blues, injecting the idiom with ragged nineties-style references: tin-can drums, a string section, and, here and there, a blast of head-butting distortion. Spencer and his band spend more than three hundred days a year on the road, and he knows enough swampy, greasy-spoon guitar to conjure up an original blend of Isaac Hayes, Howlin' Wolf, and the psychobilly lunatic Hasil Adkins.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Dec. 9: The SKADANKS. On Dec. 10: master drummer BABA OLATUNJI appears with his Drums of Passion. Dec. 11: HELIUM.

ART

Seeing the Obvious

"THE things I'm interested in have always been there," Ellsworth Kelly once declared. If you take "things" to mean themes or objects, you may have a hard time locating them in his resolutely abstract art. But the more you think about the statement, the more sense it makes. Kelly has always been on a quest to lay bare the fundamentals of perception, to expose the bones of seeing. At first, in the early fifties, he limited the investigation to color; later he included shape. Over the years, the clarity and precision of his vision have allowed him to stage a passionate reëncounter with the obvious.

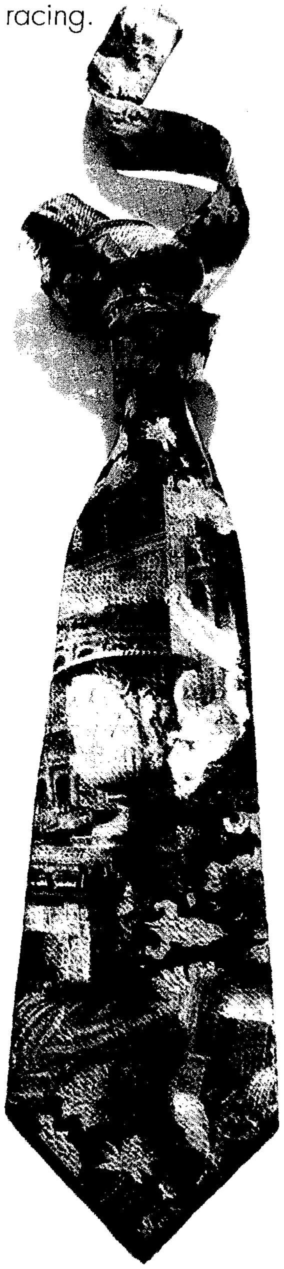
Kelly's recent work is on display at the inaugural show of Matthew Marks' new satellite gallery on Twenty-second Street—a five-thousand-square-foot outpost on a block that looks poised to become the city's newest art enclave. Most of the new Kellys are two-part reliefs in which each panel has been painted a different (often strikingly vibrant) color. These triangles, rectangles, and sections of circles may be geometrically simple, but once the colored shapes start interacting, they produce a dazzling array of forms. In the vast expanse of Marks' stark new space, the paintings seem less to hang than to hover—incandescent flowers floating in a field of white.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Orientalism: Visions of the East in Western Dress." Opens Dec. 8. . . . ¶ The annual Christmas tree and Neapolitan Baroque crèche will be on display for the holiday season. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ "Greek Gold: Jewelry of the Classical Period." . . . ¶ "Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art." . . . ¶ "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300-1450." Anyone who thinks that illuminators took a back seat to the panel painters of the age should see this show, which brings together a group of little masterpieces that are in perfect condition. Their burnished gold and primary colors sparkle with the same intensity they had on the day the paint dried, because they've spent most of their lives between the covers of books. . . . ¶ "Lucie Rie / Hans Coper: Masterworks by Two British Potters." . . . ¶ "Willem de Kooning: Paintings" includes "Marilyn Monroe" (1954), a powerful evocation of soft female sexuality. Unlike most of the terrifying de Kooning women, it's actually alluring. (There is a concurrent show of de Kooning's work at the Stone gallery.) Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ "The Photographs of Édouard Baldus: Landscapes and Monuments of France." Shots from the nineteenth century. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ "Origins of Impressionism" begins with paintings seen at the historic and influential Salon of 1859 and includes nudes, landscapes, and still-lifes. Through Jan. 8. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Rem Koolhaas and the Place of Public Architecture" includes five architectural and three urban projects, in an exploration of the relationships between architecture and public

italians are to design
as thoroughbreds are
to racing.



NM exclusive limited-edition
Italian silk tie from
Ermenegildo Zegna, 120.00,
in Men's Furnishings,
or call 1-800-365-7989 to order.

Neiman Marcus

space. . . . ¶ "Projects: Ann Hamilton." Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ "A Century of Artists Books." . . . ¶ "Mapping" features some twenty works of art devoted to the role of cartographic fact and fantasy in contemporary art. Through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ "American Politicians: Photographs from 1843 to 1993." Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ "Cy Twombly: A Retrospective." Nearly a hundred works, mostly paintings, by this heir to Abstract Expressionism. The show begins with Twombly's assemblage sculptures and ends with a new painting series, "The Four Seasons," done this year. (A concurrent show of his works is at the downtown Gagosian gallery.) Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Prints of Louise Bourgeois" focusses on the artist's etchings and lithographs. Through Jan. 3. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Italian Metamorphosis, 1943-68." Chairs, typewriters, a case of fabulous shoes, a car, a vacuum cleaner—even some painting and sculpture. Although this massive exhibition, which examines the way Italy reinvented itself after the Second World War, sprawls around the rotunda with no real logic, it's a potent reminder of the impact that Italian art and design have had in the past half century. And it's a fun crawl. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Japanese Art After 1945: Scream Against the Sky." Through Jan. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." . . . ¶ "Neil Jenney: Natural Rationalism." Oil-on-wood landscape paintings from the past fifteen years, by the genius of the short-lived "bad painting" movement of the late sixties and early seventies. Jenney's landscapes speak to the anxieties of the post-industrial era rather than reflecting the expansive optimism of traditional American landscape; characterized by a dry, finicky, seamless finish, the paintings are airtight, formally as well as atmospherically. Through Dec. 11. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Royal Tombs of Sipán." Gold, silver, and gilded copper objects of the Moche, a pre-Inca civilization of northern Peru and one of the world's major ancient civilizations. The curators are probably right to identify Sipán as the richest burial site ever excavated in the New World. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Realms of Heroism: Indian Paintings at the Brooklyn Museum." Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Dale Chihuly's "The Brooklyn Wall," an installation of blown glass, is on view in the lobby. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway—"Discreet Objects: Maureen Connor: Selected Works 1978-94." Sculptures and multimedia installations. Opens Dec. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Revivals! Diverse Traditions: 1920-45," the second installment in a project devoted to American craft in the twentieth century, focusses on contributions of African American, Appalachian, Hispanic, and Native American practitioners. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"An Enduring Legacy: The Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection." Every piece in this exquisite collection of Asian art coolly proclaims quality: a Korean stoneware jar is indescribably elegant; a copper sculpture from India—Krishna dancing over a vanquished demon, its serpentine tail echoing the god's heavenly form—is a little ode to joy. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"At the Dragon Court" features gorgeous silk-and-gold-embroidered rank badges worn by the mandarins at the imperial court during the Ming and Qing dynasties (from the late fourteenth to the early twentieth century). The symbolism has the usual Chinese felicity, proclaiming status with exactitude and clarity. Civil servants were identified with auspicious birds, from the crane (first rank) to the paradise flycatcher (ninth rank). Military officers wore emblems with ferocious wild beasts—leopards and tigers and bears. Feather-thin gold and iridescent peacock feathers were wrapped around threads, and then laid down as embroidery; coral beads and seed pearls were added, giving the badges a dazzling opulence that would put many a twentieth-century couturier to shame. Through Dec. 22. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Rem Koolhaas at MOMA.

JEFF JACKSON

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"John Constable: Drawings, Watercolors, Oil Sketches, and Paintings from a Private Collection." (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—"Ōtsu-e: Japanese Folk Paintings." Through Jan. 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." . . . ¶ "Not by Bread Alone: Spiritual Art for the Home." Close to fifty works of Jewish ceremonial art. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and New Acquisitions." The word "great" is overused in the art world: it should be reserved for occasions like this one. The collection ranges freely from Mantegna to Jackson Pollock, with all the major schools represented; the French drawings are especially fine. . . . ¶ "Charles Dickens: 'A Christmas Carol.'" Through Jan. 8. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Recovering Popular Culture," the second part of the series "Artists Talk Back: Visual Conversations with El Museo," includes a bodega exhibit, work by contemporary craftspeople, and an exhibit pairing work from the permanent collection with that of contemporary artists. Through Jan. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Exhibition-*ism:* Museums and African Art." (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"A New York Holiday." . . . ¶ "Beals' Bohemians: Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals." Greenwich Village during the early nineteen-hundreds, as captured by America's first woman photojournalist. Through Dec. 26. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"An Installation of Works by Paul Cadmus." Opens Dec. 11. . . . ¶ "Ferdinand Hodler: Views and Visions." (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

National Museum of the American Indian, 1 Bowling Green—"Creation's Journey: Masterworks of Native American Identity and Belief." . . . ¶ "All Roads Are Good: Native Voices on Life and Culture." . . . ¶ "This Path We Travel: Celebrations of Contemporary Native American Creativity." (Open daily, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Garbage! The History and Politics of Trash in New York City." . . . ¶ "e.e. cummings @ 100: An Anniversary Exhibition." . . . ¶ "Broken Rules and Double Crosses: Ken Campbell, an Artist's Books." Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Screams on Screen: 100 Years of Horror Films." . . . ¶ "New Performance in Found Spaces: Documentary Photographs by Tom Brazil and Dona Ann McAdams." (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Louis Armstrong: A Cultural Legacy." Original recordings, a trumpet from the twenties, and work by Stuart Davis, Weegee, and Annie Leibovitz, among others, chronicle the life of America's most famous trumpeter. Through Jan. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"Invoking the Spirit: Worship Traditions in the African World." Photographs by Chester Higgins, Jr. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Socrates Sculpture Park, Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City—"International '94" includes work by Gunilla Bandolin, Mark di Suvero, and Nancy Rubins. (Open daily, 10 to sunset.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1993-94" features work by Bright Bimpong, Russell Malcolm Hamilton, and Marilyn Nance. Through Dec. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

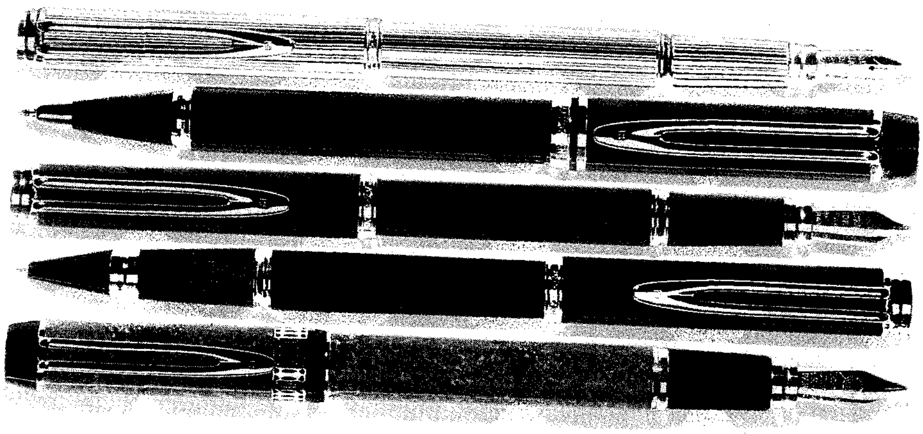
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following lists lead off with new shows.)

Werner Drewes (1899-1985)—Abstract paintings in the Bauhaus tradition. Opens Dec. 8. Through Jan. 14. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

The McCooeys

© 1994 Waterman Pen Company

Although the McCooey brothers and their sister have always been reminded of their striking similarities, it is their differences they have always insisted on. It is no wonder then, that each owns a different Waterman pen. For while style is key, individuality is still everything.



WATERMAN PARIS

There are over 100 styles and finishes to choose from, each with a lifetime guarantee.

Nordstrom

ART—Cont'd

Robert Motherwell (1915-91)—Paintings from the series "Elegies to the Spanish Republic." Opens Dec. 7. Through Jan. 5. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

•

Arman—New paintings, plus a group of sculptures, by the neo-Dadaist. Through Dec. 31. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-88)—Paintings with a black-and-white palette. Through Jan. 7. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fanny Brennan—Thirty-five new oils in the artist's signature dollhouse-Surrealist style—witty, wistful, faraway views of a natural world overtaken by magic. In the middle of a desert, a manhole cover emits puffs of steam; in a deep-green stone-walled garden, a huge pearl sits perched like a Buddha. None of the works are larger than 3¼ inches square, but somehow their tininess intensifies their power. Through Dec. 17. (Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

James Brooks (1906-92)—Paintings on paper from the fifties and sixties, by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Jan. 14. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St.)

Michael Byron—Representational oil-on-plaster paintings of animals, landscapes, and figures. Through Jan. 14. (Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Fifty-five paintings from the early thirties to the late sixties. Through Jan. 22. (A retrospective of the artist's work is currently on view at the Metropolitan Museum.) (Stone, 113 E. 90th St.)

Niki de Saint Phalle—A double show of "Tableaux Éclatés," in which figures affixed to the canvas break apart and reassemble electronically. Through Dec. 17. (James Goodman and Davidson, both at 41 E. 57th St.)

Emlen Etting—Watercolors from 1930 to 1970, by a fashion illustrator with a line reminiscent of Cocteau's. Etting's work captures the cheerful yet brittle haut-monde cosmopolitanism of the era. Through Dec. 20. (Stubbs Books & Prints, 153 E. 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Morris Graves—Thirty floral paintings from the past three decades. Through Dec. 20. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) / **Katsura Funakoshi**—An exhibit designed to show the monumentality of the artist's small works. / Sculptures and drawings by the Japanese figurative sculptor. Through Jan. 7. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Rebecca Horn—New mechanical sculptures and an installation. Through Dec. 31. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Kulicke—Still-lifes of fruits and flowers, mounted in frames designed and made by the artist. Through Dec. 23. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

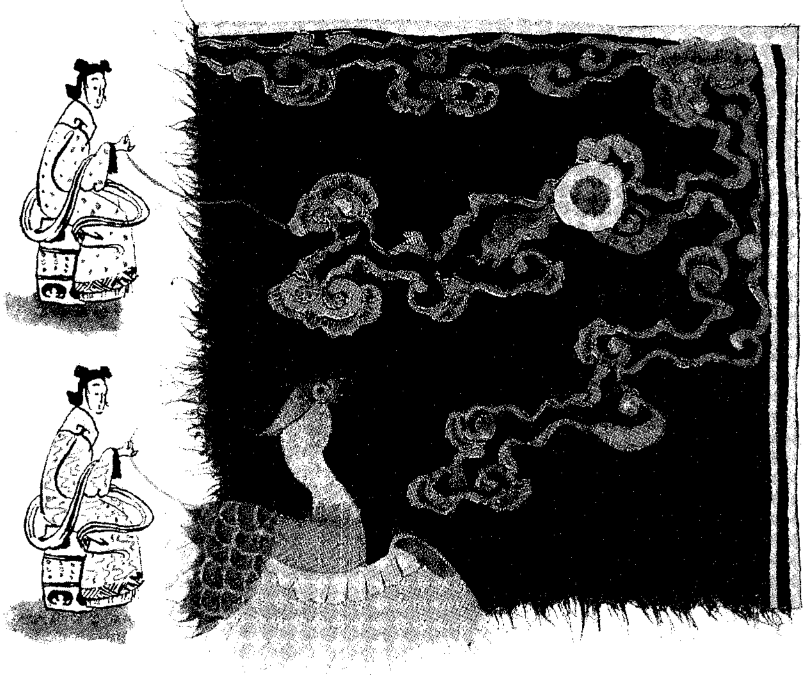
Claes Oldenburg—Drawings and small-scale models of early large-scale sculptures. Through Jan. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes, still-lifes, and self-portraits, by an eighty-two-year-old artist. Through Dec. 23. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Serra—In "Nova Scotia Drawings" (1993-94), a series of paint-stick-on-paper works begun at the artist's summer home on Cape Breton Island, the master of monumental sculpture manages to endow the fragile medium of drawing with surprising mass and heft. Through Dec. 23. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Fifteen bronze reliefs depicting wartime evils. Through Jan. 28. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

"Drawn to Text: Comix Artists as Book Illustrators"—An international survey of the history of alternative comics that also shows how Robert Crumb, Javier Mariscal, Lorenzo Mattotti, Jacques Tardi, and Art Spiegelman approach book illustrations. Through Jan. 17. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)



"At the Dragon Court," at the China Institute.

GRAHAM EVANS

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Tom Berg / **William Shepherd**—Realistic paintings of uninhabited chairs, which evoke minimalist color-field abstractions. / Recent oil paintings of invented streambeds. Opens Dec. 10. Through Jan. 4. (Cacciola, 125 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Brian Clarke—Architectural projects in stained glass, paintings, and mosaic pieces. Opens Dec. 10. Through Feb. 4. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

•

Oliver Herring—Herring's work has an engaging obsessive quality: he puts enormous amounts of time into knitting caftans ("gender neutral vestments") from cellophane tape; then he destroys them. This installation, titled "Island," pays homage to Ethyl Eichelberger, the flamboyant drag artist who died in 1991, and it sparkles with Eichelbergeresque élan. The lively espresso bar across the room gives the project a sense of occasion. Through Dec. 17. (Space Untitled, 133 Greene St.)

Kerri Scharlin—In a funny send-up of art-world hype, Scharlin has had writers, photographers, and art directors create a series of magazine parodies about her. The *Vanity Fair* article includes an Annie Leibovitz portrait and a prying account of her personal life. A *National Enquirer*-like tabloid coos, "She is turning heads in NYC's trendy art community with her novel and eccentric art exhibition that focusses solely on herself." Through Dec. 23. (Freire, 130 Prince St.)

Charles Arnoldi—Abstract paintings reflecting the environment in California, where the artist lives. Through Dec. 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Richard Artschwager—A witty suite of packing cases in strange, bulky shapes, from an artist who knows how to make the commonplace threateningly enigmatic. Through Dec. 17. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Lex Braes—Abstract paintings in the hues of the Scottish highlands, by an artist who knows the landscape. Through Dec. 30. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Mike Cockrill / **Peter Mayer**—Paintings on the theme of the American Dream. / Representational cityscapes. Through Dec. 24. (Foster, 62 Crosby St.)

Chuck Connelly—Paintings of animals dressed up and engaged in human activities. Through Dec. 22. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Federico Guzmán—"Blackboard Jungle Dub," a series of chalkboard paintings. Through Dec. 30. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Recent paintings in the inaugural show of a new satellite space for the uptown gallery. Through Jan. 29. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Constance Kheel—Paintings with circles, meant to evoke celestial images. Through Dec. 12. (Vega, 107 Mercer St.)

"Joe's Garage"—Installations by sculptors, among them Donald Lipski and Jessica Stockholder, who work with discarded materials. Through Dec. 24. (Tz'Art, 28 Wooster St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Recent paintings of nudes. Through Dec. 17. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Thom Merrick—Large-scale sculptures, including a kinetic piece and one made from a car body and suspended from the ceiling. Through Dec. 31. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Marisa Merz—Abstract sculptures made of copper, wax, lead, and clay, by a prominent figure of the Italian Arte Povera movement. Through Dec. 17. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Kirsten Mosher—"Carmen," a project consisting of fifty drawings and a video, whose protagonist is half man, half car. Through Dec. 23. (A/C Project Room, 558 Broome St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Isamu Noguchi (1904-88)—Includes two pieces from 1985: "Beginnings," five large stones reminiscent of a Japanese garden, and "Ends," a Swedish-granite sculpture. Through Jan. 21. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Cy Twombly—"Untitled Painting," a monumental, primarily abstract triptych begun in Italy in 1979. Through Dec. 17. (A retrospective of the artist's work is at the Museum of Modern Art.) (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ilse Bing—Vintage photographs of Parisian dance halls. Through Jan. 7. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Mike Kelly—Black-and-white photographs by an artist best known for his scatological art. Through Dec. 22. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Abelardo Morell—Surreal, strikingly juxtaposed images made with an experimental camera. Through Jan. 14. (Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St.)

Sebastiano Piras—Stark portraits of contemporary artists. Through Jan. 14. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Leo Rubinfien—Photographs taken from airplanes. Through Dec. 10. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

Cindy Sherman—Four large self-portraits. Through Dec. 17. (Skarstedt, 42 E. 76th St.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the Museum of the City of New York, the New York Library for the Performing Arts, and the Schomburg Center.)

Yum.
BAILEYS
The Original.

To send a gift of BAILEYS, call 1-800-BE-THERE.

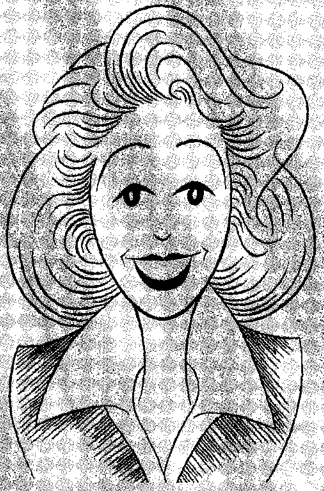
©1994 Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, N.J. Baileys Original Irish Cream® Liqueur 17% Alc. by Vol.

Ever eat in a place where

Jimmy Sung
J. Sung Dynasty
In the Lexington Hotel
(212) 355-1200
Cardmember since 1982
Fine Hunan and Manchurian Cuisine

Toshihiko Kezuka
Inagiku
111 East 49th Street
(212) 355-0440
Cardmember since 1983
Authentic Japanese Cuisine

the people are warm, the food is

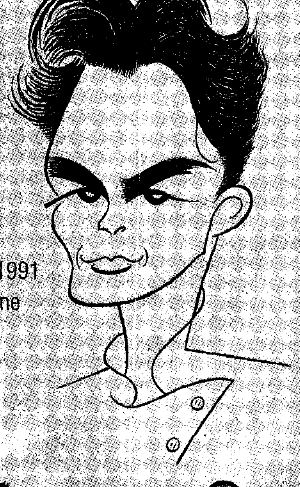


Marion Scotto
Fresco by Scotto
34 East 52nd Street
(212) 935-3434
Cardmember since 1959
Family, Extraordinary, Delicious

ran a restaurant it would be just like this?

Rusty Staub
Rusty Staub's on 5th
575 Fifth Avenue
(212) 682-1000
Cardmember since 1965
Fresh Food, Aged Wine

Matthew Kenney
Matthew's
1030 Third Avenue
(212) 838-4343
Cardmember since 1991
Mediterranean Cuisine



The kind that welcomes the American Express® Card.

© 1994 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the atmosphere is perfect,

Alfredo Castillo
Paper Moon Milano
39 East 58th Street
(212) 758-8600
Cardmember since 1992
Excellent Food, Service and Atmosphere

fabulous and you think if you

Kohei Kihara
Hatsuhana
17 East 48th Street
(212) 355-3345
Cardmember since 1982
Enjoy a Traditional Sushi Experience

Louis Nanni
Nanni *Il* Valletto
133 East 61st Street
(212) 838-3939
Cardmember since 1969
Restaurateur Nanni is an Institution

Well, these people run that kind of place.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
0978
3712
95006
58
C F FROST

Don't Leave Home Without It.®

Dine Out New York

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Sunshine and Shadow

RECEIVED opinion has it that Mendelssohn was the most fortunate of the great composers. Scion of a family eminent in both philosophy and banking, he hobnobbed as a teen-ager with Goethe, and he never endured unheated garrets. At every turn, it is said, he made good on the middle name his parents had bestowed on him: Felix, Latin for "happy."

Kurt Masur, whose affinity for his fellow-Leipziger is legendary, leads the New York Philharmonic this week in ultra-popular masterpieces that would seem to confirm this view of the composer: the Overture and Incidental Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and the "Italian" Symphony. The overture was written in a monthlong burst of creativity, when Mendelssohn was only seventeen, and the rest of the Shakespearean movements were composed, seventeen years later, with little more evident effort. The "Italian" Symphony is just as sunny a score, but its history shows that Mendelssohn sometimes had to strain as hard as any other genius to grasp the brass ring of perfection. The symphony was first performed in London, in 1833 (when the composer was all of twenty-four), and Mendelssohn was so displeased with it that he withheld publication pending revisions. Making the changes proved to be so much trouble that later Mendelssohn described his efforts as fraught with bitterness. He never came to terms with the piece, leaving it unpublished—and unperformed in his native Germany—when he died fourteen years later.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St., 854-7799; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 996-1100.)

HOLIDAY MUSIC

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—'Tis the season. Dec. 7 at 8: Kent Tritle directs the Choir and Orchestra of St. Ignatius Loyola. (Park Ave. at 84th St. 288-2520.) . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 7:30: William Christie directs the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, a period-instrument orchestra and chorus. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 7:30: Gerre Hancock directs the St. Thomas Choir, with the Concert Royal period-instrument orchestra. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 757-7013.) . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 8: Martin Josman directs the National Chorale and Orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall.)

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHOIR—James Litton directs Vaughan Williams' "Fantasia on Christmas Carols" and Holst's "Christmas Day," among other works; with several student ensembles assisting. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. 751-1616, ext. 248. Dec. 7 at 8.)

TALLIS SCHOLARS—The English chamber singers, directed by Peter Phillips, in two separate programs of Renaissance music of the season. Dec. 7 at 8: A concert that includes Palestrina's "Hodie" motet and mass and settings of "Verbum caro factus est" by Hans Leo Hassler and John Sheppard. (Church of the Blessed Sacrament, 152 W. 71st St. For information about tickets, call 666-9266.) . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 8: A concert that includes Lassus's "Osculetur me" motet and mass; Marian motets by Robert Fayrfax, Palestrina, and Victoria; and settings of the "Hodie" by Luca Marenzio and Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck. (Alice Tully Hall.)

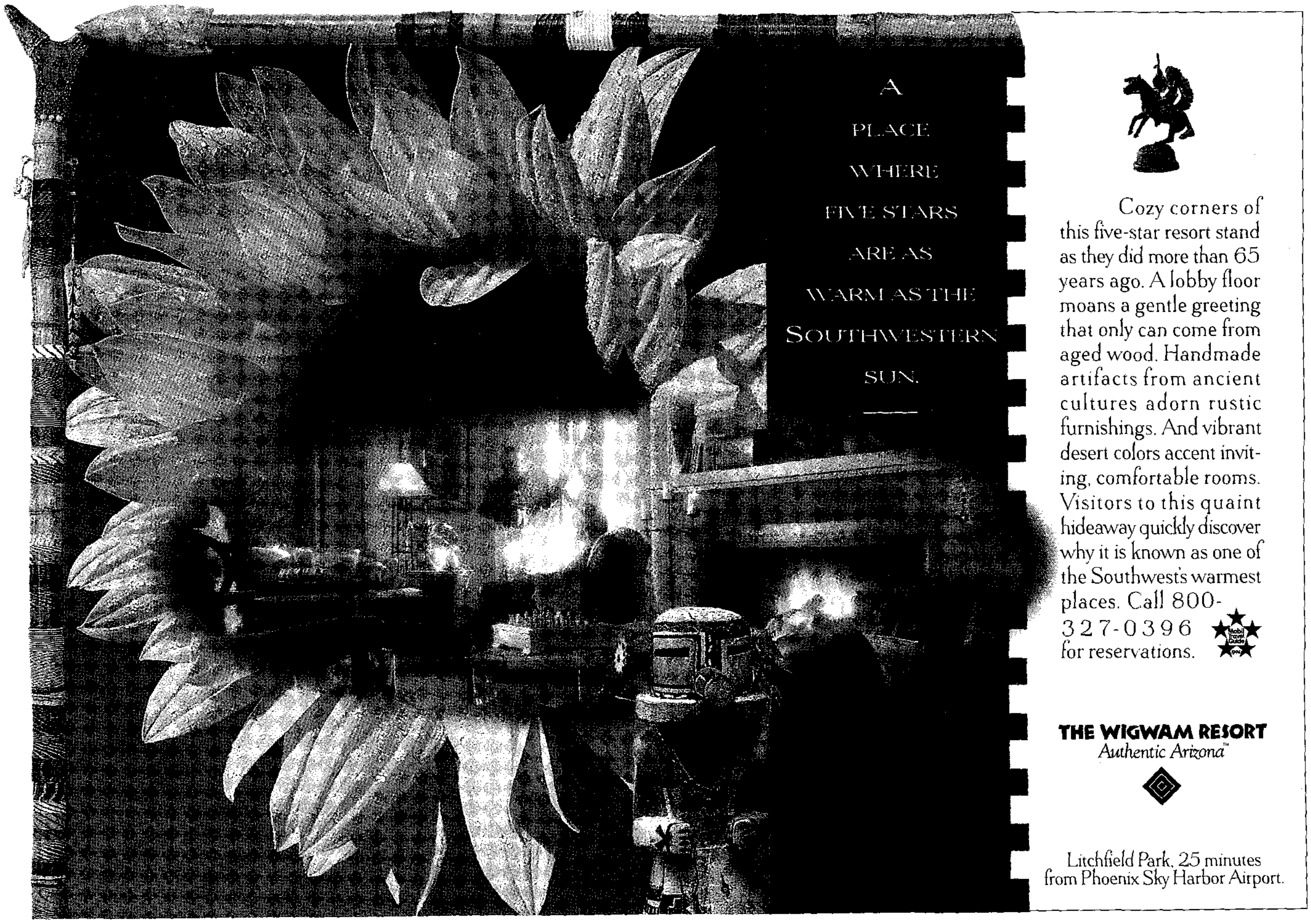
NEW YORK POPS AND THE AMERICAN BOYCHOIR—Skitch Henderson conducts seasonal favorites, with soprano Marvis Martin. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 9-10 at 8.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Dino Anagnost conducts the orchestra and the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society in "The Star of Bethlehem," a rarely performed oratorio by Joseph Rheinberger. This candlelit concert also includes excerpts from sacred Christmas works by Berlioz and Liszt. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. 704-2100. Dec. 10 at 7.)

CHANTICLEER—The men's chamber choir sings a wide-ranging program that includes Gregorian chants, works from Renaissance Spain, and traditional carols and spirituals. (Medieval Sculpture Hall, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 11-12 at 6:30 and 8:30.)

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS—Georg Stangelberger directs traditional carols, movements from sacred works by Pergolesi and Schubert, and Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols," among other works. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 11 at 7:30.)

WESTMINSTER SYMPHONIC CHOIR—A holiday concert directed by Joseph Flummerfelt, with pianist George Shearing and the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 13 at 8.)



A PLACE WHERE FIVE STARS ARE AS WARM AS THE SOUTHWESTERN SUN.

Cozy corners of this five-star resort stand as they did more than 65 years ago. A lobby floor moans a gentle greeting that only can come from aged wood. Handmade artifacts from ancient cultures adorn rustic furnishings. And vibrant desert colors accent inviting, comfortable rooms. Visitors to this quaint hideaway quickly discover why it is known as one of the Southwest's warmest places. Call 800-327-0396 for reservations.

THE WIGWAM RESORT
Authentic Arizona

Litchfield Park, 25 minutes from Phoenix Sky Harbor Airport.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**LADY MACBETH OF MTSENSK,** by Shostakovich, with Maria Ewing, Vladimir Bogachov, Mark Baker, and Sergei Koptchak; conducted by James Conlon. (Dec. 7 at 8.) . . . With Vladimir Galouzine replacing Mr. Bogachov. (Dec. 10 at 1:30.) . . . **MADAMA BUTTERFLY,** with Catherine Malfitano, Wendy White, Richard Leech, and Dwayne Croft; Daniele Gatti. (Dec. 8 at 8.) . . . **RIGOLETTO,** with Sumi Jo, Ramon Vargas, and Juan Pons; Christian Badea. (Dec. 9 and Dec. 13 at 8.) . . . **DON GIOVANNI,** with Sharon Sweet, Patricia Schuman, Hei-Kyung Hong, Jerry Hadley, James Morris, and Herbert Perry; Leopold Hager. (Dec. 10 at 8.) . . . **PETER GRIMES,** with Renée Fleming and Anthony Rolfe Johnson; Mr. Conlon. (Dec. 12 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC OPERA THEATRE—Presenting a fully staged double bill of Chabrier's "Une Éducation Manquée" and Rorem's "Miss Julie" (newly revised). (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. 749-2802. Dec. 7 and Dec. 9 at 8 and Dec. 11 at 2:30.)

"LA BELLE ET LA BÊTE"—The première of an opera by Philip Glass. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Dec. 7 at 7; Dec. 9-10 at 8; and Dec. 11 at 3.)

GOLDEN FLEECE LTD.—Presenting the premières of short operas by Linder Chlarson, Memrie Innerarity, and Lou Rodgers. (Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave. Dec. 8-9 at 8 and Dec. 10-11 at 3 and 8. For information about tickets, call 691-6105.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC—Frederick Renz leads the group's staging of "Daniel and the Lions," a reconstruction of a medieval work of musical theatre. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Dec. 9 at 8 and Dec. 10 at 3 and 8. For information about tickets, call 749-6600.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Kurt Masur conducts Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 (the "Italian") and Incidental Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with the New York Choral Artists and narrator Elizabeth McGovern. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 8-10 at 8.)

JUILLIARD SYMPHONY—John Nelson conducts Brahms' Violin Concerto (with Elena Hirsu) and Mahler's Symphony No. 4 (with soprano Amy Wagar). (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 7 at 8.)

OSLO PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall, Mariss Jansons conducting. Dec. 7 at 8: Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3, Bartók's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Yefim Bronfman), and Berlioz' "Symphonie Fantastique." . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 8: Arne Nordheim's "Nachruf," Strauss's "Don Quixote" (with violist Otto Berg and cellist Truls Mørk), Shostakovich's Symphony No. 9, and Ravel's "La Valse."

CITY ISLAND BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—The group continues its three-week survey of Bach's "Brandenburg" Concertos with the First and Second, in addition to Mozart's Horn Concerto No. 4 (featuring Michelle Baker). (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. Dec. 11 at noon.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leon Botstein conducts a musical time capsule—the re-creation of a concert given by the Berlin Philharmonic (conducted by the thirty-year-old Richard Strauss) a century ago, to the day—that illuminates the *de tout un peu* concert practice of its era. The program comprises Anton Rubinstein's Symphony No. 2, Mozart's concert aria "Ch'io mi scordi di te" (K. 505, with soprano Dominique Labelle, and with Blanca Uribe playing the obbligato piano part), Eugène d'Albert's "Der Rubin" Overture, Wilhelm Stenhammar's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Ms. Uribe), songs by Rubinstein, Schubert, and Strauss (with Mss. Labelle and Uribe), and Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" Overture. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 11 at 3.)

ASCENSION MUSIC CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—Dennis Keene directs Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. 254-8553. Dec 13 at 8.)

RECITALS

GUARNERI QUARTET—Performing quartets by Janáček (his First, titled "The Kreutzer Sonata") and Debussy, as well as Mozart's "A Musical Joke" and Beethoven's E-Flat-Major Sextet for Two Horns and String Quartet (Op. 81b); with French hornists Barry Tuckwell and David Jolley. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 7 at 8.)

CHAMBER POTPOURRI—Violinists Isaac Stern, Jaime Laredo, and Mark Peskanov, violist Steven Tenenbom, and cellists Sharon Robinson and Timothy Eddy perform Boccherini's E-Major Cello Quintet, Mozart's G-Minor Viola Quintet, and Brahms' G-Major String Sextet. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 7 at 8.)

HENRY GRONNIER—Violinist, playing sonatas by Beethoven (the "Kreutzer") and Franck, as well as the première of Lowell Liebermann's Violin Sonata; with pianist Sabine Vatin. (Weill Recital Hall. Dec. 7 at 8.)

FOUR NATIONS ENSEMBLE—The period-instrument group plays works by Leclair, Rameau, Telemann, and Marais; the Brentano String Quartet shares the program, offering Debussy's String Quartet. (Miller Theatre. Dec. 7 at 8.)

LISTENING BOOTH

Some of our favorites from among the plethora of holiday releases.

"BRIGHT DAY STAR"; The Baltimore Consort (Dorian). Centuries-old European carols and dances and their New World descendants, rendered with the performers' customary élan. Set your disk player to keep repeating flutist Chris Norman's tracks.

"PLAIN-CHANT PARISIEN, XVIIE & XVIIIE SIÈCLES: MESSE DU JOUR DE NOËL"; Ensemble Organum, with Marcel Pérès, director and organist (Harmonia Mundi). A musically supple re-creation of a Christmas Mass from the Paris of Louis XIV, with monophonic, non-Gregorian chants composed by André Campra—who stylized them with French Baroque ornaments. The verses alternate with period-perfect improvisations on a Clicquot organ.

"THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST" (Nimbus). Classics recorded by golden-age opera stars (McCormack, Gigli, Muzio, and many more) between 1908 and 1944, plus readings by Charles Laughton and Basil Rathbone.

"IN NATALI DOMINI"; Konrad Ruhland directing the Niederaltaicher Scholaren (Sony). Late-medieval and early-Renaissance chants, motets, and Christmas songs, splendidly performed and produced. Those who mind should be forewarned that these Bavarians pronounce their Latin Deutsch-style.

"WEIHNACHTSMUSIK IM ALTEN SACHSEN"; Cappella Sagittariana Dresden, with tenor Peter Schreier, directed by Dietrich Knothe (Berlin Classics). First recordings of still unpublished seasonal works by Bach's Saxon contemporaries (including Fux and Zelenka). Each piece deserves rediscovery, and Schreier offers his usual enthusiastic, if dry-voiced, diligence.

"NATIVITAS"; Kansas City Chorale (Nimbus). Seasonal choral music by a dozen modern American composers—listener-friendly, adeptly sung, often moving.

BARGEMUSIC—Pianist Hae Sun Paik performs movements from Tchaikovsky's "The Seasons"; violinist Nai-Yuan Hu and cellist Ronald Thomas play Kodály's Duo (Op. 7); and all join for Tchaikovsky's A-Minor Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Dec. 8 at 7:30 and Dec. 11 at 4.)

IGOR KIPNIS—The harpsichordist plays eight sonatas by Scarlatti, works by Bach and Handel, and Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco's "English Suite for Harpsichord," as well as premières of works by Schnittke and the late Dutch composer (and Rameau descendant) Alexander Nicolas Voormolen. (Miller Theatre. Dec. 8 at 8.)

IN BRITAIN, there is a tradition of modesty at the very top.

Thus, a tremor ran round at Macallan when it was suggested that *a pictorial representation* of their malt whisky bottle should appear in an advertisement.

It smacked too much of the **'hard sell'.**

Their Publicity Advisers, however, assured them that there is occasionally a need for this sort of thing.

So, with some misgiving, they have consented to a small scraperboard reproduction being displayed.

The MACALLAN
Single Highland Malt Scotch Whisky
12
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

"One sip is worth one thousand pictures."

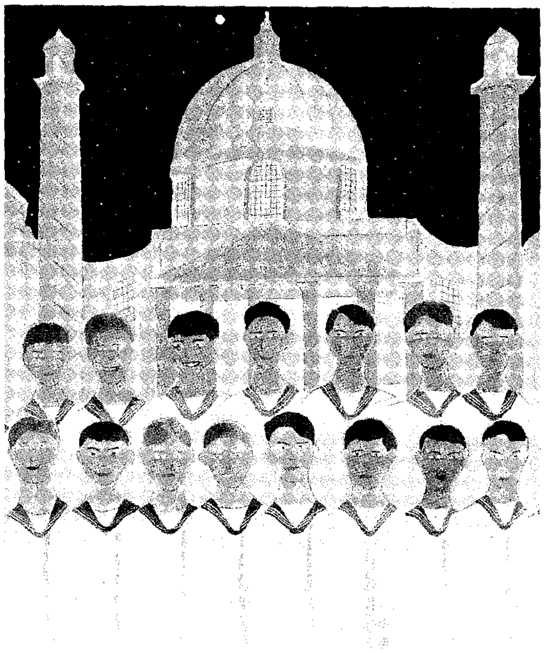
**THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT
SCOTCH.**

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol. © 1994

CLASSICAL MUSIC–Cont'd

Muir String Quartet—Performing quartets by Dvořák (his Tenth), Joan Tower, and Schubert (his "Death and the Maiden"). (Weill Recital Hall. Dec. 9 at 8.)

New Juilliard Ensemble—Recent works by Lawrence Moss, Schnittke (the New York première of his Concerto for Piano, Four-Hands, featuring Stephen Gosling and Aleksandra Vojcic), James Primosch, and Tristan Keuris. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 9 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)



The Vienna Choir Boys, at Carnegie Hall on December 11.

GEOFFREY PARKER

Beaux Arts Trio—Performing piano trios by Mozart (in G Major, K. 496), Rorem (his "Spring Music"), and Dvořák (in F Minor, Op. 65). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 9-10 at 8.)

Martin Bruns—Baritone, singing art songs by Othmar Schoeck, Busoni, Debussy, David Diamond, and Schubert; with pianist Brian Zeger. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 10 at 8.)

Vladimir Feltsman—Pianist, performing Book Two of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier." (92nd Street Y. Dec. 11 at 3.)

Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish—The cellist and the pianist offer their annual traversal of Beethoven's complete cello sonatas and variations, over the course of two concerts. (Miller Theatre. Dec. 11 at 3 and 7:30. One ticket provides admission to both concerts.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Members of the Society, with numerous friends, perform Bach's six "Brandenburg" Concertos. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 11 at 5.)

Beatrice Muthelet—Violist, with pianist Ilan Rechtman, performing works by Schubert (his Arpeggione Sonata), Tchaikovsky, and Bartók. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Dec. 11 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Kathleen Battle and Ursula Oppens—The soprano and the pianist perform music by Purcell, Mendelssohn, Bellini, and several Spanish composers. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 12 at 8.)

Famous Last Works—The Mendelssohn String Quartet performs the final musical statements of four great composers: Haydn's unfinished D-Minor Quartet (Op. 103), Shostakovich's Quartet No. 15, Beethoven's B-Flat-Major Quartet (Op. 130), and Schubert's String Quintet (with cellist Carter Brey). (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 13 at 8.)

Eliza Garth and Aleck Karis—Taking turns playing solo-piano works by Takemitsu, Webern, Perle, and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Dec. 13 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Spruced Up—How can you tell a spruce from a fir? Head to the Brooklyn Botanic Garden for their tour of hollies and conifers, on Dec. 11 at 1. A holiday concert with harp and chorus will follow, at 2:30. . . . ¶ The Grand Army Plaza arch and the Brooklyn Bridge have been re-created in gingerbread, as part of the garden's holiday flower show. Poinsettias and evergreens will add more seasonal touches. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4. No tickets necessary. Through Dec. 31.)

Native Americana—The American Indian Community House is celebrating twenty-five years of service and culture in New York. On Dec. 9, from 7 to 11, there will be performances by the Thunder-bird American Indian Dancers; contemporary Native American songs by Ulali, an all-women's group (formerly known as Pura Fe & Soni); and a keynote address about stereotypes. (404 Lafayette St. 598-0100, ext. 228.)

West Side Crafts—For the next two weekends, the Upper West Side is a craft haven. Behind Lincoln Center you'll find the twelfth annual Lincoln Square Holiday Crafts show. Some hundred artisans will display their wares. (Martin Luther King, Jr., High School, 122 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Dec. 10-11, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the door on the days of the fair.) . . . ¶ The WBAI Holiday Crafts Fair is taking place farther uptown. (Ferris Booth Hall, Columbia University, Broadway at 115th St. Dec. 9, from 5 to 9, and Dec. 10-11, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the door on the days of the fair.)

Town Hall Companion—Garrison Keillor will share the microphone with Jay Ungar & Molly Mason, Iris DeMent, and journalist Cokie Roberts (who has promised to sing), in the third installment of a series of local broadcasts. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Dec. 10 at 5:45.)

In Any Other Language—Feeling international? Try these spoken-word events (with a little music and cinema thrown in for good measure). Dec. 7 at 8:30: "Silenced Voices: A Celebration of Sudanese Writing" will feature basketball star Manute Bol performing traditional Dinka songs, and Cornelius Eady and Terese Svoboda reading poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the event.) . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 7: Nuno Júdice, Pedro Tamen, and translator Richard Zenith will present a bilingual experience, "An Evening of Portuguese Poetry." (Poets House, 72 Spring St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 7:30: "The 750th Anniversary of the Meeting of Rumi and Shems," with poet/translators Robert Bly and Coleman Barks, and jazz musicians Howard Levy, Eugene Friesen, and Glen Velez. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.) . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 8: Francophiles might enjoy "Contingent Loves," a play with Fritz Weaver and Rochelle Oliver, based on thirty-nine Second World War letters of Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir. . . . Dec. 10 at 8: Fourteen songs by Fauré and poetry by Rimbaud, Apollinaire, and others. With actors Carol Kane and Stephen Lang, soprano Rachel Rosales, and pianist Pablo Zinger. . . . Dec. 11: Two documentaries. At 2: Malka Robowska and Josee Dayan's "Simone de Beauvoir." At 5: "Sartre Par Lui-Même," by Alexandre Astruc and Michel Contat. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.) . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 8: A poetry slam, hosted by Bob Holman of the Nuyorican Poets Café. (Westbeth, 55 Bethune St. Tickets at the door on the night of the slam.)

Readings—Dec. 11 at 4: Chase Twichell and Cynthia Zarin will read from their poetry. (Mazer Theatre, Educational Alliance, 197 East Broadway, at Jefferson St. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 8: Edward Albee will read from his work, and then discuss his writing with Mel Gussow. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 8: Anderson Ferrell will read from his new novel, "Home for the Day." (A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 8: Jorie Graham will read from her poetry. (Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 7: Jennifer Egan and Stewart O'Nan will read from their fiction. (Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—Dec. 7 at 6: Barry Commoner will give a talk, "The Quality of Life in New York: The Trash Connection," in conjunction with "Garbage!," the library's current exhibit. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.) . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 8:30 A.M.: Publisher Harold Evans will host a breakfast chat about Oscar Wilde, with panelists Quentin Crisp, Paul Rudnick, and others. (mad.61, 10 E. 61st St. For more information, call 691-8543.)

Walks & Tours—Dec. 11 at 1: Big Onion Walking Tours will stroll through Irish New York. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 1: The Municipal Art Society will lead revellers in "A Colonial Christmas in Historic Flushing." For more information, call 935-3960.

SPORTS

BASKETBALL

Knicks—Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Vs. the Miami Heat, Dec. 12. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Phoenix Suns, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Celtics, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Vs. the Orlando Magic, Dec. 12. (Game time, 7:30.)

FOOTBALL

Giants—Vs. the Cincinnati Bengals, Dec. 11 at 1.

Jets—Vs. the Detroit Lions, Dec. 10 at 12:30.

(The Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; and the Giants and the Jets at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111.)

FOR KIDS

(Accompanied by parents or other adults.)

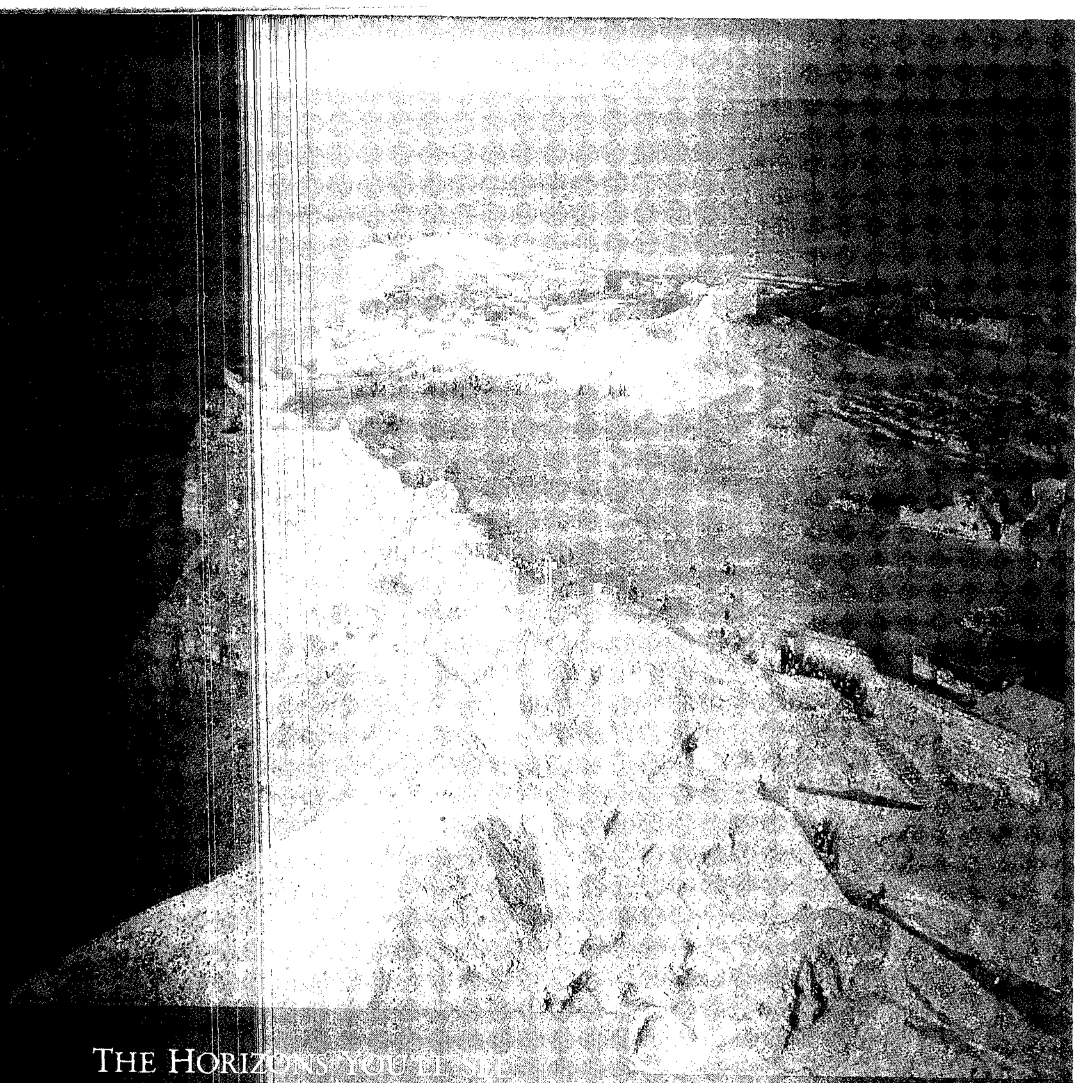
At the Barre—Members of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre lead a workshop geared especially toward preteens. (City Center Studios, 130 W. 56th St. 581-1212. Dec. 10 at 10:45 A.M.)

Shari Lewis and Lamb Chop—On Broadway, no less. (Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. Dec. 7-9 at 7, and Dec. 10-11 at 2 and 5:30.)

"Peter and the Wolf"—A ballet narrated by Soupy Sales and performed by the Marymount Manhattan College Dance Department. A second work is on the bill, too. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 517-0651. Dec. 10-11 at 3.)

And Don't Forget About—The Radio City Christmas Spectacular, through Jan. 8 (247-4777). . . . ¶ The Big Apple Circus, at Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park, through Jan. 8 (268-0055).

High above the western
shore of the Dead Sea
lives a testament to just
how high the human soul
can soar. Come experience
Masada and hear its
ancient heart still beat.


Masada

THE HORIZONS YOU'LL SEE
WILL EXPAND THE ONES YOU'VE GOT.

Jerusalem

From the age-old
ruins to the vibrance
of its people, Israel
will become a part of
you. And the closer
you get to it, the deeper
it will move you.

ירושלים
3000
أورشليم القدس
JERUSALEM

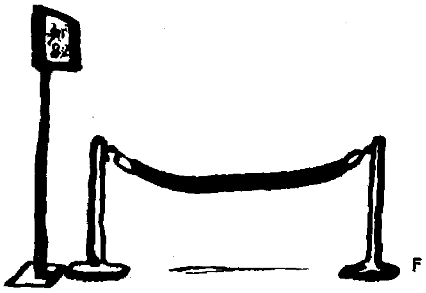
ISRAEL

NO ONE BELONGS HERE MORE THAN YOU

Israel Ministry of Tourism, North America
New York, Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, Toronto.

Tie up
gift giving with
Paul Stuart neckwear.
Our exclusively designed ties are
handmade in the USA of the
finest English or Italian silk.
Clover and chain, $49.50
Flora paisley, $59.50
Classic paisley, $49.50
Geometric paisley,
$49.50

Paul Stuart
MADISON & 45TH
WEEKDAYS OPEN AT 8
212.682.0320 • 800.678.8278



THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

The Buddha of Suburbia—A four-episode BBC television adaptation of Hanif Kureishi's 1990 novel, about a Muslim civil servant's exploits as a Buddhist guru in seventies England. With Narveen Andres, Roshan Seth, and Susan Fleetwood; directed by Roger Michell, who co-wrote the screenplay with Kureishi. Shown daily in two parts. Opening December 9. (Little Theatre.)

Curfew—One day in the life of a Palestinian family confined to a refugee camp on the Gaza Strip. Salim Daw plays the father. Written and directed by Rashid Masharawi. In Arabic. Opening December 7. (Film Forum.)

Disclosure—Michael Douglas, Demi Moore, and Donald Sutherland star in a thriller about a man subjected to sexual harassment, adapted by Paul Attanasio from Michael Crichton's 1993 best-seller. Barry Levinson directed. Opening December 9. (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

Drop Zone—Wesley Snipes as a U.S. marshal turned skydiver. His mission: to recapture a convict who has made a midair escape from a commercial jet. With Gary Busey, Yancy Butler, and Michael Jeter. Directed by John Badham; script by Peter Barsocchini, John Bishop, and Jeb Stuart. Opening December 9. (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

Federal Hill—Two best friends and small-time thugs (Anthony De Sando and Nicholas Turturro) clash when one of them falls in love with a university student (Libby Langdon). Written and directed by Michael Corrente. Opening December 9. (Village Theatre VII and Lincoln Square.)

Ladybird, Ladybird—In the latest film from Ken Loach, an English single mother (Crissy Rock), in love with a Paraguayan refugee (Vladimir Vega), fights to win her children back from foster care. Written by Rona Munro. Opening December 9. (Film Forum.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 39.)

The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert—Paragons of camp become campers, of sorts, in this cult-pleasing tale of a transsexual (Terence Stamp) and two drag queens (Hugo Weaving and Guy Pearce) who take a lip-synching act from Sydney to a resort in arid central Australia. Stephan Elliott, the writer-director, has one original idea—posing creatures of the night in wild sunbaked settings. As crossover drag sagas go, it's neither as robustly funny as "La Cage aux Folles" nor as lively and poetic as the best parts of "Outrageous!"—M.S. (Village East Cinemas and 57th St. Playhouse.)

The Beans of Egypt, Maine—Jennifer Warren directed this adaptation of Carolyn Chute's 1985 novel about a clan of rural lowlifes. With Kelly Lynch, Martha Plimpton, Rutger Hauer, and Patrick McGraw. Screenplay by Bill Phillips. (Village East Cinemas.)

Boys Life—Three short films by New York directors, on the subject of gay life: "Pool Days," by Brian Sloan; "A Friend of Dorothy," by Raoul O'Connell; and "The Disco Years," by Robert Lee King. (Quad Cinema.)

Bullets Over Broadway—A nicely structured piece of silliness from Woody Allen, set in the theatre world of the nineteen-twenties. John Cusack is the Woody substitute, an earnest young playwright who needs to discover an existence beyond the stage; Chazz Palminteri steals the picture as the taciturn gangster who swaps places with him, becoming as ruthless in his aesthetics as he is with a gun. Around this neat switch Allen assembles a crowd of near-caricatures—opportunities for Dianne Wiest, Jim Broadbent, Jennifer Tilly, and others to show their stuff.—A.L. (10/24/94) (19th Street East 6, Cinema I, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Clerks—Dogged, responsible Dante (Brian O'Halloran) does a slow burn over a long day at the Quick Stop cash register. His girlfriend Veronica (Marilyn Ghigliotti) shocks him with her record of casual fellatio; his buddy Randal (Jeff Anderson) shocks customers at the adjacent video store with casual insults. The humor of two clerks arguing about ethics and sex deflates before the halfway mark, but the writer-director, Kevin Smith, dishes up some funny profanity in his low-budget black-and-white début.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center and 68th St. Playhouse.)

Cobb—The subject of Ron Shelton's brilliant new movie is Ty Cobb (played by Tommy Lee Jones), who was, by consensus, not only the greatest all-around baseball player who ever lived, but also the meanest, the dirtiest, the most arrogant, and the most unscrupulous. Shelton's screenplay focusses on Cobb in 1960 and 1961—seventy-three years old, dying of cancer, and writing his memoirs. There isn't a trace of sentimentality in the picture. Cobb never goes soft on us, even as he nears death; he's a monster of mythic proportions, bellowing and thrashing and belching fire right to the end. Jones, in the spirit of the man he's playing, attacks the role with breathtaking ferocity. Together, he and Shelton create a grimly comic portrait of the artist as an old coot. Also with Robert Wuhl (as Cobb's unfortunate literary collaborator, Al Stump) and Lolita Davidovich.—T.R. (12/5/94) (Gemini and Lincoln Square.)

Eat Drink Man Woman—Another film comedy from Ang Lee, the director of "The Wedding Banquet." The aging Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung) is a widowed chef living in Taipei with his three daughters, each of whom is getting itchy for the world beyond. (Watch for the exquisite Chien-Lien Wu as Jia-Chien, the pushiest of the three.) Mr. Chu is a King Lear of the kitchen: a master on his own ground, slapping fish around and blowing air into a boiled duck, but gradually losing his sense of taste and his power to rule. The movie is more likable than memorable; you come out running for the nearest restaurant. In Mandarin.—A.L. (Quad Cinema and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Forrest Gump—As all the world now knows, Tom Hanks plays Forrest Gump, a simple Alabama soul who serves his country without hurting a fly; he saves his comrades in Vietnam, woos the dippy Jenny (Robin Wright), and runs back and forth across the continent. Hanks does his best to convince us that Gump is, in fact, a character and not merely a bulging sack of virtues, but the movie takes the fight out of him. With Sally Field and Gary Sinise. Directed by Robert Zemeckis.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex and 59th Street East Cinema.)

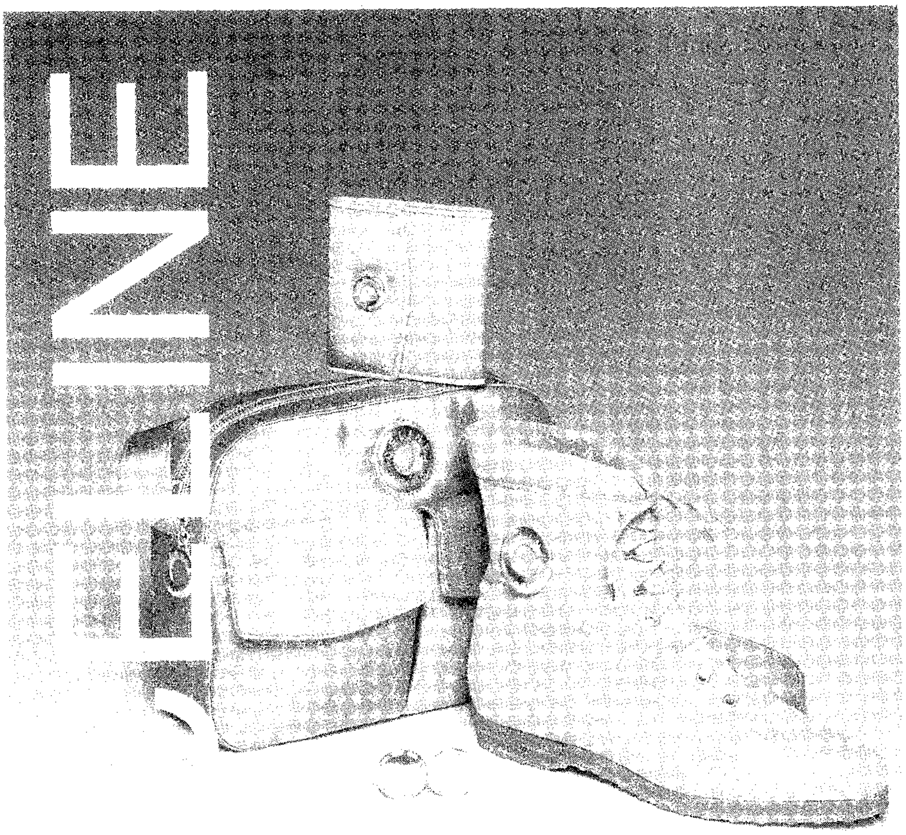
Heavenly Creatures—Peter Jackson's film tells the true story of a pair of New Zealand teen-agers, Pauline Parker (Melanie Lynskey) and Juliet Hulme (Kate Winslet), who murdered Pauline's mother, Honora (Sarah Peirse), in 1954. The girls have the sort of passionate friendship that unhappy adolescents are prone to: a union that begins with mutual infatuation and shared artistic interests but develops into an embattled us-against-the-world alliance. Although this is a fascinating story, the movie's style is so frenzied and hyperbolic that it tends to validate the heroines' warped perspective—to glamorize their art-fuelled contempt for ordinary people and everyday life. With the director tagging along faithfully behind Pauline and Juliet as if he were hoping to be invited into their sect, this folie à deux turns into a disastrous folie à trois. Screenplay by Jackson and Frances Walsh.—T.R. (11/21/94) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Hoop Dreams—An engrossing documentary about two inner-city Chicago teen-agers, William Gates and Arthur Agee, who aspire to careers in professional basketball. The filmmakers—Steve James, Frederick Marx, and Peter Gilbert—follow them all the way through high school. In the course of the movie's patient, sympathetic narrative (the running time is close to three hours), our reaction to the heroes' progress changes decisively, and for the better: at first we're assessing their chances, measuring them for N.B.A. uniforms; by the end we're rooting for them simply to survive the process without losing all their exuberance and drive and creative spirit.—T.R. (10/17/94) (Eastside Playhouse and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . ¶ Film Forum; through Dec. 8.)

I Like It Like That—It's macha versus macho in the Bronx, as a young mother of three (Lauren Vélez) takes an assistant's job at a record company to bail her husband (Jon Seda) out of jail, only to rouse gossip and jealousy in the barrio. Darnell Martin's enjoyably brash début movie has originality and feeling beneath the look-at-me theatrics. It's about the comedy and pathos of people taking on more responsibility than they can handle; the best moments come when the characters (and Martin) catch their breath and crack some jokes. There's riotous sexual vaudeville provided by Vélez and Seda, and by Jesse Borrego, Lisa Vidal, and Griffin Dunne.—M.S. (19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Interview with the Vampire—The film version of Anne Rice's immensely popular 1976 novel is less a horror movie than a luxurious reverie on horror-movie themes. The director, Neil Jordan, and his cinematographer, the great Philippe Rousselot, have given the movie an extraordinary seductive look, but Rice (who wrote the screenplay) doesn't provide enough narrative to keep the audience satisfied. Her vampires are so isolated from the world that there really isn't much for them to do except go on their nightly rounds and squabble—suck and bicker, suck and bicker, in scene after scene. Gorgeous as the picture is, the endless elaborations on the vampire story's obvious eroticism become very tiresome. This movie is convincing evidence that in popular genres subtext should stay where it belongs—underground. If it's brought into the light, it shrivels and dies. With Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt, Kirsten Dunst, Antonio Banderas, Stephen Rea, and Christian Slater.—T.R. (11/21/94) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Tower East, Orpheum VII, Ziegfeld, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Junior—Arnold Schwarzenegger plays a scientist who impregnates himself (with technical help from Danny DeVito, as his associate) in Hollywood's latest attempt to wring softhearted comedy out of yuppie parenthood. This gimmick is less a new wrinkle than a stretch mark. Pregnancy humanizes the big guy—although before his belly swells, his sweet rapport with lab chimps suggests that he'd make a great Tarzan. The snappy, undertaxed cast includes Pamela Reed,



Shoulderbag $525, wallet $190, boot $485, earrings $115.
Available in black or beige colors, grosgrain canvas or smooth leather.
NEW YORK 51 East 57th Street
For more information, please call 1 800-486-9711

Cartier

The Cartier Love Story

It began with the Love Bracelet®, the Cartier® classic in 18K gold, created in 1969. Complete with its own vermeil screwdriver. Size 0-1 ½. $3,500. Size 2-3. $3,700. The theme continues with the pierced earrings. $1,700. The ring. $1,175.

For your shopping convenience, Cartier will provide extended store hours during the holiday season.

The Cartier Building, Fifth Avenue at 52nd Street (212) 753-0111
The Trump Tower, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street (212) 308-0840

© 1994 CARTIER, INCORPORATED

CURRENT FILMS—Cont'd

Frank Langella, and Emma Thompson, who, as an abstracted researcher, translates obliviousness into precision slapstick. Ivan Reitman directed the Kevin Wade–Chris Conrad script.—M.S. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

THE LAST SEDUCTION—A star turn from Linda Fiorentino as Bridget, a woman with a frozen wasteland where her moral landscape should be. In New York, she cheats her husband (Bill Pullman) out of their illegal earnings; upstate, she cheats Mike (Peter Berg) out of everything but his life. The movie has a hard forties snap to it—lust is a weapon and love is a letdown. Directed by John Dahl ("Red Rock West").—A.L. (10/24/94) (Village Theatre VII and Paris.)

THE LION KING—Disney's most recent animated feature is a coming-of-age story about animal royalty. It's "Bambi," but with carnivores. The hero, a young lion named Simba, is born to the purple, but before he can ascend to the throne he has to make cute friends, court a soft-eyed female of the species, and see his father die (in a scene that may actually jerk kids' tears more shamelessly than its counterpart in "Bambi"). Between traumas, the movie serves up soothingly banal musical numbers (composed by Elton John and Tim Rice) and silly, rambunctious comedy. The animation, computer-assisted in some of the more elaborate sequences, is sometimes impressive, but rarely impressive enough to overcome a certain impersonality—a stubborn mechanical coldness. Directed by Roger Allers and Rob Minkoff.—T.R. (6/20/94) (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, and Lincoln Square.)

A LOW DOWN DIRTY SHAME—Keenen Ivory Wayans stars in a private-eye picture that he also wrote and directed. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Cinema 3rd Avenue, 86th Street East Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET—Richard Attenborough and Mara Wilson as Kris Kringle and Susan Walker, the roles made famous by Edmund Gwenn and Natalie Wood. With Elizabeth Perkins and Dylan McDermott. George Seaton (the writer and director of the 1947 version) and John Hughes collaborated on the script, and Les Mayfield directed. (34th St. East, Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinemas, and Criterion Center.)

MRS. PARKER AND THE VICIOUS CIRCLE—The Algonquin Round Table as envisioned by Alan Rudolph, with Jennifer Jason Leigh as Dorothy Parker. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Angelika Film Center, Coronet, and Lincoln Square.)

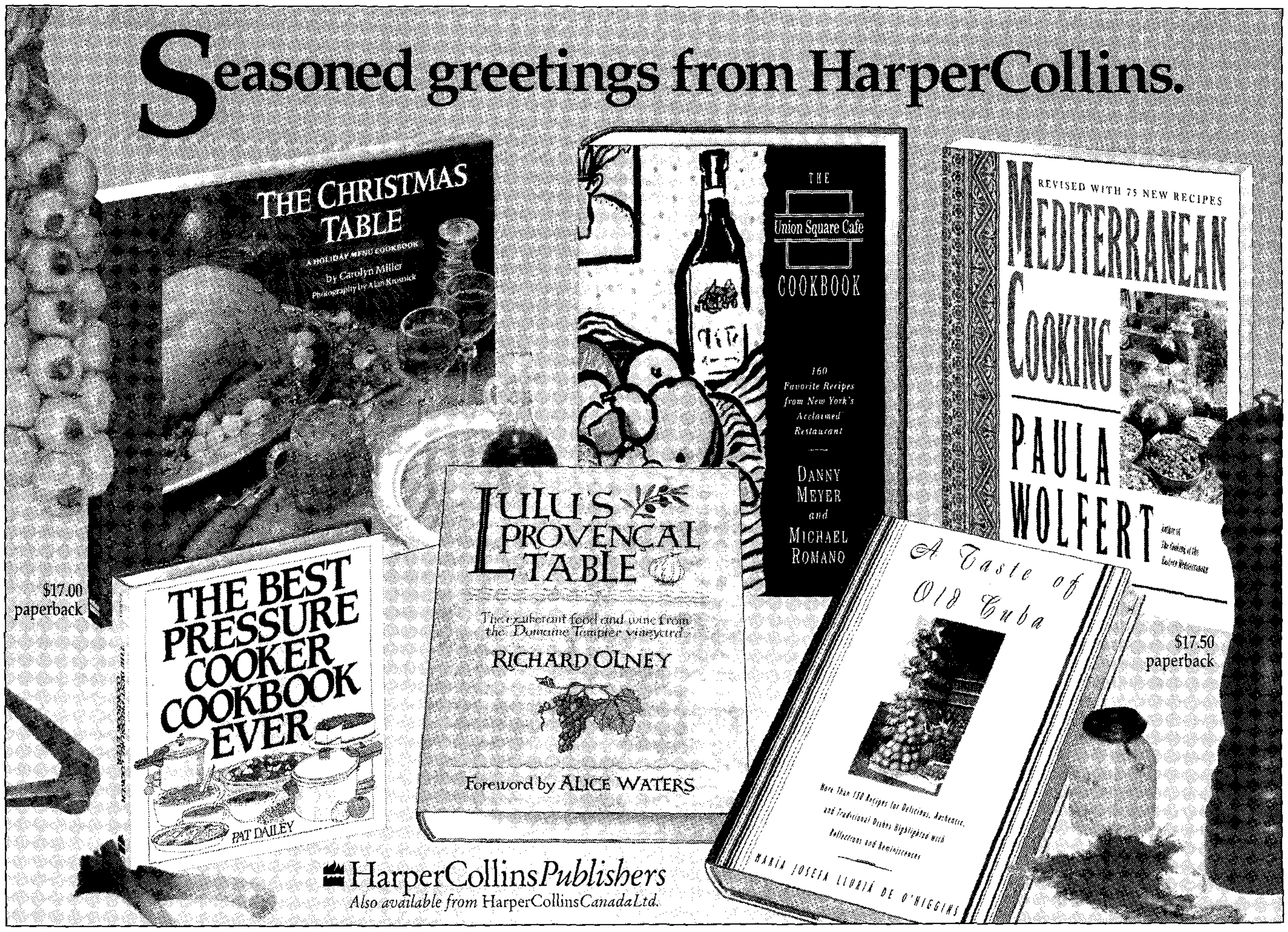
NOSTRADAMUS—Roger Christian's historical drama about the sixteenth-century visionary features Amanda Plummer, Julia Ormond, Assumpta Serna, Rutger Hauer, F. Murray Abraham, and, in the title role, Tcheky Karyo. Written by Knut Boeser and Piers Ashworth. (Quad Cinema.)

THE PAGEMASTER—Macaulay Culkin and Christopher Lloyd, along with the voices of Whoopi Goldberg, Leonard Nimoy, and Patrick Stewart, in a part live-action, part animated-fantasy adventure set in a library. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Embassy.)

THE PROFESSIONAL—The first American movie from Luc Besson, and it's even more absurd than his French ones. Léon (Jean Reno), a mob hit man living alone in Manhattan, befriends a precocious young girl (Natalie Portman), whose family has been wiped out by a twisted D.E.A. official (Gary Oldman) eager to finish what he started. The least objectionable thing about the movie is the violence—it's quick and funny. The most objectionable thing is Gary Oldman's performance, baroque in its awfulness. Almost as bad is the director's attempt to construct a visual style—and, for that matter, characters—by piling one mannerism on top of another. Thus Léon is presented as a lonely, sleepless, plant-tending, milk-drinking illiterate; what happened to the human being? For all his yearning to be hip, Besson is wedded to good taste. The love story between man and girl, which could have propelled the film toward outrage, stays mawkish and prim.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square. . . . ¶ Astor Plaza; through Dec. 8.)

PULP FICTION—In Quentin Tarantino's new picture, John Travolta, Samuel L. Jackson, Uma Thurman, Tim Roth, Harvey Keitel, Christopher Walken, and Bruce Willis parade through two and a half hours of complicated, cross-weaving Los Angeles plots, some of which are more gripping than others; the talk is dirty and funny, the violence always waiting just around the corner. It's a bright and startling picture, but the next day, it seems like a dream: the film attacks your senses and gives you almost nothing to remember it by, let alone to nourish you.—A.L. (10/10/94) (Angelika Film Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, Beekman, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

RED—The last and best film in the trilogy that began with the baffling "Blue" and continued with the more acrid "White"; here all the skills of the director, Krzysztof Kieślowski, are brought into melancholy play. Blind chance or benign fate (according to your point of view) brings Valentine (Irène Jacob), a young model living alone in Geneva, into



Seasoned greetings from HarperCollins.
THE CHRISTMAS TABLE
A HOLIDAY MENU COOKBOOK
by Carolyn Miller
Photography by Alan Krosnick
THE Union Square Cafe COOKBOOK
160 Favorite Recipes from New York's Acclaimed Restaurant
DANNY MEYER and MICHAEL ROMANO
REVISED WITH 75 NEW RECIPES
MEDITERRANEAN COOKING
PAULA WOLFERT
$17.00 paperback
THE BEST PRESSURE COOKER COOKBOOK EVER
PAT DAILEY
LULU'S PROVENÇAL TABLE
The exuberant food and wine from the Domaine Tempier vineyard
RICHARD OLNEY
Foreword by ALICE WATERS
A Taste of Old Cuba
More than 150 Recipes for Delicious, Authentic, and Traditional Dishes Highlighted with Reflections and Reminiscences
MARÍA JOSEFA LLURIÁ DE O'HIGGINS
$17.50 paperback
HarperCollinsPublishers
Also available from HarperCollinsCanadaLtd.

contact with a retired judge (Jean-Louis Trintignant) with a predilection for eavesdropping on telephone conversations. (It's the most authentic route he can find into the mysteries of human behavior.) In time Valentine's repulsion shades into curiosity, and from there into affection. And the movie itself shades from coldness and contrivance into a story as touching and mysterious as anything Kieślowski has ever made. Trintignant's performance as the misanthropic old man is a portrait of heartbreak, all the more convincing for his character's last-ditch efforts to mend other hearts. At the end, Kieślowski, too, assumes the mantle of Prospero, magically (and rather absurdly) assembling the trilogy's main players, and it's hard to begrudge the master his final flourish. In French.—A.L. (11/28/94) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THEATRE ADDRESSES

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th (260-8000).
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
Plaza, 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd (513-5408).
Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd (513-5402).
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
Guild, 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583).
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th (581-7360).
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
Paris, 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st (247-5070).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
Regency, B'way at 67th (724-3700).
Lincoln Square, B'way at 68th (336-5000)
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th (877-3600).
Thalia, B'way at 95th (316-4962)
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th (222-1200).
Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th (354-0900).
Embassy 1, B'way at 46th (302-0494).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
National Twin, B'way at 44th (869-0950).

Resistance—Two women, one (Helen Jones) returning to her hometown in Australia, the other (Lorna Lesley) a waitress there, come up against a violent militia. Directed by Paul Elliott and Hugh Keays-Byrne. (Angelika 57.)

Sankofa—A model (Oyafunmike Ogunlano) on a photo shoot in West Africa is hurled back in time to the era of slavery, in a film written and directed by Haile Gerima. (Thalia.)

The Santa Clause—Tim Allen's talent for dry regular-guyness fails to kindle Disney's sappy big-screen Yule log. Allen plays a toy-company sales whiz who startles Santa—fatally—on Christmas Eve and becomes the new Kris Kringle. The handling of Santa myths is both sassy and sanctimonious, just as the subplot about Allen's son (Eric Lloyd) and ex-wife (Wendy Crewson) and his ex-wife's shrink husband (Judge Reinhold) both mocks and respects "inner child" psychodrivel. John Pasquin directed the screenplay by Leo Benvenuti and Steve Rudnick.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

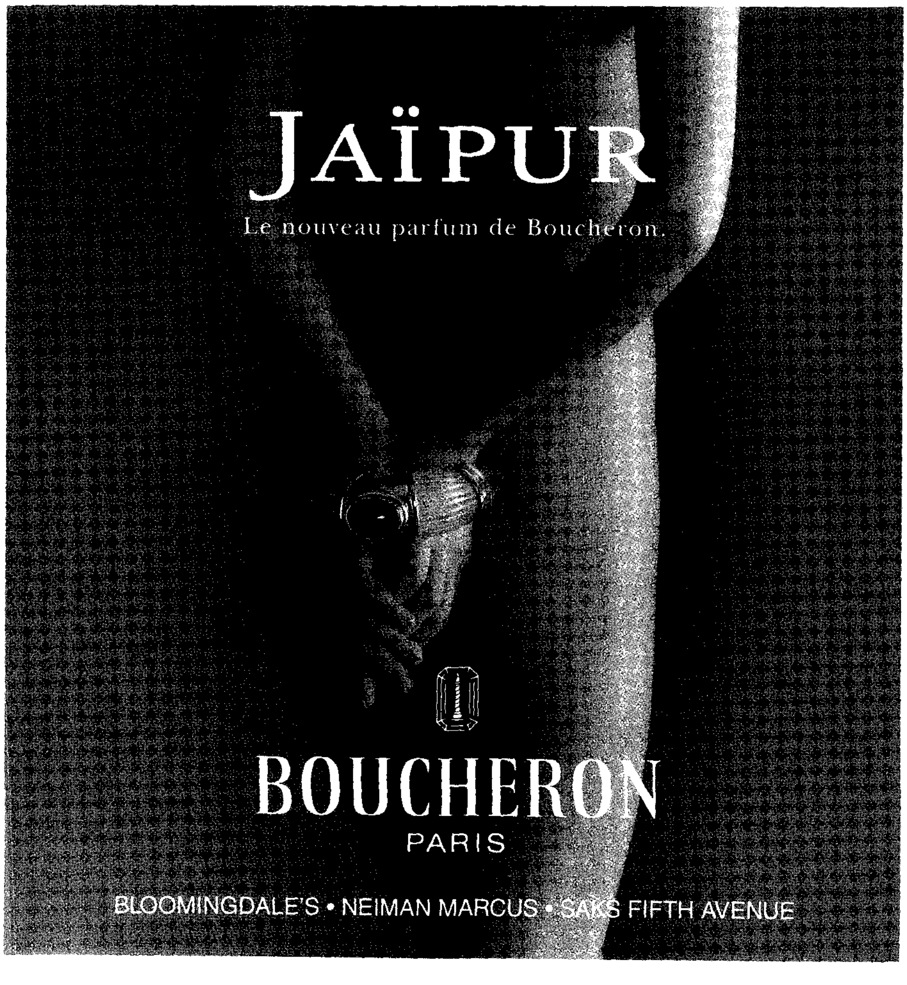
The Shawshank Redemption—Tim Robbins returns to his best form with his haunted, cunning portrayal of Andy Dufresne, a young banker sentenced to life imprisonment in the nineteen-forties. Frank Darabont's movie never grabs at you, preferring to work patiently on your sympathies and nerves while finding time for casual jokes. What at first seems like a plotless tale of companionship—principally between Andy and a fixer named Red (Morgan Freeman)—tightens into excitement. The picture stays on track and leaves you, appropriately enough, with a surging sense of release.—A.L. (9/26/94) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Plaza, and Metro Cinema.)

The Specialist—Cheesecake meets beefcake as Sharon Stone persuades an ex-C.I.A. explosives ace (Sylvester Stallone) to wreak vengeance on Miami mobsters. Stallone's arch-enemy (James Woods, of course) heads security for these Cuban bad guys (led by Eric Roberts and Rod Steiger). The screenwriter, Alexandra Seros, gives every character a wit impediment. Steiger's accent prompts nervous laughter: "You bastard!" comes out "Jew bastard!" Luis Llosa directed.—M.S. (Manhattan Twin and Criterion Center.)

StarGate—Elementary sci-fi about a hieroglyphics expert (James Spader) and a U.S. military squad (led by Kurt Russell) who zip to a distant planet via the title portal, last used in ancient Egypt. They discover that Ra (Jaye Davidson), the sun god of the Pharaohs, is alive and well and a vicious alien. The intended audience seems to be ten-year-olds, who'll be dazed by the props and designs; Davidson is like a camp Disney witch. Directed by Roland Emmerich, from a script by Emmerich and Dean Devlin.—M.S. (34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Star Trek Generations—The old crew's campiness, epitomized by William Shatner, and the next generation's earnest thespianism, epitomized by Patrick Stewart; a plot about "a conflux of temporal energy"; laugh lines like "The emotion chip has overloaded my positronic relay"; sermons about emotion and escapism; busty, snaggletoothed Klingon babes; repeated jolts that hurl crew members out of their seats and imply that even in the future you'll need air bags. This seventh big-screen "Star Trek" is clumsy and bloated, but viewed as a cosmic variety show, it has a certain grapeshot charm. David Carson directed.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

The Swan Princess—An animated version of the Swan Lake legend, directed by Richard Rich


JAÏPUR
Le nouveau parfum de Boucheron.
BOUCHERON
PARIS
BLOOMINGDALE'S • NEIMAN MARCUS • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

EXTRAORDINARY OVERNIGHT

You're in New York for business. We are too. With sleek, distinguished rooms that include modem, fax, voice mail, and two phone lines. With immediate, special services that range from meeting accommodations to secretarial assistance. With the kind of vision that encompasses uptime, downtime, and on time. And the superb Restaurant Charlotte. Where extraordinary deals are made daily.

EXTRAORDINARY VISION

HM

Hotel Macklowe

145 West 44th Street
New York, NY 10036
212.768.4400

Call 1.800.MACKLOWE
or your Travel Agent

CURRENT FILMS—Cont'd

and featuring the voices of John Cleese, Jack Palance, Steven Wright, and Sandy Duncan, as well as eight new songs by Lex de Azevedo and David Zippel. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Cinema I, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

To Live—The epic of suffering is the fashion in new Chinese cinema, but whether the authorities will develop a taste for it is another matter. They certainly got heavy with the director Zhang Yimou after seeing this new movie; he will not be attending festivals abroad for some time. An odd reaction, really, for this is not his most provocative work—its assault on the Maoist programs of the fifties and sixties is secondary to its gentle, observant picture of a family's travails. The father (Ge You) is a gambler and—you guessed it—a puppetmaster; while he stumbles around in the war between the Communists and the Nationalists, the mother (Gong Li) is left at home raising their children. He returns, and then their troubles really begin. The ornate intensity of Zhang's earlier work has relaxed, and there are scenes here—family meals, for instance—that move with the simplicity of a Rossellini picture. But the sheer mass of narrative hurries things on. You keep waiting for Zhang, the impeccable stylist, to stop and stare. In Mandarin.—A.L. (11/28/94) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Tom and Viv—Willem Dafoe as T. S. Eliot and Miranda Richardson as the poet's first wife. Brian Gilbert directed. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Cinema II; through Dec. 8.)

Trapped in Paradise—Nicolas Cage, Jon Lovitz, and Dana Carvey play three brothers—petty criminals trapped in a small Pennsylvania town on Christmas Eve. Written and directed by George Gallo. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

An Unforgettable Summer—Lucian Pintilie's new movie—his first since the triumph of "The Oak," in 1993, and just as weird—is set in southeastern Romania in 1925. An army captain (Claudiu Bleont) and his loving wife (Kristin Scott-Thomas) have been exiled to a barren, beautiful outpost, where they survive on limp salads and live in fear of brigands. It's hard to tell who is more difficult and determined: Scott-Thomas, who belies her frail features and lace dresses with a startling portrait of a troublemaker, or Pintilie himself, who marks out the plot in a series of clearly lit, unnerving scenes. Too much of a surrealist for political satire, too earthy to be a dreamer, he sneaks past your defenses like the young Taviani brothers and explodes his images in style. In Romanian.—A.L. (11/14/94) (Quad Cinema and Cinema 3.)

Vanya on 42nd Street—Louis Malle's astonishingly beautiful film documents a stage production, directed by André Gregory, of Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya." The conceit is that the actors—wearing street clothes and clutching take-out coffee—have gathered for a run-through; as it goes along, our sense of the theatrical reality gives way to the more intimate feeling of belief that movies create. The style of the movie seems, finally, to merge with the play itself: nothing appears to be happening, yet everything is transformed. With Wallace Shawn, as Vanya, and Julianne Moore, as Yelena; also with Brooke Smith, Larry Pine, and George Gaynes. The superb adaptation is by David Mamet.—T.R. (10/31/94) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

REVIVALS

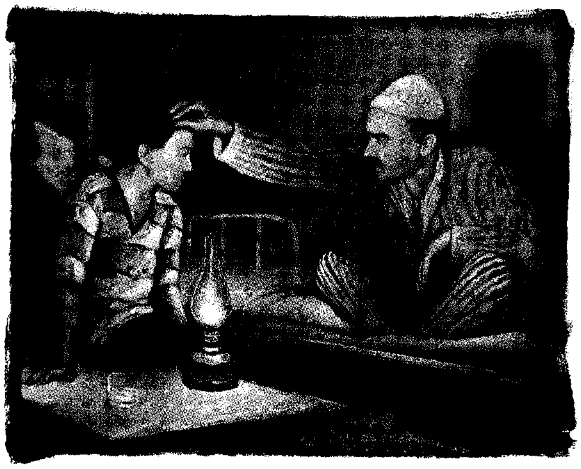
(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

Detective Story (1951)—The brash, hyperactive Sidney Kingsley melodrama set in a precinct station house, directed by William Wyler. The action is stagey, but there's certainly enough going on. Kirk Douglas plays a brutal detective, full of hatred for the offenders who cross his path, and Eleanor Parker is his wife. When he learns that she once had an affair with a gangster, he can't forgive her, and then can't live with himself. That's only one of the interrelated stories, which involve Lee Grant as a flirtatious shoplifter and Joseph Wiseman as a seasoned burglar (playing roles they'd already scored in on the stage), as well as George Macready, William Bendix, and Horace McMahon.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Dec. 9-10.)

Edge of the City (1957)—Sidney Poitier is startlingly good as an intelligent, easygoing foreman on the docks who is destroyed by his friendship with a weak, unstable white man (John Cassavetes). Martin Ritt, directing his first movie, sustains the tension with great skill but can't resist clinching the case with gratuitous violence, and the author, Robert Alan Aurthur (adapting his own television play), works with such precision that he reduces his subject to pat melodrama. However, it's a solid, often powerful movie. With Jack Warden and Ruby Dee.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; starting Dec. 13.)

From Russia with Love (1963)—The second in the James Bond series—exciting, handsomely staged, and campy—with Sean Connery pitted against a blond Robert Shaw and Lotte Lenya with a dagger in her shoe. Also with Pedro Armendariz, Daniele Bianchi, Vladek Sheybal, and the regulars—Bernard Lee, Lois Maxwell, and Desmond Llewelyn. Directed by Terence Young.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Dec. 13.)

Killer of Sheep (1977)—Charles Burnett's underground masterpiece is a poetic evocation of frustrated energies in and around Watts. The images and metaphors take hold in a marsupium-like pouch in the viewer's consciousness, reaching full growth only when the movie ends. The insomniac hero (played stunningly by Henry Sanders) works in a slaughterhouse; counting sheep would remind him of his job. Although his family life teeters on the brink of failure, he somehow preserves his self-respect and the dream that he's getting somewhere. The action halts for a few minutes at midpoint as he and his wife sway to Dinah Washington's rendition of "This Bitter Earth." The scene is comparable in its power to the climax of "The Dead," when Anjelica Huston pauses on the stairwell as she recalls her long-dead love.—M.S. (Whitney Museum; Dec. 8.)



Opening December 7, at the Film Forum, Younis Younis and Salim Daw in "Curfew."

TIM BOWER

Come holiday time,
Keep Glenfiddich near,
'Cause every day's a Friday,
Till the end of the year.
The friday Scotch
Special Reserve
Single Malt
Glenfiddich
Pure Malt
Scotch Whisky

To send the gift of Glenfiddich® Single Malt Scotch Whisky anywhere in the U.S., call 1-800-238-4373.

Void where prohibited. Bottled in Scotland. 40% Alc/Vol (80 proof). ©William Grant & Sons Inc., New York, NY

PROJECTIONS

Depth Perception

THE Sony Imax Theatres Lincoln Square, at 68th Street and Broadway, opened its doors last month with a bash appropriate to the grandeur of the edifice (if not to the news, announced the next morning, that the complex's corporate parent was taking $3.2 billion in losses on the value of its Hollywood studios). Media powers partied their way through the elegant Art Deco lobby and the vast upstairs concession stand. They gawked in front of a nine-screen video bank, browsed at the two souvenir shops, and measured their memories of ancient movie palaces against the re-created marquees gracing entrances to the nine of the building's twelve theatres that are now open.

Grazing completed, guests were herded upstairs to the main attraction: the eight-story-high Imax screen. On their way into the sloped six-hundred-seat auditorium, they received gray plastic headsets, through whose liquid-crystal lenses they were soon viewing a short program drawn partly from the theatre's current attractions, "The Last Buffalo" and "Into the Deep," and partly from an upcoming drama called "Wings of Courage." The illusion of depth was astounding: mountain lions leapt into laps, squids mated in the aisles. Remembering a Peter Ustinov line from "Spartacus," I turned to my rapt companion and whispered, "I tingle."

But later, while pondering the question of Imax's future in Manhattan, I felt something different. One of the driving forces behind the technology, Douglas Trumbull, considers Imax a way to lure people away from the cool hearth of home video and back into theatres. New Yorkers are likely to be wary, though. The whole *point* of life here is getting out of the house. More than a development in shared social experience, Imax's arrival seems like one more blow in the corporate campaign to deprive Manhattan of the intimate spaces that have flourished amidst its enormity and replace them with a theme park. So it was no surprise to learn that the Imax theatre's early customers have tended to be tourists. Many of them may agree with the guy I heard on opening night, who, when asked what he thought of the evening's centerpiece, replied, "Great. Like 'Captain Eo' with better glasses."

—BRENDAN LEMON

REVIVALS—Cont'd

NO WAY OUT (1950)—Sidney Poitier made his début in the role of a doctor whose clash with a racist psychopath (Richard Widmark) sparks an urban conflagration. He was only twenty-two, though he told the director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, that he was twenty-seven so he'd seem old enough to be an interne. His confidence as a performer is astounding, especially since he's surrounded by movie veterans like Widmark and Linda Darnell, and experienced stage actors like Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis. Some audiences hiss when they see the doctor try to save the psycho's life. Yet Poitier conveys the anger beneath the civil surface: his last line to Widmark—"Don't cry, white boy, you're gonna live"—registers as a curse.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; starting Dec. 13.)

PICKUP ON SOUTH STREET (1953)—Richard Widmark as a scroungy petty gangster who sneaks a look into a woman's handbag, turns up some microfilm, and finds himself dealing with Communist agents. Samuel Fuller wrote the script (adapted from Dwight Taylor's story written for the screen) and directed, in his fast, flashy, essentially empty-minded style. The film isn't boring—there's always something going on—but you come away with nothing. (It isn't that Fuller's insensitive, exactly; it's that he's totally unconcerned with sensitivity—it would get in his way.)—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Dec. 11-12.)

THIS SPORTING LIFE (1963)—Lindsay Anderson's movie about an inarticulate protagonist (Richard Harris), a professional rugby player, and a "bruised" woman (Rachel Roberts) was hailed as the best feature ever made in England—maybe because it suggests all sorts of passion and protest, like a group of demonstrators singing "We Shall Overcome" and leaving it to you to fill in your own set of injustices. Like Anderson's later work, it draws its considerable power from what one can only assume is unconscious and semi-conscious material. The film is heavy with multiple meanings that the director doesn't sort out, *and even the best sequences are often baffling.* The rugby games were said to be a "microcosm of a corrupt society," and you can certainly tell that the movie is meant to be bold and tragic. (It has something of the disturbing brute force of Scorsese's "Raging Bull.") It's a mixture of the powerful, the inexplicable, and the dislikable, with the hurt in Rachel Roberts' face lingering in the memory.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Dec. 10 and 12.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)—"Only You" (Norman Jewison). . . . "True Lies" (James Cameron). . . . "Clear and Present Danger" (Phillip Noyce). . . . "The Mask" (Chuck Russell). . . . "Timecop" (Peter Hyams). . . . "Radioland Murders" (Mel Smith).

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—Dec. 7: "I Wake Up Screaming" (1942, H. Bruce Humberstone) and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948, Anatole Litvak). . . . ¶ Dec. 8: "The Big Clock" (1948, John Farrow) and "I Walk Alone" (1945, Byron Haskin). . . . ¶ Dec. 9-10: "Detective Story" (†) and "The Dark Corner" (1946, Henry Hathaway). . . . ¶ Dec. 11-12: "Pickup on South Street" (†) and "The Thief" (1952, Russell Rouse). . . . ¶ From Dec. 13: "Edge of the City" (†) and "No Way Out" (†).

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-1717)—"Against the Odds: BBC Drama, 1975-1994." Through Dec. 8 at 7: "Sweet As You Are" (1988, Angela Pope) and "Safe" (1993, Antonio Bird). . . . Through Dec. 8 at 9:30: "Tumbledown" (1988, Richard Eyre). . . . From Dec. 9: "The Buddha of Suburbia" (Robert Michell).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)—From Dec. 7: (continuous showings from noon to 7:30) "Berenice Abbott: A View of the 20th Century" (1992, Kay Weaver and Martha Wheelock) and "Beyond Imagining: Margaret Anderson and the Little Review" (1991, Wendy Weinberg). Showing at 9 and 11:30: "Gimme Shelter" (1970, David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Dec. 8 at 3 and 6: "Earl Robinson: Ballad of an American" (1994, Bette Jean Bullert). . . . ¶ A program of films from Venezuela, 1950-90, all in Spanish. Dec. 8 at 8 and Dec. 11 at 2:30: "Jerico" (1990, Luis Alberto Lamata). . . . Dec. 9 at 3 and Dec. 10 at 5: "The Isabel Arrived This Afternoon" (1960, Carlos Hugo Christensen). . . . Dec. 9 at 6 and Dec. 11 at 5: "The Moving-Picture Man" (1977, Luis Armando Roche). . . . Dec. 9 at 8:15: "Young Cain" (1950, Román Chalbaud). . . . Dec. 10 at 2:30 and Dec. 13 at 3: "The Stairway" (1950, César Enriquez). . . . Dec. 13 at 6: "With All My Heart" (1988, Mauricio Walerstein). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2:30: "Phantom Lady" (1944, Robert Siodmak). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 6 and Dec. 11 at 2: "A Woman's Vengeance" (1947, Zoltan Korda). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 8: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940, Alfred Hitchcock). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2:30 and Dec. 12 at 6: "This Sporting Life" (†). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 5: Two short films by Lindsay Anderson—"Thursday's Children" (1964) and "Every Day Except Christmas" (1957). . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 5 and Dec. 13 at 2:30: "Le Plaisir" (1952, Max Ophuls; in French). . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2:30: "Dr. No" (1962, Terence Young). . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 6: "From Russia with Love" (†).

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A program of Spanish films. Dec. 8 at 2, Dec. 9 at 4 and 8, and Dec. 10 at 10: "Golden Balls" (1993, Bigas Luna). . . . Dec. 9 at 2, 6, and 10: "Light My Passion" (1994, José Miguel Ganga). . . . Dec. 10 at 4 and Dec. 12 at 8:15: "Blood Wedding" (1981, Carlos Saura), with Antonio Gades. . . . Dec. 10 at 5:45 and Dec. 13 at 8:15: "Carmen" (1983, Saura), with Gades. . . . Dec. 10 at 7:45: "Love, the Magician" (1986, Saura), with Gades. . . . Dec. 11 at 4 and 8:30 and Dec. 12 at 4: "Alegre Ma Non Troppo" (1994, Fernando Colomo). . . . Dec. 11 at 6:15 and Dec. 12 at 2 and 6: "The Other Side of the Tunnel" (1994, Jaime de Armiñan). . . . Dec. 13 at 2 and 6: "Courage" (1993, Mario Camus). . . . Dec. 13 at 4: "The Dark Days" (1993, Arantxa Lazcano). . . . ¶ Dec. 10-11 at 2: "George Balanchine's The Nutcracker" (1993, Emile Ardolino).

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A program of films and videos by, or about, black American males. Dec. 7 at noon: "Nothing but a Man" (1964, Michael Roemer). . . . Dec. 7 at 3: "Bless Their Little Hearts" (1984, Billy Woodberry). . . . Dec. 8 at 2: "A Raisin in the Sun" (1961, Daniel Petrie). . . . Dec. 8 at 5:30: "Killer of Sheep" (†). . . . Dec. 9 at noon: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1971, Melvin Van Peebles). . . . Dec. 9 at 3: "Shaft" (1971, Gordon Parks). . . . Dec. 10 at noon: "Willie Dynamite" (1974, Gilbert Moses). . . . Dec. 10 at 3: "Juice" (1992, Ernest R. Dickerson). . . . Dec. 11 at noon: "The Brother from Another Planet" (1984, John Sayles). . . . Dec. 11 at 3: "Chameleon Street" (1990, Wendell B. Harris, Jr.).

A DIFFERENT LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Dec. 11 at 7, the feature will be "The Trouble with Angels" (1966, Ida Lupino), with Rosalind Russell.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Dec. 10-11 at 2 and 4: Two programs of animated short films by Chuck Jones.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, 200 Eastern Parkway. (1-718 638-5000)—"Reel-to-Reel Harmony: Great Classical Voices on Film," the Museum's festival of films that feature operatic luminaries. Dec. 10 at 2: Recital clips of Elisabeth Schumann and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, plus Acts I and II of "Tosca" (with Renata Tebaldi, Eugene Tobin, and George London). . . . Dec. 11 at 2: Clips of sopranos Eleanor Steber, Beverly Sills, and Joan Sutherland, as well as of bass Cesare Siepi; and soprano Leontyne Price in Act III of "Aida."

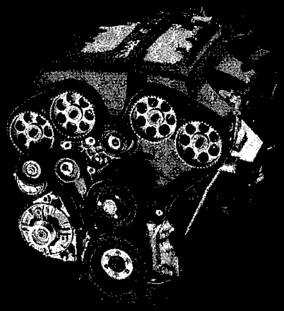
POWERFUL,

YET FUEL EFFICIENT.

TECHNOLOGICALLY

ADVANCED,

YET EASY TO USE.



IN OTHER WORDS, BIG

BUT NOT STUPID.

People, for one reason or another, tend to associate intelligence with size. Small is smart. Big is dumb. One day this puny David fellow knocks out a rather large gentleman named Goliath. The tabloids go with it. And it becomes history. No one knows for sure, but this may be where it all started.

Well, this is where it ends: the Saab 9000 Series.

Each 9000 is equipped with a powerful 3.0-liter V6* engine that delivers an incredibly high degree of torque, and is one of the cleanest and most fuel-efficient engines in its class.

Plain and simple: Saab's V6 is different. It relies on its brain as much as its brawn.

The high level of torque is achieved through our three-step variable intake manifold which delivers consistent power throughout the entire RPM range. In plain English, that translates to better roadhandling, less gear changing and an effortlessly smooth surge of power whenever you need it.

Of course, there is more to these powerful cars than power: There's front-wheel drive, ABS brakes, a traction control system, and dual air bags.

There's the confidence in knowing that, based on a study of injuries in real-life accidents, it was named "safest car in Sweden" by Sweden's largest insurance company. Three times in a row.

There are luxuries such as heated leather seats and burled walnut trim.

And, equally impressive, there is enough interior room in which to enjoy these luxuries. The Saab 9000 is one of a few imports classified as "Large" by the EPA.

As you can see, this car isn't just big and powerful. It's big, powerful and smart.

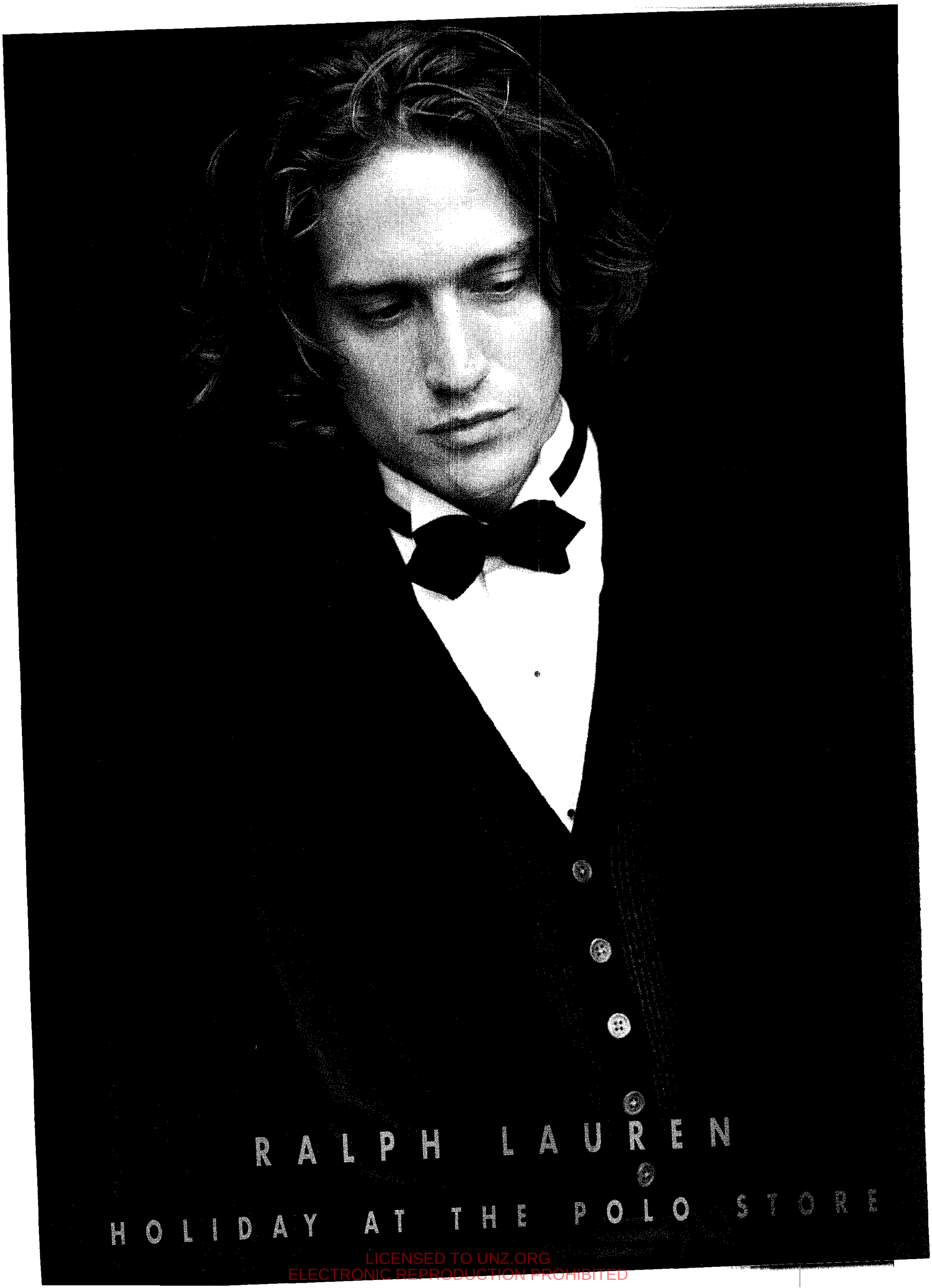
For a test-drive, visit the Saab dealer nearest you today.

THE NEW 9000 V6 **SAAB**

---

* V6 engine optional in CSE models; CSE V6 available March 1995.
FOR MORE INFORMATION, CALL 1-800-582-SAAB. ©1994 SAAB CARS USA, INC.

The new 9000 CDE V6 and the 9000 CSE V6.


RALPH LAUREN
HOLIDAY AT THE POLO STORE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

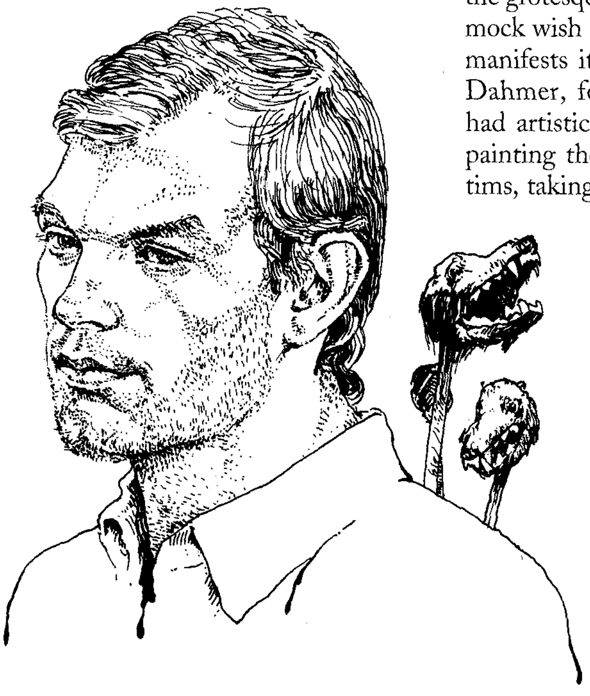
A RIDDLE WRAPPED IN A MYSTERY INSIDE AN ENIGMA

LAST week, the most famous necrophiliac-necrophagist in American history, Jeffrey Dahmer, was bludgeoned to death in a Wisconsin prison, where he was serving fifteen consecutive life terms for the murders of seventeen young men. How familiar—his strangely bland, even placid, image, briefly resurrected by the media.

The "serial killer" with no apparent motive for his monstrous crimes except the gratification of desire has become, in the nineties, an icon of pop culture. The most difficult of criminals to trace, since his connections with his victims are almost always imagined, such a killer is a romantic figure in reverse: sexually obsessed, isolated by his compulsions, the very portrait of demonic possession; one whose entire outward life has been constructed as a means of satisfying the forbidden.

When Dahmer sighted a potential victim, a young man or a boy who aroused him, his first thought was, How can I get him? His second thought was, How can I keep him? Dahmer lured his victims to his apartment with promises of drugs, alcohol, and money; he then trapped, killed, and dismembered them, storing body parts on the premises. Though Dahmer had a history of sexual misbehavior, and was, in fact, receiving visits from a Milwaukee parole officer at the time of most of his killings, he seems to have operated, like so many serial killers, in a dreamlike suspension of ordinary logic and common sense. The remarkable thing in such cases is the blindness or indifference of authorities, the purposeful lack of curiosity, or denial, of family and relatives. So long as the serial killer chooses his victims from the ever-shifting population of drifters, prostitutes, and the disenfranchised of contemporary America—those who seem to lack identity—he can operate with impunity for a very long time. He will be caught only through some blunder of his own, not through police investigation.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JARRETT HUDDLESTON



MEDIA fascination with lurid crimes feeds a seemingly insatiable sensation-hungry public, yet such treatments generally focus upon the criminal as freak, as monster—a "stranger" in the midst of the presumably normal. What is less known, or acknowledged, is the odd, disturbing, yet surely significant connection between extremes of psychopathic behavior and behavior considered "normal," if not enlightened. The notorious fetishism of the serial killer, for instance, is simply a heightening, to a point beyond parody, of the lover's obsession with some aspect, or part, of the beloved—"part," in some quarters, taken literally. (Dahmer's most cherished love objects were not young men, or even the bodies of young men, but parts of their bodies.) There is the impulse, too, to memorialize an "erotic" interlude by way of mementos or souvenirs, or even art; the grotesque exaggeration of the lover's mock wish to "devour" the beloved that manifests itself in acts of cannibalism. Dahmer, for instance, seems to have had artistic impulses of a kind, spray-painting the skulls of some of his victims, taking Polaroid shots of their dismembered bodies arranged as "still-lifes." So, too, Dahmer's necrophagia, or cannibalism: he explained that he wanted to keep his victims with him, and there was no way except to kill and eat them. We know that acts of cannibalism, defined as "ritual cannibalism," thus not in violation of taboo, have been a feature of peoples and religions considered "primitive" by contemporary Western standards of civilization, but, in metaphor at least, they are a staple of most religions, including Christianity. *Take, eat, this is my body.* The communal incorporation of the divine being, or life force, into one's own (mortal) body by way of the mouth; the mystic conjoining of lover and loved (or worshipped) object; the "transcendence" of the merely physical, finite, and ephemeral. Mere sexual gratification, so quickly achieved, is hardly the point of a killer's willfully, riskily extended "perverted" behavior; that it is of enormous significance to him explains why he keeps such evidence close at hand, in fact enshrining it, instead of disposing of it.

What an enigma, the "serial killer"—he who murders not for monetary gain, which we might understand, but for passion's capricious sake! This is the stuff of poetry, even if bad poetry; of art, even if repellent art. The serial killer is not simply a savage beast but an anomaly in nature itself, for if, in Darwinian terms, nature is compulsively concerned with the propagation of the very best genes of a species, it is impossible to read the serial killer as "natural" in any way—even in the disagreeable, politically incorrect way in which some sociobiologists see rape (of female by male) as "natural." So a serial killer like Jeffrey Dahmer remains a riddle, a koan, not simply in human terms but in biological terms as well. We understand him, finally, no better than we understand ourselves.

CHRISTMAS COPS

THIS holiday shopping season finds Madison Avenue's stores mobilized against shoplifters as never before. "We're going to make it really hard this year," vows Beth McElhiney, the grinchly president of the Madison Avenue Merchants Association, from her command post behind the counter at Exclusively Breitling, a Swiss-watch store at Sixty-fourth Street, where she's the manager. "We've already arrested three of them." The merchants are stocked not just with wrapping paper but also with walkie-talkies, and as soon as a suspected shoplifter leaves the store they're on the horn providing fellow-retailers with the perp's description and modus operandi. "The whole avenue's covered, from Sixtieth to Ninety-sixth Street," McElhiney said proudly.

Last Christmas, shoplifting was "rampant," according to McElhiney, especially on Saturdays. "I guess they work regular jobs during the week and do this as a sideline," she said. But this year when a suspect decided to go Christmas shopping for pocket computers at a Madison Avenue electronics store, the cops were there in three minutes, and fellow store owners—providing physical as well as moral support—were there in one. "It's a tree," McElhiney explained, referring not to the kind with tinsel and ornaments but to the group's communications network. "It's multi-tiered. Every member of the association gets faxed simultaneously."

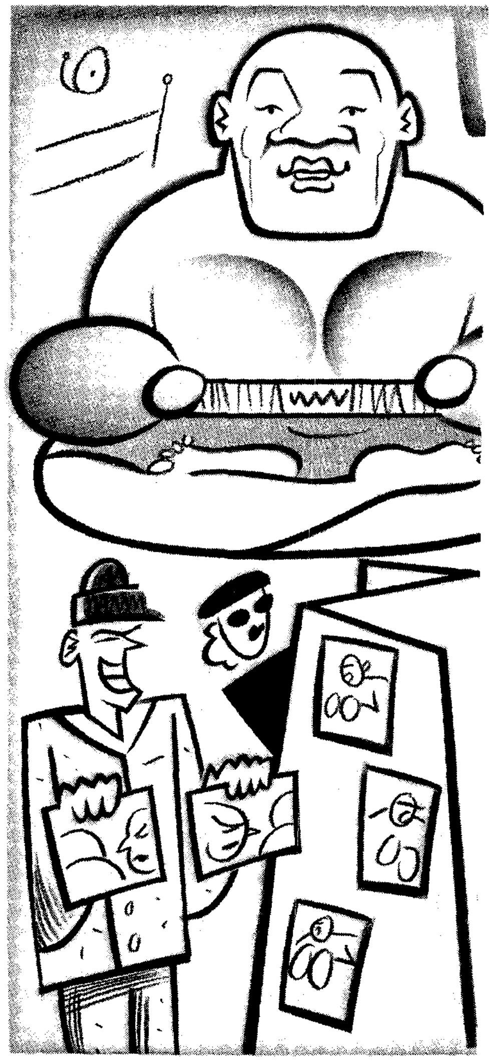
BOXING DAYS

"A LOT of people are picking up the mitt lately," Tony Canarozzi, a trainer at Wall Street Boxing Fitness, says. Canarozzi used to train his Wall Street clientele at a Brooklyn gym. "They didn't feel comfortable," he says. "The thing is, boxers are not on the whole that couth a kind of people—and a lot of my lawyers and my traders were getting robbed." Now places like Wall Street Boxing keep pugnacious yuppies safe. With George Foreman, the Tony Bennett of the boxing world, reborn as a nineties icon, perhaps the time is right for "Rocky VI: Rocky v. Gordon Gekko."

However, the merchants haven't got so cocky that they've dispensed with security guards, who are showing a variety of looks this holiday season. At North Beach Leather, at Sixty-sixth Street, Isaac White was modelling a festive red-and-black signature North Beach sweatshirt emblazoned with the word "Hobo" in huge letters. He looked more like one of Santa's helpers than like a bouncer. "They don't know who I am," he said. "They don't know what I do."

Next door, at Henry Lehr, the guard was dressed in the more traditional dark-blue duty jacket with a Holmes Protection patch on the arm. But it's unlikely that the outfit will be much of a deterrent against shoplifters. "Surprisingly, most of the time they're our customers," Camilla Lehr, the daughter of the owner, said. "They think if they buy enough they deserve a little freebie."

Dita Badescu, the manager of Gianni Versace's boutique, refused to discuss crime-fighting strategies, but a salesman was less circumspect. "We put only the stuff we want stolen in front," he said.



INDIE MOVIE MAVEN PICKS THE PIX

EARLIER this fall, at the Independent Feature Film Market, in SoHo, everyone was trying to meet John Pierson. If you are a teenybopper in the film business—that is, if you want to make movies but don't happen to have connections or lots of cash—Pierson is like some cool older brother, the kind who just might invite you to one of his parties. In the world of independent filmdom, he personifies knowingness and entrée.

For nine years, Pierson has been ferreting out début independent films ("She's Gotta Have It," "The Thin Blue Line," "Roger and Me," "Slacker," "Go Fish") and selling them to major film distributors, thereby launching careers. His latest movie is "Clerks," Kevin Smith's comedy about a couple of young guys who work in convenience and video stores in New Jersey. "Clerks"

TOP CENTER ART: ROBERT RISKO

opened a month ago to generally favorable reviews; by Thanksgiving, it had grossed a boffo million dollars.

Pierson, who is forty, has a bony face, a willowy build, tortoiseshell glasses, and a generous head of brown hair, all of which make him look like your basic Romantic poet. But he's got the mind of a realist. At the I.F.F.M., two guys from California cheerfully announced to him that they'd made the definitive twenty-something movie for "everyone who doesn't want to sit around in coffeehouses bitching." Pierson asked them how he was supposed to market a movie like that. "Every young person wants to make a movie now," Pierson told them. "If some percentage of the people in their twenties who want to make an independent movie got movies distributed, exhibited, publicized, and promoted instead—if you people would build some *infrastructure*—that would help. In my generation, we had a lot of people who weren't just saying, 'Me, me, me—my films.' " The Californians drooped.

Later, Pierson elaborated. "All these younger filmmakers have a thought process that works in a negative rather than a positive way," he said. "If you're Jim Jarmusch in the early eighties and you're watching Godard, Fellini, the Japanese masters, and you aspire to make great films like theirs, that's very different from somebody who is completely up-to-the-minute in everything that's coming out now and is realizing what a pile of crap it is and saying, 'I can do a better film than that.' When that's your jumping-off point, it's a totally different attitude. There are just going to be more *bad* movies."

Pierson graduated from the New York University Film School in 1976 and went on to hold a variety of jobs distributing and showing films. Soon he knew a lot of movie distributors, and in 1985 a friend of his, a producer of the first serious treatment of AIDS on film, "Parting Glances," asked him to try to sell it. He did sell it, and word got out among producers that Pierson was the guy to have knocking on doors for you. This summer, he struck a deal with Miramax, which gives the company the first look at whatever films he likes.

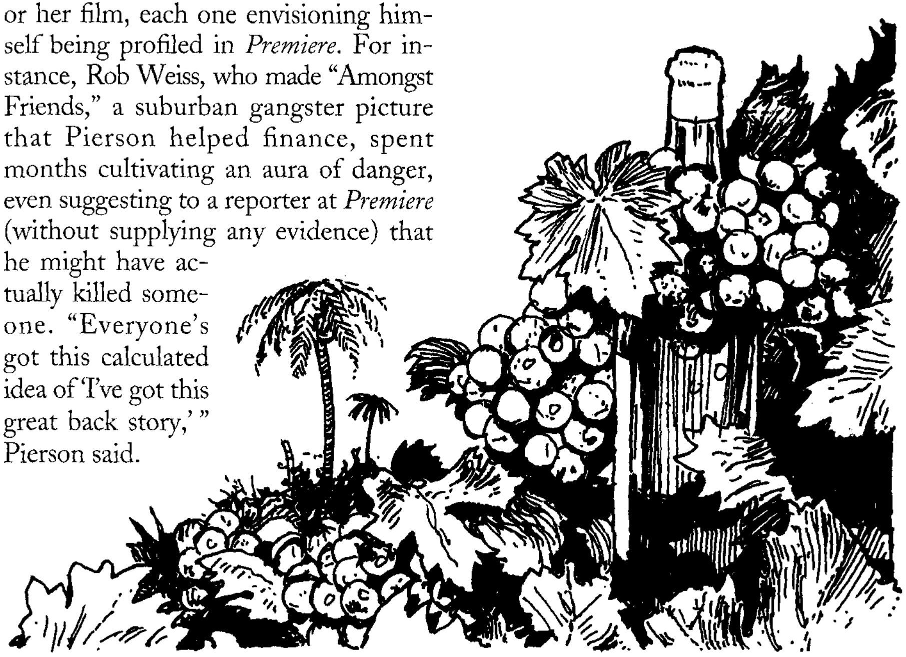
One thing that has been annoying him lately, Pierson said, is that he has to listen to every young filmmaker recount the fabulous story behind his or her film, each one envisioning himself being profiled in *Premiere.* For instance, Rob Weiss, who made "Amongst Friends," a suburban gangster picture that Pierson helped finance, spent months cultivating an aura of danger, even suggesting to a reporter at *Premiere* (without supplying any evidence) that he might have actually killed someone. "Everyone's got this calculated idea of 'I've got this great back story,' " Pierson said.

Back at the I.F.F.M., it was time for him to talk to a couple of filmmakers from Texas about their movie concerning a mysterious dead person. Pierson suggested some improvements. The director responded, "Whatever you think is important." Pierson nodded sagely and said, "Yes, remember, many opinions are valid. Except the opinion of those who liked 'Forrest Gump.' "

VINTAGE BEL AIR

At a time of year when the latest vintages are being uncrated in the stores, and the corkscrews are cranking up overtime, a wine lover's thoughts naturally drift to Bordeaux, Burgundy, or Northern California. But Bel Air? The classic Bel Air landscape is the view from the highest point of Thomas Jones's estate: a Romanesque stone mansion, a Mediterranean palazzo, a half-timbered Tudor, and a white-colonnaded Tara, puffed out cheek by jowl on their million-dollar lots. Jones's neighbors, however, see something different: a vineyard planted—just as in Bordeaux—in neat rows on a chalky hillside. In this Los Angeles district—where money is midwife to the wish, and the favorite pastime is pretending to be something you're not—there's nothing out of the ordinary except for one thing. The vineyard is *real.*

Jones, the seventy-three-year-old re-



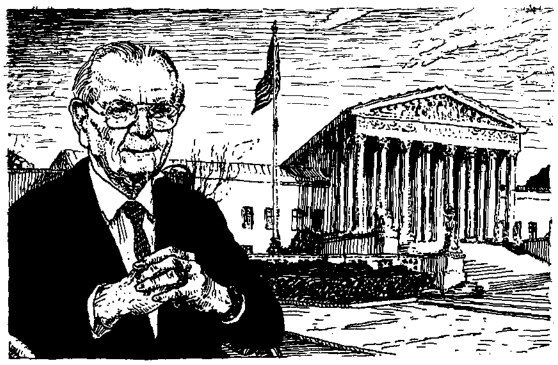
tired C.E.O. of the Northrop Corporation, has converted six acres of his sixteen-acre property into the only commercial vineyard in Los Angeles. This fall, he harvested the grapes for his sixth vintage of Moraga, a claret that is named for the street he lives on. Most Southern California executives with a hankering for a vineyard would have bought up north, in Napa or Sonoma. Jones considered it. "My wife very intelligently said, 'But we'll be absentee landlords, and you've always said that's the worst person to have in agriculture,' " he recalls. "She said, 'We've got soil and the climate like they do in France. Why don't you just do it in the back yard?' " Jones says that his property, in a canyon near the San Diego Freeway, receives between fifty and sixty per cent more rainfall than downtown Los Angeles. It gets a hard frost several times each winter. The soil is calcareous sandstone—sedimentary rock that has been thrust up from the ocean. "That's just like Médoc," he says. "So I thought, Let's see what happens."

He started planting in 1978; the first bottling, in 1982, was critical. "I was so fearful that we would find something strange in the soil," he says. "When we made a Sauvignon Blanc and found that it was good and flinty, that was one of the happiest days." Pierce's disease decimated his plantings, but he pulled up the vines and started over, and the 1985 red wine was so promising that Steve Wallace, the proprietor of Wally's wine store in Westwood, suggested that Jones market it. Going commercial required him to specialize. He decided on a Bordeaux-style wine of Cabernet Sauvignon blended with smaller amounts of Cabernet Franc and Merlot. As his winemaker he hired Tony Soter, a highly respected Napa Valley consultant. The grapes are trucked to Soter in Napa for crushing and bottling; someday, Jones hopes to do the whole job at home.

The Jones spread contains eight mini-vineyards, each contributing a distinct characteristic to the Moraga blend. One vineyard plummets at a forty-five-degree angle down a canyon. A piece of another, close by the house, is about the size of an eight-car parking space. "On this place, we don't talk about acres, we talk about vines," Jones says. Moraga has released two hundred and twenty-five six-bottle cases of both the 1989 and the 1990 vintage. Each vintage sold out within a month. Last week, the vineyard released a hundred and twenty-five magnums of the 1990 vintage. At a retail price of fifty dollars a bottle, the wine appears to merit the Bel Air appellation in more ways than one. "The only measure of whether people want what you're selling is whether you can recover the cost of what you make and get a little profit," Jones says. He estimates the cash-flow cost of a bottle, not counting the investment recovery or marketing expense, at almost thirty-eight dollars.

Although Jones is aware that a Bel Air wine has about as much cachet as a Sylvester Stallone painting, he seems cautiously confident. "People think, You can't grow grapes in Bel Air," he says. "They think it's a plaything, the way people build these big houses up in the hills. But it's damned beautiful. If people come and look at it for what it is, they'll appreciate it." As an afterthought, he makes a point that's hard to refute. "If I were a vine, I'd like to be up there," he says.

JUSTICE BRENNAN HOLDS COURT



Just after the election, as victorious Republicans revelled in anticipation of more prisons, less parole, and swifter executions, some two hundred opponents of the death penalty gathered at Washington's elegant old Madison Hotel in quiet celebration of their longtime hero, the former Associate Supreme Court Justice William Joseph Brennan, Jr. In 1972, Justice Brennan wrote a landmark opinion in the case of Furman v. Georgia, in which the Court rendered the death penalty unconstitutional. After a majority of his colleagues reinstated capital punishment, in 1976, he went on to pen, as he has put it, "billions and billions" of dissents in death-penalty cases. Now eighty-eight, wheelchair-bound, and largely deprived of his eloquence by the stroke that forced his retirement in 1990, Brennan has decided to lend his name in support of the cause he is no longer able to champion in words.

The occasion marked the launching by the National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty of its Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., Project, which will attempt to inform the public about the death penalty's failure as a cost-effective crime-prevention measure. Brennan, bright-eyed and puckish, sat up in his wheelchair as friends and fans bent over, one by one, to pay their respects. He seemed charmed by the attentions of willowy celebrity liberals Tim Robbins and Susan Sarandon, and also by those of the many reverent anti-death-penalty attorneys who, during their decades in the trenches, have milked his rulings to win countless commutations for death-row inmates and to obtain the release of more than fifty wrongly convicted people. When the veteran defender Bryan Stevenson noted that citizens can no longer rely on the increasingly conservative courts to resolve these issues, Justice Brennan nodded, as if to justify his late foray into the rough-and-tumble world of public-interest lobbying.

At the program's close, he was presented with a glass plaque engraved with excerpts from his favorite testament to human dignity, a passage from William Butler Yeats' play "Cathleen Ni Hoolihan." With difficulty and with visible discomfort, Justice Brennan rose from his wheelchair and read aloud, "The dream, though old, is never old. . . . Did you see an old woman going down the path? I did not . . . but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen." ♦

This week's contributors: Joyce Carol Oates, Ralph Gardner, Jr., Amy Clyde, Arthur Lubow, Susan Blaustein.

ABSOLUT STIRRING.

ABSOLUT® VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ABSOLUT CALLIGRAPHY ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1994 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE O

Create a stir..

and a reputation, as you
blend fresh ingredients in the
Calphalon stir fry.. deliciously.
Superior material and
crafting have created a vessel
destined to be an heirloom.

Calphalon®
Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM
COOKWARE COMPANY
P.O. Box 583, Dept. 56, Toledo, OH 43693

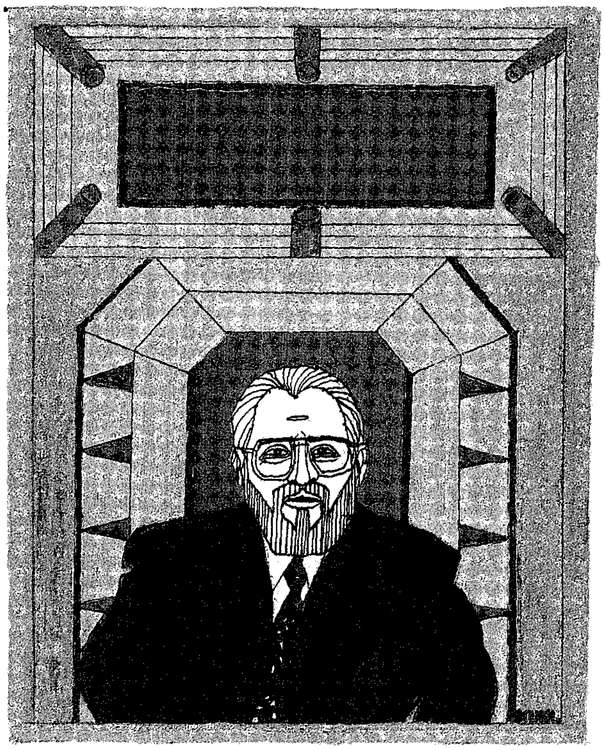
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

DRAWING THE LINE

In London, the battle that erupted over a request from the Orthodox raised questions about the place of Jews in English society, and what kind of society it is.

BY CALVIN TRILLIN

MATTHEW LEWIN remembers thinking that it seemed innocuous enough at the time. In Northwest London, the Barnet local council was being asked by a group of Orthodox Jews for planning permission to erect clusters of posts around the area for religious purposes—twenty-foot posts connected near the top with fishing line. The idea was to create an enclosure called an eruv, a word that Lewin, who was then a deputy editor and is now editor of the *Hampstead & Highgate Express,* had never heard before. Presumably, most of the *Ham & High's* readers, whether Jewish or Gentile, knew as little about the subject as Lewin did. For planning purposes, the people making the application said, the important thing to know about an eruv is that it exists mainly in the minds of people who believe in it. Most of its boundaries tend to be in place already—in the case of the eruv proposed for Northwest London, for instance, existing sections of the Northern Line and the M1 Motorway. In other countries, millions of people were living in eruvin without even being aware of it. There are dozens of them in Israel and in the United States. Melbourne, Australia, has an eruv. By chance, an eruv established in Washington, D.C., several years ago by the Kesher Israel Synagogue includes both the White House and the Supreme Court.



Of the Sabbath rule, Alan Kimche told officials, "We consider it important, and we ask you to respect that."

The six-and-a-half-square-mile area that was to be enclosed by the eruv proposed for Northwest London—it included Golders Green and Hendon and the Hampstead Garden Suburb—has a substantial minority of Jewish residents. Some of the Orthodox among them observe Sabbath restrictions that include a prohibition against carrying anything unless they are within their own private domain. On the Sabbath, for instance, a strictly Orthodox mother can take her baby from the playpen in the parlor and carry him over to his high chair in the kitchen, but she cannot pick him up during the two- or three-block walk to the synagogue. She cannot take a casserole to a shut-in across the street or push an invalid to services in a wheelchair. Pushing, the rabbis decided a long time ago, is carrying.

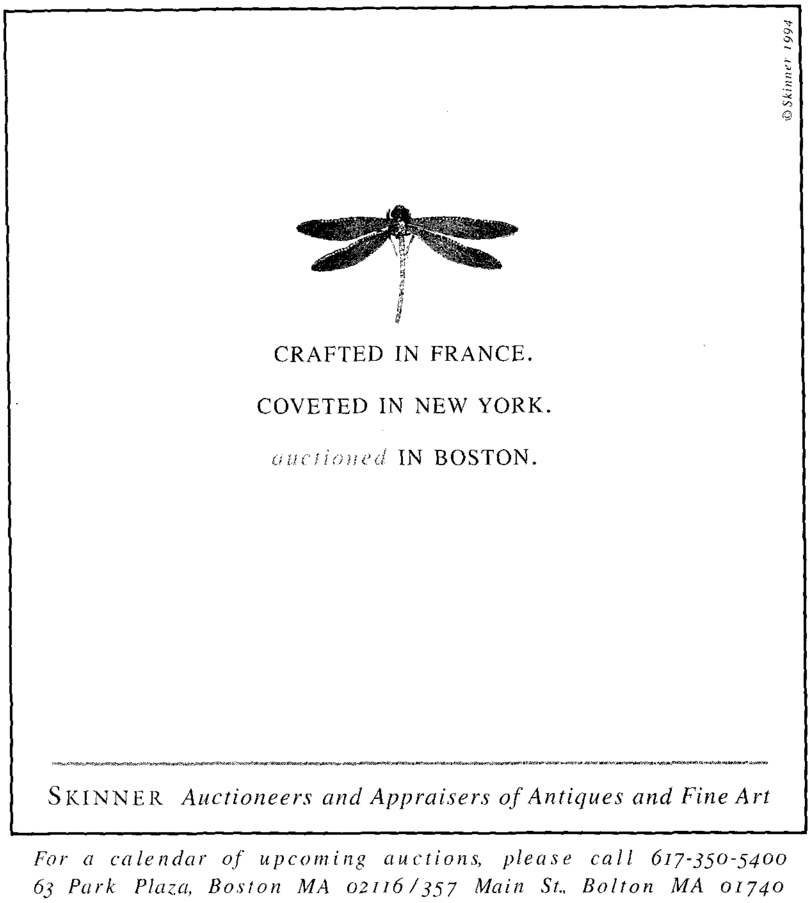
Since ancient times, procedures have been established for creating what amounts to coöperative private territory—an eruv—so that carrying can extend to a shared courtyard, or a common stairway between apartments, or, these days, a patch of a modern city. A scholar of Jewish law

CHRIS KUHL

would find it unremarkable that the Talmud contains both a prohibition against carrying on the Sabbath and a procedure for modifying that prohibition, but to others the idea of an eruv tended to sound, as the *Independent Magazine* put it, "more than a little weird"—what the average Anglican resident of Northwest London might have called a fiddle. On the other hand, almost any religious ritual—the swallowing of Communion wafers, for instance, or the procedure for having someone declared a saint—sounds weird to a nonbeliever. The point, the group seeking planning permission said, was that those who did believe in an eruv could be accommodated by being allowed to connect the existing boundaries with wires stretched across eighty-five posts in an area that already had forty or fifty thousand posts of one sort or another. "In our tradition, there is the principle that when one party benefits and the other party loses little or nothing, the first party shall be permitted to proceed," the emeritus Chief Rabbi, Lord Jakobovits, has said. The secular version of that, stated by a rather nonobservant Jewish publisher, is "Sure it's absurd and irrational to believe that your life is going to be changed by the presence of a wire, but it's even more absurd and irrational to oppose it."

A lot of people did oppose it. As soon as the proposal became public, anti-eruv groups were formed. Lawyers were hired. Petitions were gathered. Dozens of letters were written to the *Ham & High* and other local newspapers. For a time, the eruv proposed for N.W. 11 and N.W. 4 was an issue of passionate contention at dinner parties in North London, whether the dinner was within the proposed area or not. The planning committee of the Barnet council—reversing the recommendation of its staff planning office—denied permission for the eruv. When an inspector from the Department of the Environment was assigned to hold a public inquiry into the appeal of that ruling, it took two weeks for him to hear from all those who wanted to testify. At around that time—in December of 1993, two years after the planning application—the *Guardian* began a story on the eruv by saying, "A bizarre madness seems to have taken hold of a north London suburb, with predictions of pitched battles on Hampstead Heath and warnings of Bosnian-style ethnic disintegration."

There are some who say that the eruv



© Skinner 1994

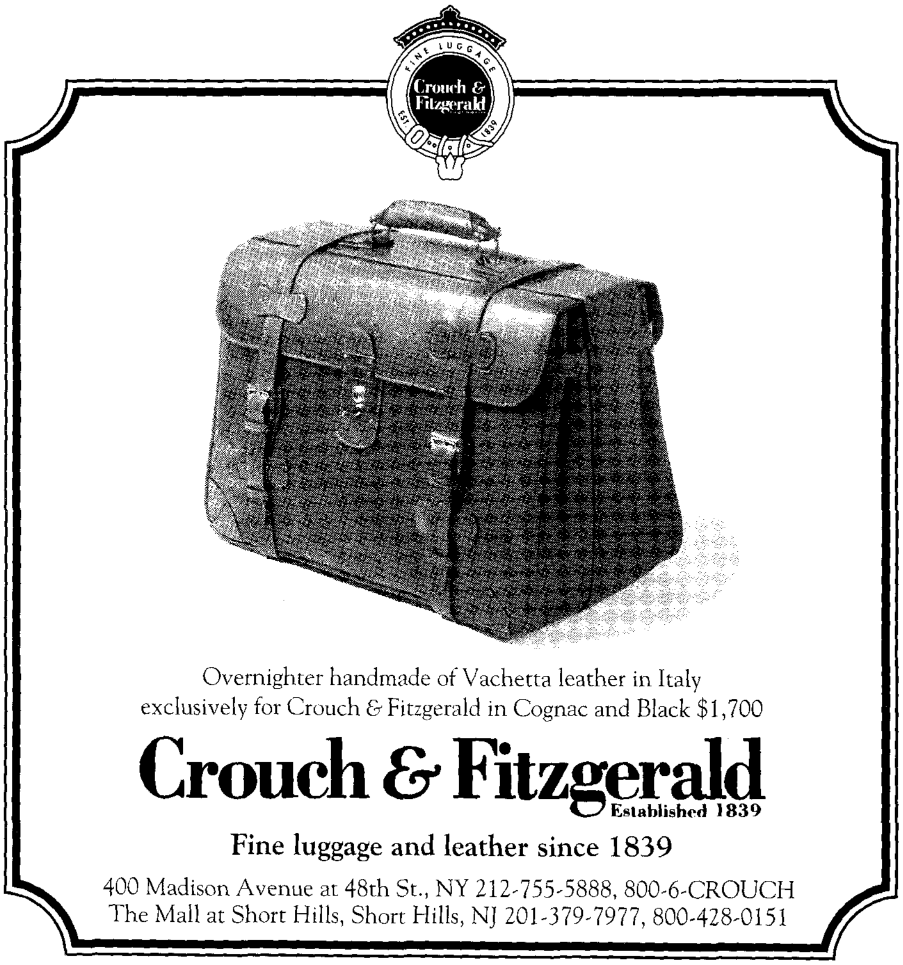
CRAFTED IN FRANCE.

COVETED IN NEW YORK.

auctioned IN BOSTON.

SKINNER *Auctioneers and Appraisers of Antiques and Fine Art*

For a calendar of upcoming auctions, please call 617-350-5400
63 Park Plaza, Boston MA 02116 / 357 Main St., Bolton MA 01740



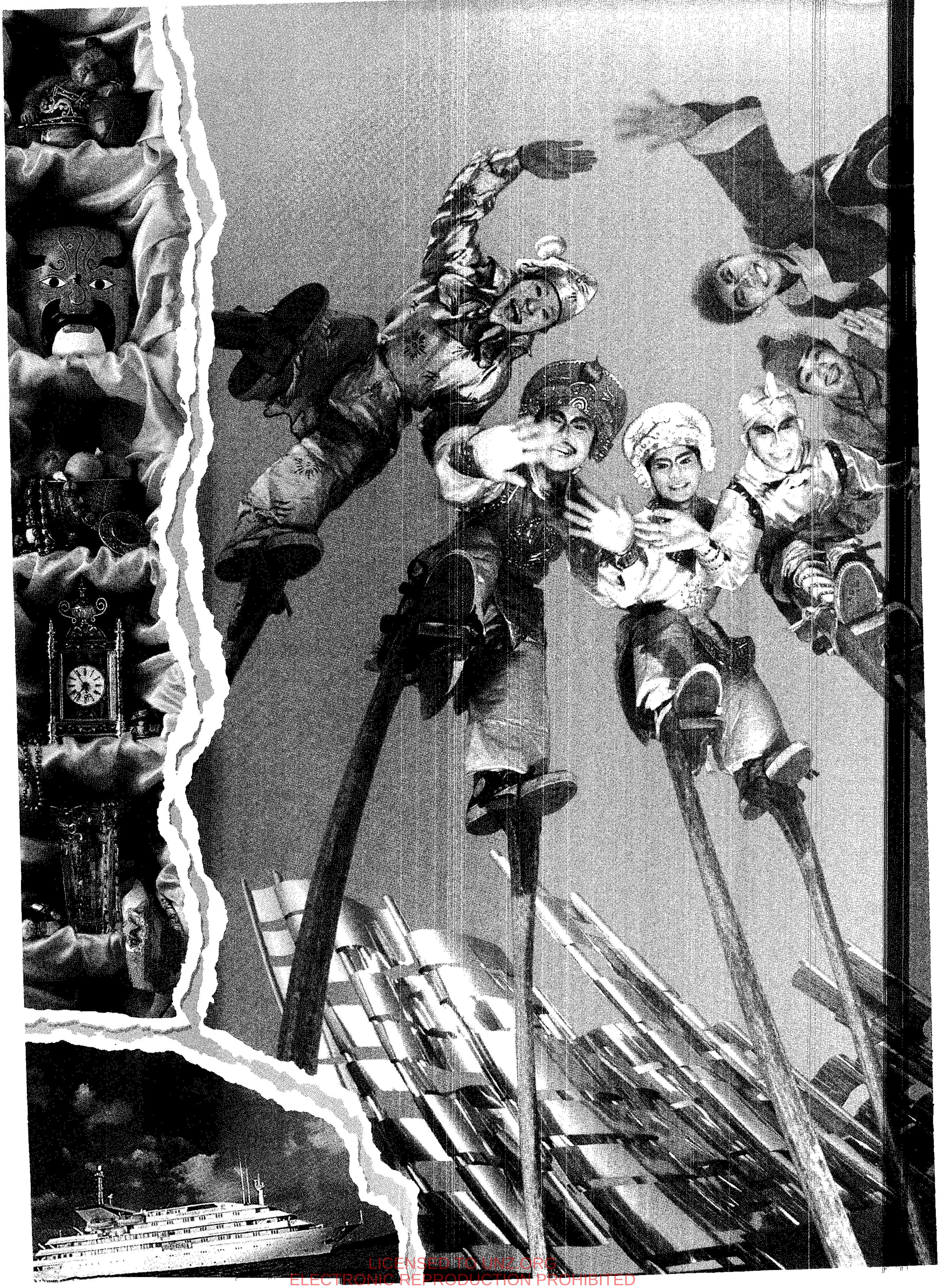
Fine Luggage Crouch & Fitzgerald 1839

Overnighter handmade of Vachetta leather in Italy
exclusively for Crouch & Fitzgerald in Cognac and Black $1,700

Crouch & Fitzgerald Established 1839

Fine luggage and leather since 1839

400 Madison Avenue at 48th St., NY 212-755-5888, 800-6-CROUCH
The Mall at Short Hills, Short Hills, NJ 201-379-7977, 800-428-0151



Blazing satay, ice-cold coconut juice.

Hi-fi and haute couture, antiques and artifacts...a shopper's paradise.

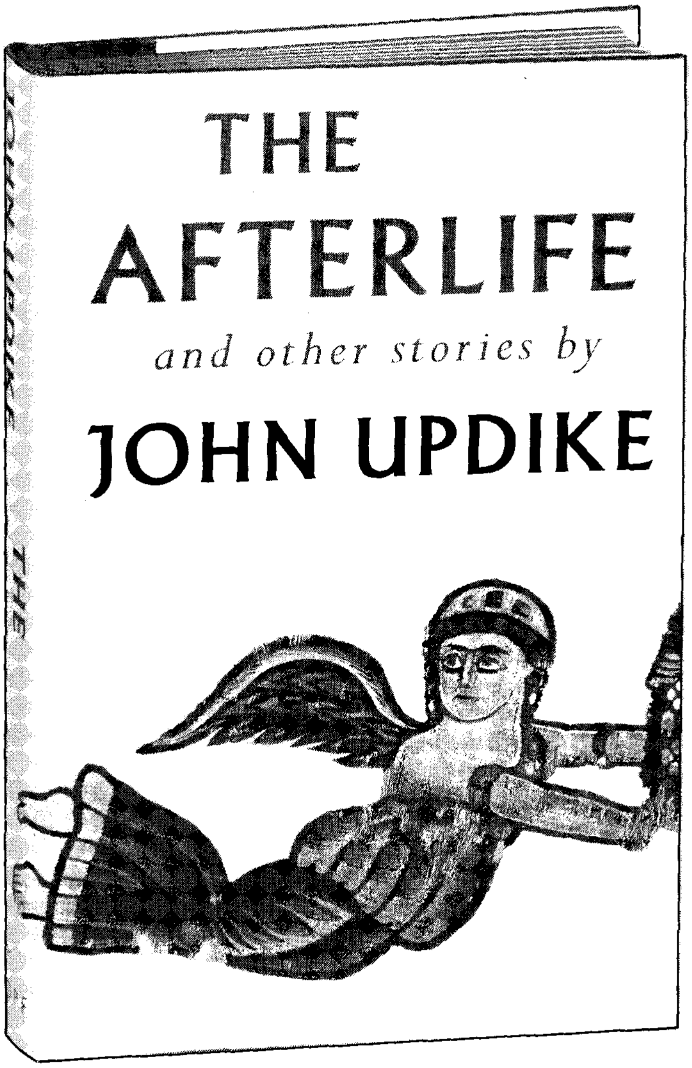
Laughing buddhas, dancing lions, eight-year olds that are eight feet tall.

Sail the South China Sea in the wake of Raffles.

Singapore

The most surprising tropical island on Earth

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT SINGAPORE, CALL 1-800-944-8778



Newsweek hails:

"Updike's marvelous, invigorating new collection of stories ...elegant, demanding stories"

—From the review by Jeff Giles

"He has rarely written more affectingly, more from the center of his being"

says The New York Times Book Review

"Reviewing a novel by Vladimir Nabokov in 1964, Mr. Updike said; 'He writes prose the only way it should be written — that is, ecstatically.' That ecstasy is evident on every page of *The Afterlife.*" —Jay Parini

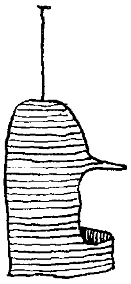
At all bookstores Knopf

Most of the contents of this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*

proponents mishandled their campaign—that they were too aggressive and too quick to accuse anyone who disagreed with them of anti-Semitism. ("The English are, in the end, pretty fair-minded, but they don't like to be hounded or lobbied," someone sympathetic to the idea of an eruv has said.) There are people among the advocates of the eruv who believe that there was a conspiracy to do the project in. They point to a banner headline ("JEWISH ZEALOTS: WE'LL PATROL ERUV") that appeared in the *Ham & High* over a story revealing the purported minutes of a Jewish vigilante cell—a document that the police dismissed as a crude forgery but that many people apparently used as the source for their vision of pitched battles on the Heath. Upon reflection, Matthew Lewin thinks that neither flawed strategy nor a conspiracy was required to make the project controversial. "It took off on its own," he has said. "The feedback flooding in here was amazing. This goes to people's identity. They see it as somehow changing their identity."

THOSE who believe that the campaign for the eruv was bungled point to the annual general meeting of the Hampstead Garden Suburb Trust in September of 1992—the meeting that first brought the proposal to the attention of the North London public. The Hampstead Garden Suburb, which is just north of Hampstead itself, was established around the turn of the century as a place where people of every class and age could live together harmoniously in verdant surroundings. Its spectrum of housing ranged from near-mansions to rows of artisans' cottages done in English-vernacular architecture. The assortment of classes did not materialize; the artisans' cottages turned out to be too expensive for artisans. But before the real-estate boom of the seventies—a period when the Hampstead Garden Suburb was, in the words of a longtime resident, "afflicted with the affluent"—it had attracted more than its share of nonbelievers and Quakers and the sort of residents who are sometimes described broadly as "people in sandals."

Some sections of the Suburb, as it is known locally, now have a high proportion of Jews. There are also a good number of Japanese and Arabs. There are even Americans. But the impression an outsider gets from driving through its quiet streets, passing some houses that look as if they might have been snatched from a National Trust village in Kent and replanted intact, is an impression of enduring Englishness. If the Suburb failed to become a model of class mixing, it did become a model of town planning, and it has been declared by the Department of the Environment a "Conservation Area of Outstanding Architectural or Historical Interest." Its residents seem to pour the energy once generated for a variety of causes into seeing that it remains just the way it is. Listening to stories of the frustrations faced by homeowners who wanted to alter their houses in relatively minor ways, a visitor can come to feel that it might be easier to get a slow child into Cambridge than to change your porch railing in the Hampstead Garden Suburb.



The annual general meeting of the Hampstead Garden Suburb Trust is normally the sort of affair at which the loudest disturbance might be the tinkle of a pair of eyeglasses falling to the floor as the person holding them nods off. The 1992 meeting was not like that at all. The chairman of the Trust Council, Lord McGregor of Durris, had written to the Barnet planning officer strongly objecting to the proposal for an eruv, and eruv proponents, enraged at learning of the letter, had asked their supporters to attend the meeting in order to "demonstrate the commitment of our community to the freedom of religious practice and against anti-Semitism wherever it arises and in whatever guise." Lord McGregor, who has lived in a wooded cul-de-sac of the Suburb since shortly after the Second World War, is what in England is sometimes called one of the great and the good—the sort of people who, being great, are invited to serve on royal commissions and, being good, see it as their duty to do so. A former sociology professor with credentials in the liberal community, he is now the chairman of the Press Complaints Commission. When he tried to explain his views at the annual general meeting, he was shouted down with cries of "Resign!" and "Shame!" Because part of his letter to the planning officer had been devoted to deploring any deviation from the strictly regulated appearance of the Suburb, eruv advocates produced photographs demonstrating that the windows of Lord McGregor's own house were not leaded in the manner clearly called for in Suburb regulations. The photographs were not even of the front windows: somebody had presumably poked a camera through the hedges surrounding the English garden of Lord and Lady McGregor. Lord McGregor did resign, on the spot. The chairwoman of the Suburb's residents' association summed up the evening as "the most dreadful, awful meeting I've ever been involved with." The main headline on the Hendon & Finchley *Times* coverage said "ZOOM LENS SPIED ON McGREGOR'S HOME."

Perhaps because of that first raucous meeting, perhaps because of the sort of place it is, the Hampstead Garden Suburb became the center of resistance to the eruv. Nobody found it odd that so much of the opposition was coming from an area that was to have only eight posts—all of them in a wooded area that wasn't within sight of any houses. Although some residents of Northwest London were genuinely concerned about the eruv on the conventional planning grounds of aesthetic impact and maintenance and safety, the argument went way beyond the homeowner who didn't want a post in front of his parlor window or the English bird-lover concerned that the wires could be a hazard to his feathered friends ("Our first priority must be toward the birds").

Most of the anti-eruv letters received by the inspector did begin with a sentence or two about street clutter, but most of them went on from there, often to some of the same issues that Lord McGregor had mentioned in his original letter. They said that in an area where people of diverse backgrounds had always lived peacefully together by treating religion as a private matter it was divisive for a minority to foist its religious symbols on everyone else ("One of the bases of toleration is that no sect should behave in such a manner as to affront others," Lord McGregor had said), and as proof of that they pointed to the divisiveness that had already become evident. They said that the use of public land for religious symbols would

Adventurous Asia
Awaits Your Discovery

Singapore
&
Borneo

12 Nights from
$3080.00*

Your Asian vacation begins on the tropical island of Singapore, where you can experience all the mysteries of the East without sacrificing the luxuries of the West.

Singapore's extraordinary location at the crossroads of Asia serves as a convenient gateway to your next stop: the Malaysian states of Sabah and Sarawak on legendary Borneo.

Discover the Land Below the Wind and the Land of the Hornbills on this trip into the extraordinary. Stay in an Iban longhouse, cruise jungle rivers and stroll coral beaches on this once-in-a-lifetime adventure.

Call your travel agent for details.

For a free brochure call 1-800-742-5742.

Asian Affair Holidays
SINGAPORE AIRLINES

Singapore
The most surprising tropical island on Earth

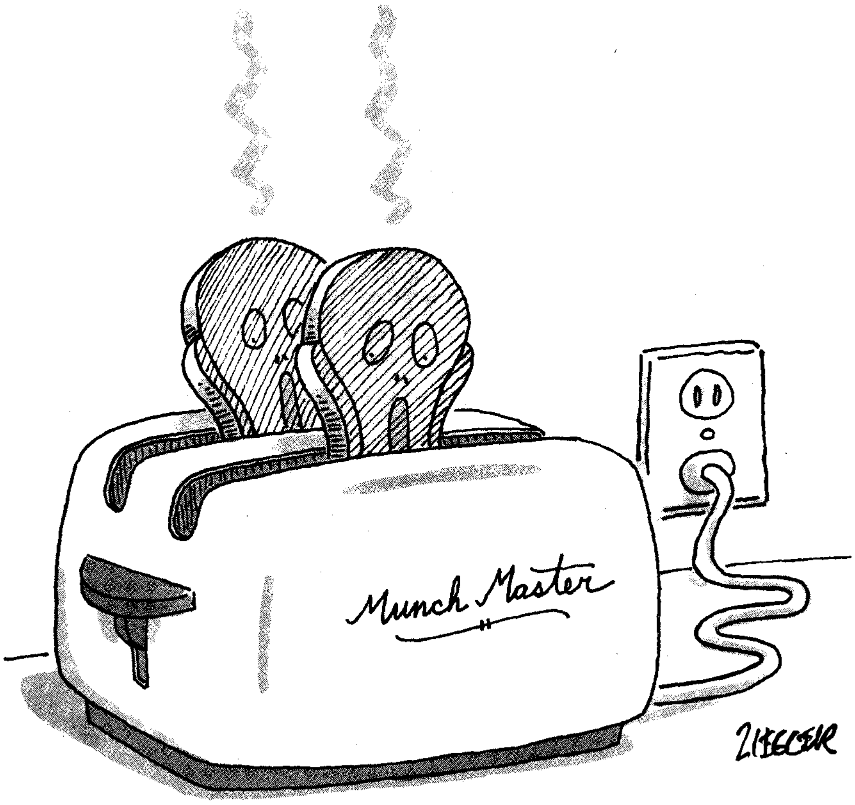
* Rate is per person, double occupancy based on departure from Los Angeles or San Francisco. Package includes round-trip airfare on Singapore Airlines, choice of hotels, daily American breakfast, sightseeing and private car transfers to and from airports in Asia. Package from New York: $3250.

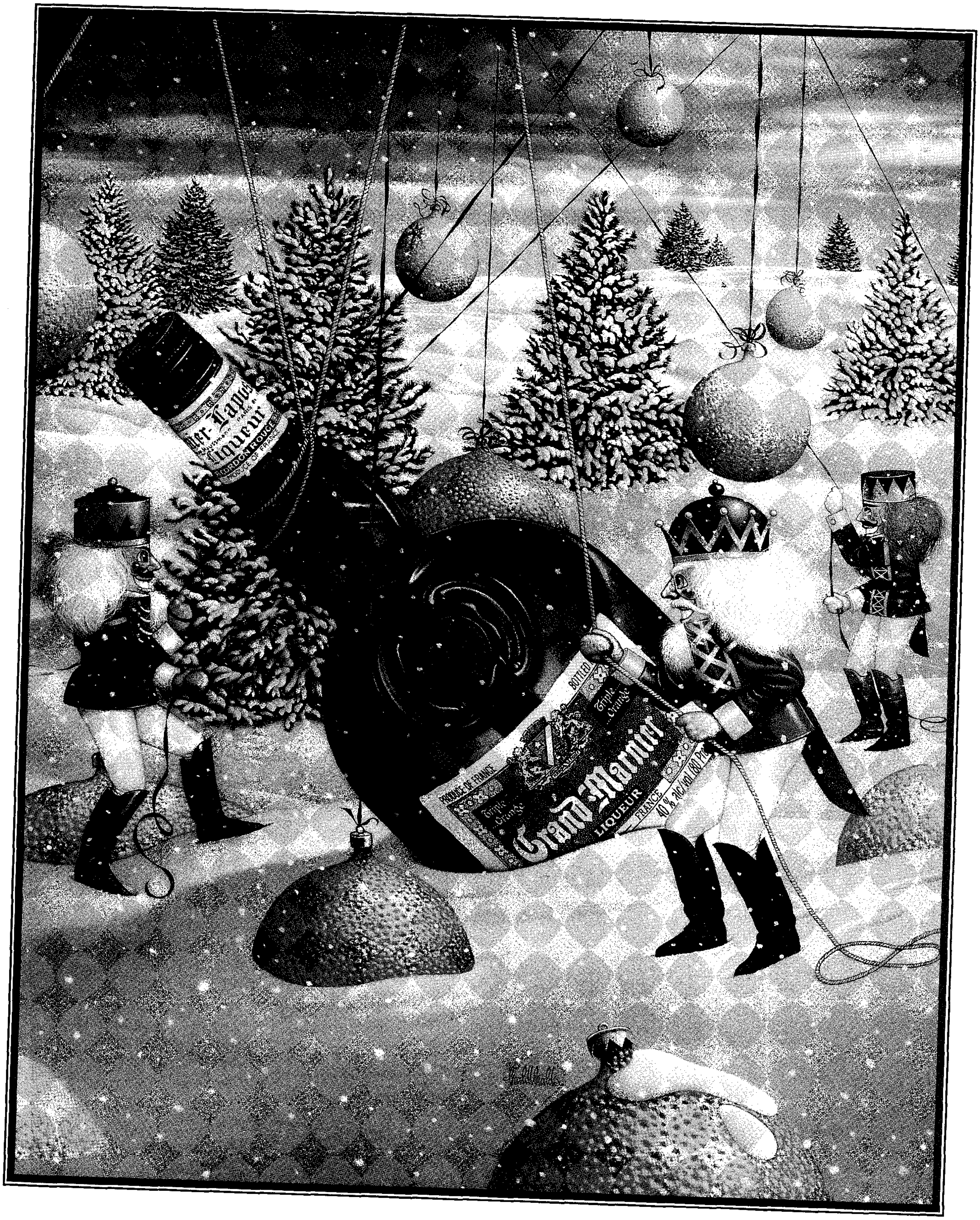
be a precedent that could end up with, as Lord McGregor wrote, totem poles on the Heath. They said that the eruv poles would be a magnet for anti-Semitic hoodlums. They said that the wires would remind refugees from Nazi Germany, many of whom had settled in the area just before and just after the war, of ghettos and concentration camps. They said that the addition to existing street clutter was being proposed not so that all residents could receive some necessary service but simply so "a small group of people could undertake to break their own rules."

The contention that seemed to be made most often and most vehemently by eruv opponents was one that Lord McGregor hadn't mentioned—that the eruv would create another kind of ghetto. As opponents saw it, the eruv boundaries would signify an area where Jews live, and more Jews would come to live there in order to avail themselves of the eruv. The newcomers envisioned were what Londoners sometimes call Stamford Hill Jews—after a Northeast London neighborhood that has also been referred to as Volvo City, because some of its residents, Hasidim and ultra-Orthodox Jews, tend to drive large families around in Volvo station wagons. (During Hanukkah, the Lubavitchers among them attach menorahs to the Volvos' roof racks.) There are already a number of ultra-Orthodox Jews in Golders Green; in the evening, men in black suits and beards can be seen hurrying off to worship at tiny synagogues. Particularly in the Hampstead Garden Suburb, a lot of people seemed to see the eruv posts and wires as the equivalent of neon signs that would blink alternately "Jewish Neighborhood" and "Strange Orthodox Jews in Funny Clothes Please Come to Live Here." The president of the Hampstead Garden Suburb Conservative organization, making a point that was repeated by people across the political spectrum, said that the eruv, by attracting more Jews to the area, would "upset the balance of the social mix. When you take a disproportionate number of any minority group into an area it changes the character." The name of the president of the Hampstead Garden Suburb Conservative organization is Norma Blausten. What some advocates of the eruv found most galling was that many—perhaps most—of the most vehement opponents of the project were themselves Jews.

ENGLISH Jews, most of whom descend from the same wave of immigration that brought so many Eastern European Jews to the United States, have traditionally had to grapple with a problem that can be difficult for an American Jew to grasp: they are not English. Unlike the Jews who came to America in the decades around the turn of the century, Jews who landed in England were not just one of any number of immigrant groups arriving in a country that announced right at the entrance (using the words of a Jewish poet) that it welcomed every country's "masses yearning to breathe free." The Jews who got off the boat in England were the bulk of the immigrants arriving in a country historically wary of foreigners. (When Parliament passed a law restricting immigration in 1905, there was no doubt which immigrants it had in mind.) England made no claim to being a pluralistic society. It was inhabited not by a collection of immigrants who were bound by a set of beliefs but by people who had become The English—a nationality whose monarch presided over an established Christian church and whose Parliament until the middle of the nineteenth century refused to seat any members who had not been baptized. In the phrase of Dan Jacobson, the South African Jewish novelist, who has lived in London for many years, English Jews felt that they had been given a room in the house but were not part of the family. They felt more like boarders. Those who were born before the Second World War still tend to identify themselves as British rather than English—lumping themselves, somewhat uncomfortably, with the Welsh and the Scots.

Although anti-Semitism is hardly unknown in the mainstream of English society, it is often associated with the edges—with people who are sometimes spoken of as yobs and nobs. The yobs, once heavily represented by black-shirted thugs in East End street battles, are still present, in reduced numbers, as the skinheads, who are seen by some as a threat to eruv posts. Among the nobs, the English upper class, a sort of parlor anti-Semitism remains ingrained. After the *Spectator* published musings recently on the possibility that the American entertainment industry may be controlled by a cabal of Jews who don't dress terribly well, one Jewish editor in London called the article a prime example of "genteel English anti-Semitism," and




Grand Marnier
LIQUEUR
Triple Orange
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BOTTLED
FRANCE
40 % alc/vol (80 Pr
Liqueur
CORDON ROUGE
PRODUCE OF FRANCE

A GRAND SUITE.

For gift delivery of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787.
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). © 1992 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

Nineteenth Century Decorative Arts

Gifts
from $95.-

JAMES II GALLERIES, LTD.
Established 1966
11 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
TELEPHONE (212) 355-7040 FAX (212) 593-0341

Travel Newsletter for Discriminating Golfers

"Shrewdly, GOLF TRAVEL includes information its bigger competitors ignore" — Town & Country

GOLF TRAVEL, the acclaimed monthly newsletter, evaluates the best—and most overrated—golf travel destinations in the U.S. and abroad. Eliminates guesswork and costly mistakes. Includes course reviews, lodging, dining, non-golf activities, and more each month. Unbiased, candid, and fiercely independent. $79 per year, satisfaction guaranteed. Check, VISA, MasterCard, or American Express accepted. Mail or phone today!

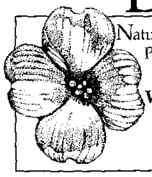
The ideal Holiday gift!

GOLF TRAVEL
Federal Express delivery for last minute orders
P.O. Box 3485, Charlottesville, VA 22903 USA. Tel: (804) 295-1200
FAX orders: (804) 296-0948; Toll-free in U.S. 1-800-225-7825

CRUISE NEW YORK STATE CANALS
FLORIDA WATERWAYS
"European Style" Weekly bareboat rentals

COLLAR CITY CHARTERS, INC.
1-800-830-5341

DOGWOOD PIN



Nature's elegance is captured in this Dogwood Pin crafted in sterling by Hand & Hammer Silversmiths. 1.5" $39 PPd. Catalog $2.00
Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185
1 (800) 545-4556
HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

the *Spectator's* editor, who is also Jewish, defended it as reflecting, at worst, "British snobbery." Those two phenomena have always been difficult to separate. At a time when Margaret Thatcher, who preferred self-made people to Tory old boys, was seen as having an unusually high number of Jews among her advisers, one of them resigned, and Harold Macmillan was widely reported to have said (at his club, appropriately), "I see there are now more Etonians than Estonians in the Cabinet."

On the whole, though, Jews in England have faced less overt hostility in modern times than the Jews of most other countries, and they have achieved success and prominence in a variety of fields way out of proportion to their numbers in the population. Still, English Jews often feel what has been described as a sort of otherness, a feeling common to longtime boarders. Traditionally, the way they dealt with that otherness was to keep their heads down. Jews tended to abide by the principle that was expressed rather starkly in a letter about the eruv printed in the Hendon & Finchley *Times:* "England is basically a Christian country and if other faiths choose to live here they should not disrupt local populations." (Lord Soper, the former president of the Methodist Conference, seemed to be reflecting that view when he called the eruv "a piece of impertinence.") Living in a country that does not prize ethnic differences or foreign ways, Jews have concentrated on being followers of a religion rather than members of an ethnic group—loyal subjects who happen to worship at a different building on a different day. Jews in public life have tended to have decent English accents and quiet English names. There are only three hundred thousand or so Jews in England, but it is axiomatic among people who discuss such matters that a difference in numbers alone is not what accounts for the absence of an English equivalent of, say, Borscht Belt comedy or the Jewish-American novel.

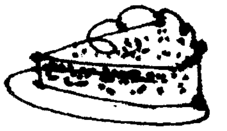
Of course, some longtime boarders found it stifling to tiptoe up the stairs when family discussions were going on in the parlor, or to come up with an obligation elsewhere around Christmas. A Jewish lawyer who is prominent in public life has often told the story of returning with a Jewish friend to England in the late fifties after they had put in a year or two of graduate study in the United States—a period during which both of them had felt liberated by being open participants in the noisy give-and-take among American ethnic groups. "We pulled into Southampton and we looked down at the dock," he says. "There was a sea of chalky-white English faces, and our hearts fell."

BEFORE the great influx of immigrants, English Jews had organized themselves into religious institutions that reflected an English way of doing things. There was a Chief Rabbi, the sort of position historically less established among Jews than among the co-religionists of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The union of congregations that the Chief Rabbi presided over—the United Synagogue—was actually established by an act of Parliament in 1870. Until twenty-five or thirty years ago, its council included members of the great Anglo-Jewish families known as the Cousinhood—people like the Rothschilds and the Montagus, who had been in England for generations when the Eastern Europeans arrived. The United Synagogue carried on Jewish worship with English formality; until not long ago, the officers of its congregations appeared in services wearing top hats. The services were Orthodox. For a variety of reasons, the United Synagogue remained Orthodox, although its interpretation of Orthodoxy was rather expansive until the Cousinhood was supplanted in the leadership by Jews of more recent origin. Compared with the United States, a relatively large percentage of English Jews—even English Jews with decent English accents and quiet English names—are at least nominally Orthodox. They may even observe the Sabbath, although probably not strictly enough to abstain from carrying their house keys. Jewish young people from around North London congregate on the streets of Hampstead once a week—the young women among them are sometimes called beccs, from the name Rebecca—and their night for such socializing is Thursday. On Friday night, many of them are expected to be home with their families.

Although the United Synagogue's percentage of synagogue membership is shrinking, it remains by far the largest

Jewish religious institution in England. To the irritation of people who belong to what Americans would call Conservative or Reform congregations, or to no congregation at all, the Chief Rabbi of the United Synagogue is still seen as the spokesman of the Jews. In recent decades, the United Synagogue has grown more Orthodox—a number of its younger rabbis got their rabbinical training from the Lubavitchers; the Chief Rabbi will not appear on a public platform with rabbis of more liberal versions of Judaism—but many people who might go to services only on the High Holy Days, if then, continue their membership in it. The United Synagogue is, after all, the Jewish equivalent of the Established Church. In the words of Sidney Brichto, an American rabbi and author who has spent many years in England, "What's the difference which shul you don't go to?"

In the past few years, of course, England has become much more of a collection of immigrants than it used to be—Commonwealth immigrants from the West Indies and the Indian subcontinent, Europeans moving in and out freely through the open borders of the European Union. The faces on the dock at Southampton are no longer uniformly chalky. England is no longer the sort of place in which the only religious building that truly fits into a quiet suburb is an Anglican church—a building that always seems architecturally appropriate and, given Anglican attendance figures, has the added advantage of causing very little traffic. There is a mosque in Regent's Park. State schools that are predominantly, say, Sikh or Muslim can opt out of the requirement to have school prayers of a "mainly Christian character." In the words of Vanessa Feltz in the London *Jewish Chronicle*, "There is no longer a homogeneous 'norm' from which we are excluded." English Jews in their twenties and thirties are more likely than their parents to describe themselves as English, but they are also more likely to identify themselves as Jews. "There's a strong generational split," Matthew Kalman, who edits *New Moon*, a magazine aimed at younger Jews, has said, pointing out that Jews actively opposed to the eruv are from the older generation. "Young people believe that Jews in a multicultural society—like gay people, like black people—have to demand their rights. Our parents' generation are used to Jews' being invisible. They like being together but they don't like to admit it. They think the Gentiles don't see a lot of Jews in N.W. 11. The eruv threatens their invisibility."



New Moon is committed to encouraging Jewish "cultural ethnicity" among its readers—it explores Jewish literature and films and food and comedy and dating rituals—but at this point the most striking aspect of increased Jewish awareness among the young is religious. In this era of group identification, some Jewish teen-agers who feel the need to identify with their group tend to do so by wearing yarmulkes in public. Some young business and professional people who were brought up in the relatively flexible version of Orthodoxy that was customary in the United Synagogue have joined congregations more strictly observant than the ones they went to as children. In the context of the way English Jews have been Jews, some think that the only way to be more Jewish is to be more observant.

One of the most vibrant of the new congregations is Ner Yisrael. It coalesced in the mid-eighties around Alan Kimche, an English rabbi who, after some years in Israel, returned to London in 1984 to run lunchtime Torah-study groups at firms in the City. In the left-right shorthand sometimes used to gauge degrees of strictness in observance, Ner Yisrael stands to the right of the United Synagogue and to the left of ultra-Orthodoxy, which is most prominently represented in London by a Stamford Hill union of congregations known as Adath. The members of Ner Yisrael, attracted from both United Synagogue and Adath backgrounds, tend to be people in their thirties who are university educated—the women as well as the men—and are working in, say, law firms or architectural firms or businesses in the general community. They don't wear black coats or side curls, but they are in fact strictly Orthodox Jews. On the Sabbath, they observe the prohibition against carrying anything outside their homes. The women among them, many of whom have full-time jobs, are less passive about being housebound on the Sabbath than

Special Winter Savings Cruising the Mighty Amazon

With elegant, all-suite, award winning Seabourn Cruise Line. Here's your chance to experience Amazonia up close. Join an alligator hunt (with your camera). Meet the villagers along the shore. Pass through the greatest tropical rain forest in the world. Save up to $1,500 per person with Seabourn's "SHARE" Program.* Bring family or friends and everybody saves.

SUN FILLED CRUISES

THE AMAZON
(14 & 16 Days) Nov.-Mar.
Shore Excursions Included on Amazon Sailings
From $10,275
per person double occupancy

Call your travel agent for details.
For our free brochure call
(415)391-7444

(Tell our operator you saw this advertisement in the New Yorker. The publisher will appreciate that.)

THE FINE PRINT
Included in the price of your cruise are free economy roundtrip air travel, one night pre-cruise deluxe hotel accommodations and transfers. Port charges and handling fees are extra and range between $175 and $185 per person. *Seabourn "SHARE" Program—Experience Seabourn with friends or family. Book two or more suites on the same eligible sailing and receive the designated per person savings for each suite occupied. Subject to availability; some conditions apply.

"AN ANOMALY IN AN ERA OF MARKETING HYPE"
Seabourn Cruise Line provides exactly what it promises: a matchless cruise experience that focuses on pampering, poshness and privacy."
Jane Levere, THE BOSTON GLOBE
MARCH 20, 1994

SEABOURN
CRUISE LINE

Ships of Norwegian Registry

"To this day, I can hear my mother's voice—harsh, accusing. 'Lost your mittens? You naughty kittens! Then you shall have no pie!' "

ultra-Orthodox women might be. Both the men and the women tend to be more assertive about Jewish matters than their parents are. It was Alan Kimche and his followers who decided to push for an eruv in Northwest London and got an expert over from the United States to consult about the boundaries. On the theory that a congregation of only a hundred or so families could be easily swept aside by the powers that be, Ner Yisrael took its plan to the United Synagogue, which, after some hesitation, decided to embrace the eruv proposal. The band of people working for an eruv officially became the United Synagogue Eruv Committee. The project was now under the authority of the Chief Rabbi, who remains, whether his congregants require an eruv or not, the spokesman of the Jews.

JEWISH opponents of the eruv—accused regularly in the Jewish press of suffering from "inhibitions about their own Jewishness"—made no apologies for not wanting to live in a "Jewish neighborhood" or for not accepting the definition of Jewishness offered by what they considered a small group of fundamentalist zealots. Some of them were indeed people with memories of ghettos or concentration camps. Some of them found it embarrassing not simply that Jews were, as they saw it, trying to force something on their neighbors but that the something in question struck many people as an insanely legalistic bit of medieval hairsplitting—what one letter-writer called a "magic schlepping circle." The eruv, according to another letter-writer, made Jews appear to be "a totem- and taboo-ridden tribe."

In a bit of Jewish irony that people caught up in the controversy were probably unable to appreciate, the true fundamentalists—the Adath rabbis, who represent the sort of heavily bearded and strangely costumed Jews that a Hampstead Garden Suburb householder, Jewish or Gentile, would have been most worried about having as neighbors—were opposed to the project from the start. Some of them apparently had doubts about whether something that worked in a walled village in ancient times could be applied to a modern urban setting. Some were worried that removing any reminder of the distinction between the Sabbath and other days would serve eventually to undermine strict observance, or that an enclosure might be breached without anyone's knowledge. Cynics said that the Adath rabbis were against the eruv because it wasn't their eruv or, more specifically, because it was Alan Kimche's eruv. ("They hate him. He's stealing their children.") It was even suggested that ultra-Orthodox men who now see their wives hardly at all on the Sabbath, given Friday-evening services and Friday-night celebrations for the births of sons and long services on Saturday, opposed the eruv because they like things the way they are. Chaim Bermant, who does a lively column for the *Jewish Chronicle*, wrote that the Adath rabbis, whom he sometimes refers to as the Men in Black, have "an instinctive aversion to anything which might make religious observance less burdensome and the holy Sabbath an actual source of joy for the observant."

TOWARD the beginning of the eruv controversy, Rabbi Kimche said that Gentile residents would not be affected by the eruv any more than they were affected by their area's postal code. In fact, there are many people, in London and elsewhere, who would fiercely resist any attempt to tamper with their postal code. Area codes are also closely held. When London changed to a system of two area codes a few years ago, there was grumbling in North London itself over which neighborhoods had been assigned to the new 081 code and which to the tonier 071 of Central London. People do define themselves partly by such ostensibly trivial tags, and the eruv committee seemed unprepared for

If you're ever going to put Cashmere under your tree,
this is the year. $129
Direct from Inner Mongolia–2-ply, top-grade 100% cashmere.
Traditional fit. Dry clean. Imported.
Men's V-neck:
Dark Hunter, Light Yellow, Claret, Charcoal Heather, Winter White, Red, Pearl Gray, Classic Navy, Terracotta, Dark Natural Heather. M 38-40, L 42-44, XL 46-48. 2390-9233 129.00
Women's Turtleneck:
Dark Hunter, Light Yellow, Winter White, Light Pink, Black, Red, Pearl Gray, Classic Navy, Terracotta, Juniper Green, Dark Natural Heather. S 6-8, M 10-12, L 14-16, XL 18-20. 2391-1234 129.00
Crewneck:
Men's Dark Hunter, Claret, Charcoal Heather, Red, Pearl Gray, Classic Navy, Terracotta, Juniper Green, Dark Natural Heather. M 38-40, L 42-44, XL 46-48. 2391-0239 129.00
Women's Dark Hunter, Light Yellow, Winter White, Light Pink, Black, Red, Pearl Gray, Classic Navy, Terracotta, Juniper Green, Dark Natural Heather. S 6-8, M 10-12, L 14-16, XL 18-20. 2391-1234
Dark Hunter
Light Yellow
Claret
Charcoal Heather
Winter White
Light Pink
Black

Do your Christmas shopping in your PJs.

Remember Christmas shopping last year? The traffic, the crowds, the salespeople too harried to help you? It took forever just to get through Gift Wrap.

Coming back from the Mall, you swore you'd never do *that* again. Well, here's a little suggestion: this year shop in the Lands' End® catalog.

It's our "store," and it's never, ever crowded. You can browse whenever you feel the urge. And come as you are.

Our catalog is full of beautiful things: cashmere sweaters and rugged outerwear, buttondown shirts and wool skirts, kids' clothes – and so much else. All fine quality, and fairly priced.

Whenever you're ready to order, talk with one of our friendly operators. Call any time, day or night. (Yes, Virginia, we're *still* friendly at 3 a.m.)

We'll happily gift wrap your selections and deliver them to as many addresses as you like, with a card from you. All for a small charge.

Usually, we'll fill your order in one day, deliver it just two business days later. And don't worry: if there's no hemming or monogramming, order till Dec. 21, and we'll *still* get it there on time.

Neat? Have a happy holiday!

LANDS' END® DIRECT MERCHANTS

Guaranteed. Period.®

©1994 Lands' End, Inc.

JY

If you'd like a free catalog, call us any time, 24 hours a day, at **1-800-356-4444** (in Canada, too).

Name ______________________

Address ______________________ Apt. ________

City ______________________ State ________ Zip ________

Phone ( ) ______________________ Day/Night (*circle one*)

Mail to: 1 Lands' End Lane, Dodgeville, WI 53595 how resistant some residents of Northwest London were to the prospect of someone's tampering with the definition. Rabbi Kimche and his followers may also have underestimated how difficult it would be to explain that an eruv is not, in fact, a fiddle. At one point, he said not long ago, he told some officials, "You don't understand it, you won't understand it, and, quite honestly, you don't need to understand it. The point is that we want it, we consider it important, and we ask you to respect that."

Gentile residents who couldn't imagine accepting an eruv for the reasons expressed by Rabbi Kimche were, in the words of one person who favors the eruv, "less anti-Semitic than just not multicultural." Although eruv proposals have occasionally caused controversy in the United States, the way the argument played out in Northwest London was seen by a lot of people as peculiarly English—a reflection of how slowly England is changing toward pluralism. In the view of Ned Temko, an American, who edits the *Jewish Chronicle*, "England is *becoming* a multi-ethnic society, but it's deeply, fundamentally, uni-ethnic." Many residents of places like the Hampstead Garden Suburb would argue that they already have a multicultural neighborhood—one that would be threatened and divided by the sectarianism of the eruv—but the notion of multiculturalism traditionally associated with the Suburb amounts to people from a variety of backgrounds all acting more or less English. That has for years included a synagogue, as well as an Anglican church, but for a lot of people it still does not include a magic schlepping circle. According to one resident of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, the eruv committee "transcended the unwritten rules of the game. They were breaking the rule about being different."

A COUPLE of months after the inquiry into the eruv appeal, the inspector in charge forwarded his report to the Secretary of State for the Environment, who would make the final decision. The betting was that the report would recommend that planning permission for the eruv be granted. The inspector, after all, would presumably make his decision on the ground of planning policy rather than group relations. What the Secretary of State for the Environment would do was more difficult to divine. That decision, which had been expected to take several weeks, was not handed down for months—a delay that led to ornate speculation in N.W. 11. Politically, some evidence developed that the Conservatives had something to gain, at least in North London itself, by reversing the Barnet council's planning committee—in a council election last spring, a campaign by eruv advocates against their opponents on the committee was thought to have been one element in greatly reducing the normal margin of a couple of Conservative councilmen—but it was difficult to know whether a significant number of voters elsewhere might see a pro-eruv decision as a surrender to Jewish pressure. The person who happens to be the Secretary of State for the Environment, John Gummer, is a man who left the Anglican Communion for Rome after the Anglicans voted to permit the ordination of women, and those who speculated on his personal predilections were split as to whether a man so conservative religiously would be appalled by Orthodox Jewish paraphernalia in the streets of Northwest London or understanding of it.

Finally, this fall, more than six years after Ner Yisrael members went around with their American consultant mapping out boundaries, the Department of the Environment announced that the inspector had indeed recommended approval of the project and John Gummer had upheld that recommendation. One homeowner has appealed Gummer's decision to the courts, and there remain some bureaucratic hoops to go through. Eruv proponents, though, are optimistic that the eruv will be operational in a matter of months. In the meantime, Rabbi Kimche and his supporters hope to build some bridges to those who opposed the project, particularly the rabbis of Adath. For a while, the letters column of the *Ham & High* was reheated by Gummer's announcement, and the leader of an opposition group still says that the eruv may never go up. Rabbi Kimche believes that resistance in places like the Hampstead Garden Suburb will melt away only after the eruv is established and people realize that physically it hardly exists. "It's the concept that's disturbing," he says. ♦

Did You Know. . .

...That Julie Andrews is returning to Broadway to star in *Victor/Victoria*?

...That Tuesdays are the easiest nights to get Broadway theatre tickets?

...That you can get all the latest theatre news sent directly from industry insiders to your home, absolutely free?

CELEBRATE BROADWAY

Now, Broadway invites you to receive exclusive bulletins highlighting special opportunities on the Great White Way.

You'll enjoy:

☆ **Advance information** on Broadway touring productions.

☆ **VIP access** to special discount offers, packages, events, and the best seats in the house.

☆ **Behind-the-scenes insights** on the latest productions.

Be among the first to know what's running and how to catch it.
Simply call
1-800-447-6553,
from any touch tone phone
and follow the instructions for code:
30252.

IN THE GARDEN

EARTHLY DELIGHTS

At a time of the year when gardeners have nothing to look at and everything to look forward to, the right gift can help ease the wait.

BY JAMAICA KINCAID

ANNOUCHKA GALOUCHKO

WHAT does a gardener need? I cannot say; I know only what I have needed in the garden. I am an absent-minded person; that is, less charitably, I am a careless person, who mistreats her gardening equipment, leaving it to the elements—the rain, dew, and sun. I accidentally bury various digging or weeding utensils in mounds of dirt, and leave pruning shears, gloves, even plants somewhere that I mean to be a temporary resting place but that often turns out to be the place of their permanent abandonment. I use my books about the garden in almost the same way I use the other things connected to it. My copy of Peter Beales's "Roses" (Henry Holt) is tattered and smudged, because I read it while I am in the middle of planting or weeding or watering. I read it then because reading is the thing I like most to do and because I cannot imagine having an occupation that does not go along with reading, which is just as well, since I need an occupation to support my habit of reading. Above all, I believe that anything you need, or love, you must have more than one or two of. Love itself must be had in such a large amount that it eventually causes you to be sick of it.

I started to plant things—this is not the same thing as being a gardener—when, to celebrate my second Mother's Day, my husband, on my daughter's behalf, gave me some packets of seeds (I only remember delphiniums and marigolds), along with a rake, a hoe, and a digging fork, all bought from the Ames department store in Bennington, Vermont. I went outside, dug up the yard, and put the seeds in the ground. The skin on my right forefinger split, the muscles in the back of my calves and thighs were sore, and the digging fork broke; for all that, the seeds did not germinate, the yard of that house being mostly in the shade of old maple trees. Since then I *have* become a gardener, and here are some of the things I have come to love and need.

Among the first things I acquired was a good set of hand tools—a trowel, a dibble, a cultivator, and a weeder. I believe I got those from Smith & Hawken (of Florence, Kentucky). I do not now have that same dibble or that same cultivator; the ones I have now are from Langenbach, a gardeners'-tool outfit in Stillwater, New Jersey.

A canvas bag designed for carrying such things is a good idea, especially if you can remember to put them in it to begin with; but any old bag will do quite well, just as long as it can take dirt and water and look the better for it. Ideally,

How to gift wrap a buffalo

Approach the beast from the left side. Grab its horn with your left hand, hold the wrapping paper in your right hand. After that...you're on your own!

Here's a much better way. Simply buy a bison through us, the *American Friends Service Committee (AFSC).* Your gift, weighing 1,000 lbs. or more, will cost $500. We'll deliver it to Lakota/Sioux young people on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota.

Since the 1950s, *AFSC* has helped the Lakota develop self-sufficiency and preserve their culture and religion. Four elders will oversee this project designed to:

- Teach tribal stories and sacred traditions;
- Give youth a share in the herd and responsibility for its welfare;
- Provide food and hides;
- Use profits from sales to fund special Lakota celebrations.

This holiday season, give Lakota youth some four-footed challenges to rediscover their heritage. Remember, we'll do the gift wrapping for you, with pleasure. Please do it today.

American Friends Service Committee
Development Office, 1501 Cherry St.,
Philadelphia, PA 19102

My gift of ☐$500 for one buffalo; ☐$75 ☐$50 ☐$35 as my share of a buffalo.

Name

Address

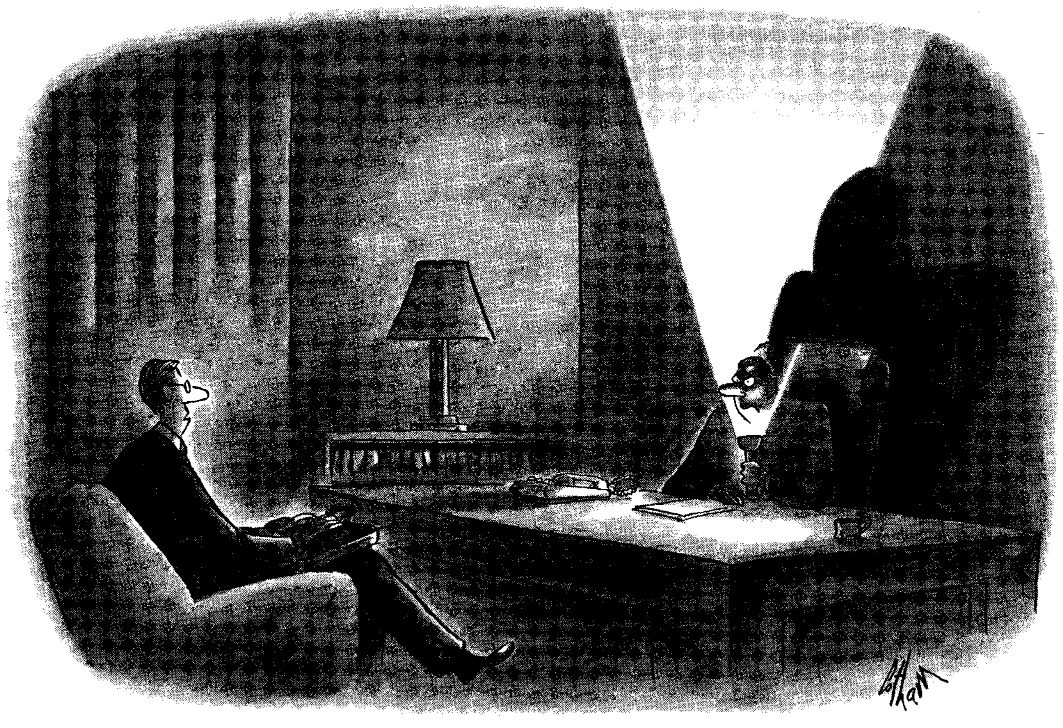
City/State/Zip 184NA

VISA/Mastercard 1-800-226-9816

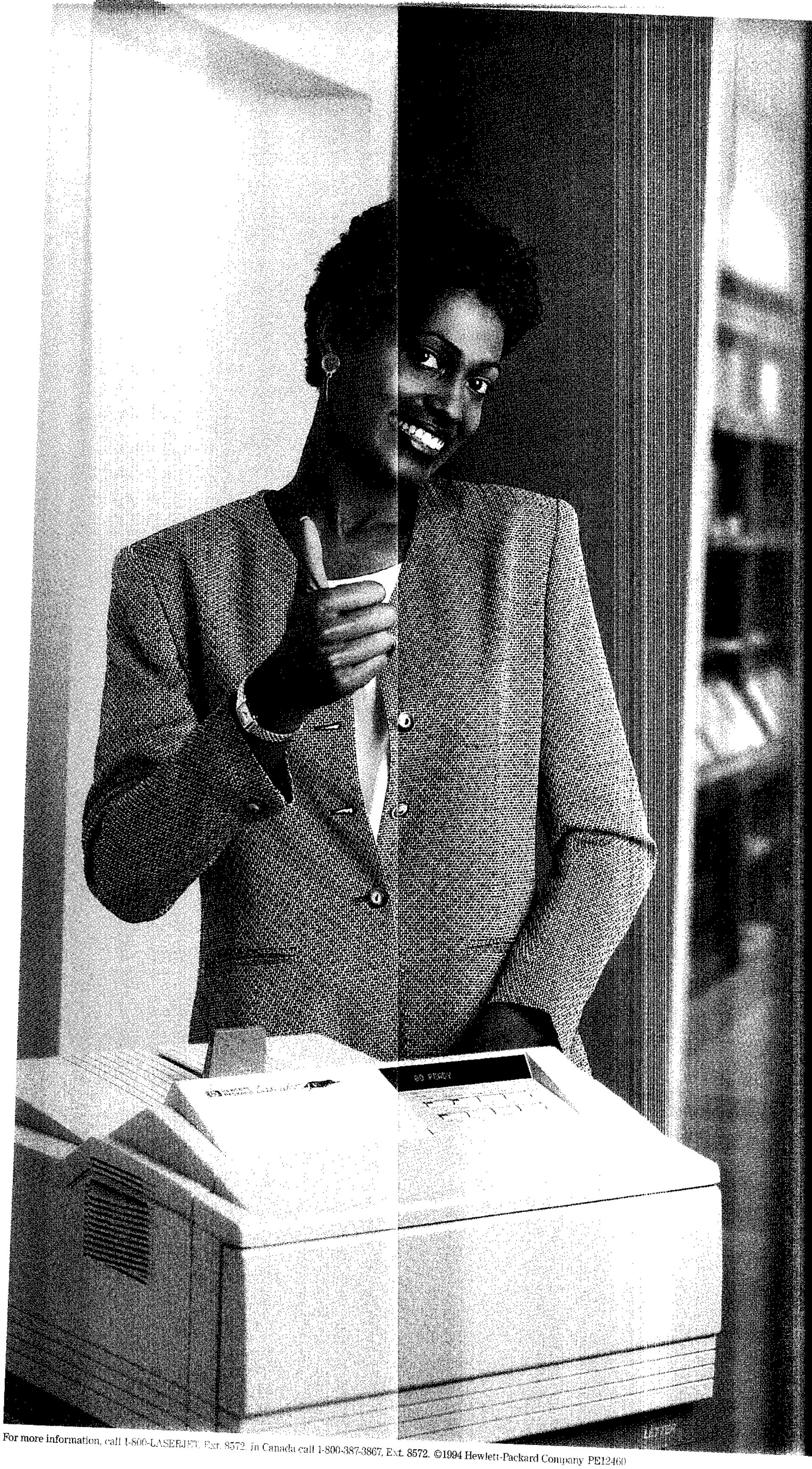
my gardening bag contains lots of twine for tying things up and for marking out rows; a small pair of scissors for cutting the twine; a penknife; gloves and gloves, since in my experience no two of them ever make a pair (I can add that the ones from Womanswork, of York, Maine, are the best I have ever had); a box of wall nails specially designed for tacking up roses or other stout vines against a wall or a post (I found those in the catalogue from Wayside Gardens, of Greenwood, South Carolina); a small hammer, almost toylike in size; a wire cutter; a stapler, which is useful when I am making temporary fences in the vegetable garden for vines of one sort or another to run up; wooden labels; and an indelible-ink marker.

A visit to a botanical garden or a museum is another kind of gift for a gardener. A most unexpected example might be a visit to the Botanical Museum at Harvard, to view the fruits and flowers made of blown glass which are on display there. The specimens of fruit are shown at various stages of development, from blossom to their full ripeness, and then in various stages of decay and disease; the specimens of flowers, however, are shown without any blemish at all. These fruits and flowers, decaying or unblemished, are all beautiful, and, as is the way of likenesses, seem more representative of the real than do the things that they are meant to resemble. The creation of these simulacra is also an almost defiant assertion of will: it is man vying with nature herself. To see these things is to be reminded of how barefaced the notions of captivity and control used to be, because the very fabrication of these objects, in their perfection (no decay or blemish in nature is ever so appealing) and in the nature of the material from which they are made, attests to a will that must have felt itself unbeatable. How permanent everything must feel when the world is going your way! It was in this museum that I discovered a book by the botanist Oakes Ames, who in his day knew a great deal about orchids. It is called "Jottings of a Harvard Botanist." Ignore the introduction and the foreword, one by his daughter, the other by his grandson—yes, staple the pages together, as I do to the introductions of all books I am going to read. Oakes Ames is a personality you want to meet as if by accident, on some mode of public transportation (and leave him there). He was a nineteenth-century man of European descent: his sense of possession is funny now only because he is dead. On his way to Cuba, to visit Harvard's botany station there, he wrote this to his wife, Blanche: "We are surrounded by the usual uninteresting people one meets on a journey to Cuba and back; people who are well enough to watch, but undesirable to meet." This is the kind of confidence you have when the world is yours.

And this brings me to books, which are the things I most like to get. They are also, regrettably, the things that I am given only one of, because it must seem ridiculous to give somebody more than one copy of the same book. Yet I would very much like to have two copies of "The Graham Stuart Thomas Rose Book"—one for when I am sitting inside my house, dry and comfortable, and one for when I am tramping around my garden in the rain and mud, or walking through the sprinkler while it's on. I read my books, but I also *use* them; that is, sometimes the reading is almost a physical act. All of Graham Stuart Thomas's books are books every gardener should have, not only because he is so knowledgeable but also because he is deliciously authoritative and overbearing in his opinions, the way people who really know their business can't help being. And surely all of us, especially gardeners, must have someone whose advice and opinions we go against, even at our plants' peril. Thomas's "Rose Book" (his "The Old Shrub Roses," "Shrub Roses of Today," and "Climbing Roses Old and New" have been combined into this one volume and reprinted by Sagapress/Timber) is perhaps the essential book for a gardener interested in roses. It is not encyclopedic, like the Peter Beales, but is limited to the roses Thomas knows well. Personal experience and botanical history blend in his sentences: "Well remembered, too, is the day on which I purchased my first rose—'Mme Caroline Testout,' followed by other Hybrid Teas, now outclassed; they were recommended by an uncle who was something of a connoisseur, and in whose garden every rose bore, to my great satisfaction, a cast metal label." I've found that when I'm reading this book a copy of the Pickering Nurseries catalogue (of



"You don't frighten me, T. J."



Double time.

HP LaserJet 4V Documents in half the time.

If your printer keeps you waiting too often, you're ready for the new HP LaserJet 4V printer. The one that can give you 16 pages per minute instead of the usual eight.

The LaserJet 4V handles a variety of paper sizes, including 11″ x 17″. It's got more memory. And it fits on a desktop. When you hit print, you get HP's true 600-dot-per-inch resolution. It's sharper. Crisper. Blacker. And only $2,449 U.S. list.

If you need to turn up the speed on your network, choose the LaserJet 4MV. Get your work in half the time it ordinarily takes. Just look in the Yellow Pages for the HP dealer nearest you.

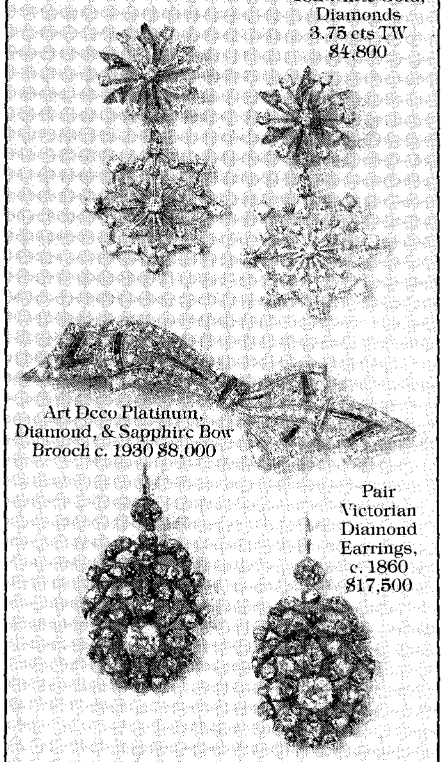
You do your job. We'll do ours.

HP LaserJet Printers

hp HEWLETT® PACKARD

For more information, call 1-800-LASERJET, Ext. 8572. In Canada call 1-800-387-3867, Ext. 8572. ©1994 Hewlett-Packard Company PE12460

Diamond Jewelry



Estate Snowflake Earrings, 18k White Gold; Diamonds 3.75 cts TW $4,800

Art Deco Platinum, Diamond, & Sapphire Bow Brooch c. 1930 $8,000

Pair Victorian Diamond Earrings, c. 1860 $17,500

S. J. SHRUBSOLE
ESTABLISHED 1910
104 EAST 57TH STREET, NY 10022 • (212) 753-8920

Completed Sail Models
Classic Yachts & Custom Models

Master Craftsmanship
Other Fine Nautical Works Available
SEACRAFT™ CLASSICS
7850 E. Evans Rd. Ste. 109, Scottsdale AZ 85260 • (602) 998-4988
For Our Catalog Call (800) 356-1987

French Travel Newsletter

La Belle France, the acclaimed travel newsletter published monthly for the past ten years, evaluates the very best — and most overrated — hotels, restaurants, and luxury destinations across France. Paris hotel and restaurant reviews, hidden gems, and French travel tips are featured every month. Unbiased, candid, and fiercely independent. $87 per year. Satisfaction guaranteed. Check, Visa, Mastercard, or American Express accepted. Mail or phone today!

The ideal Holiday gift!

LA BELLE FRANCE
THE SOPHISTICATED GUIDE TO FRANCE

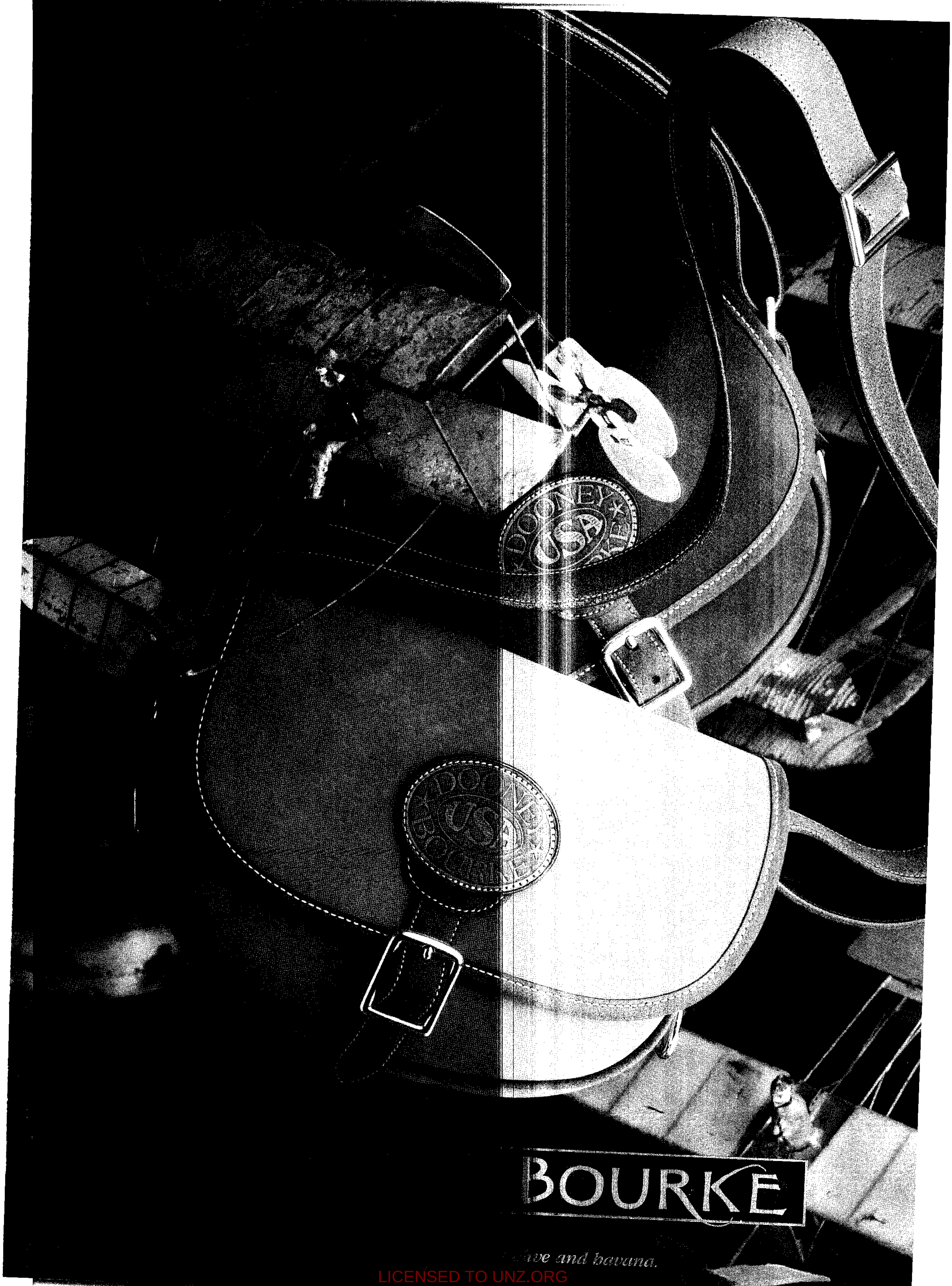
Federal Express delivery for last minute orders
P.O. Box 3485, Charlottesville, VA 22903 USA. Tel: (804) 295-1200
FAX orders: (804) 296-0948; Toll-free in U.S. 1-800-225-7825

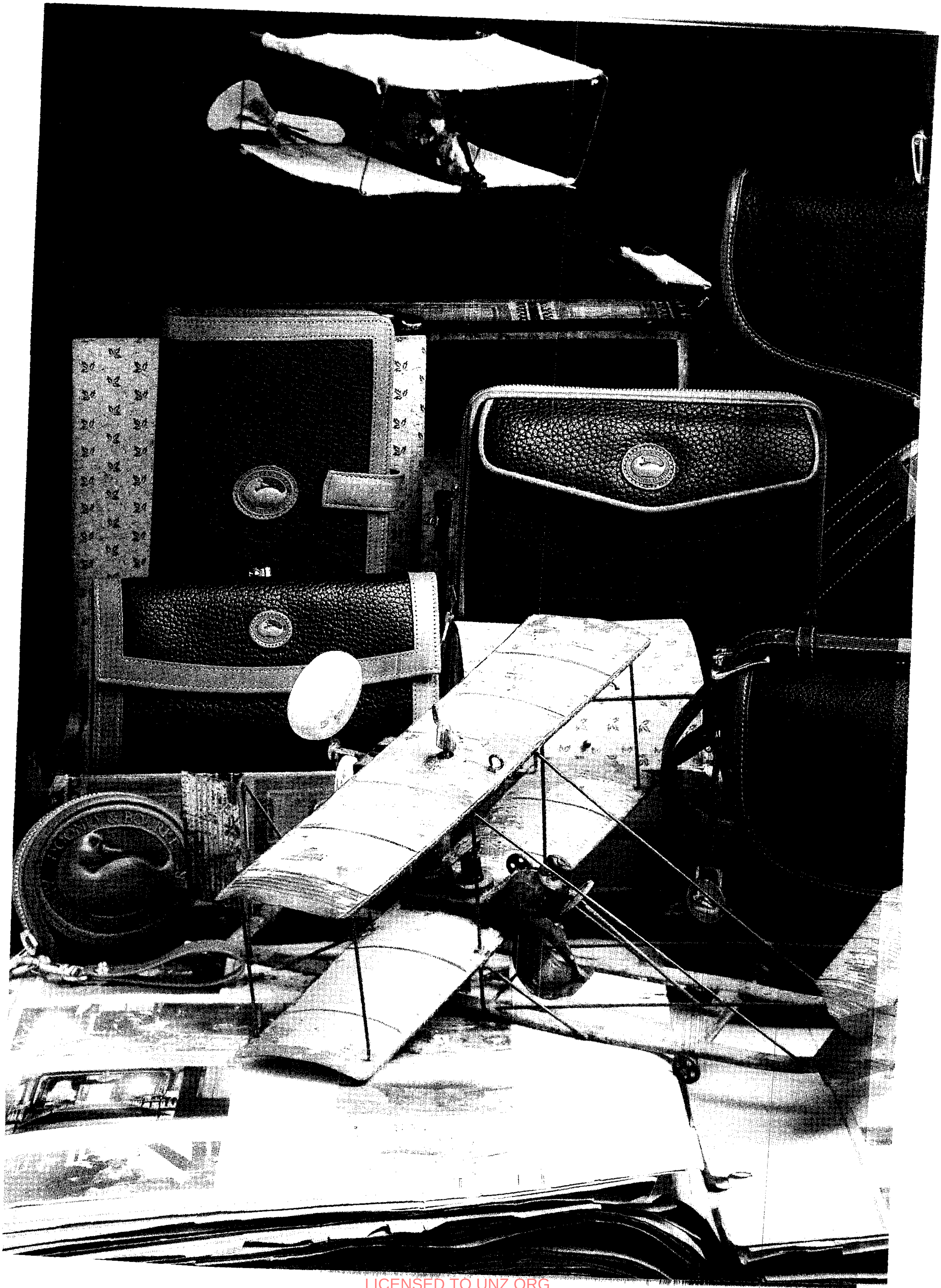
Pickering, Ontario) is good company. Sometimes his description is so tempting (he says this about Guinée: "deepest murrey with crimson centre, pure, unfading, without purple; beautiful shapely flowers and intense red-rose fragrance") that I want to have the rose being described; often, I can find it in the Pickering catalogue.

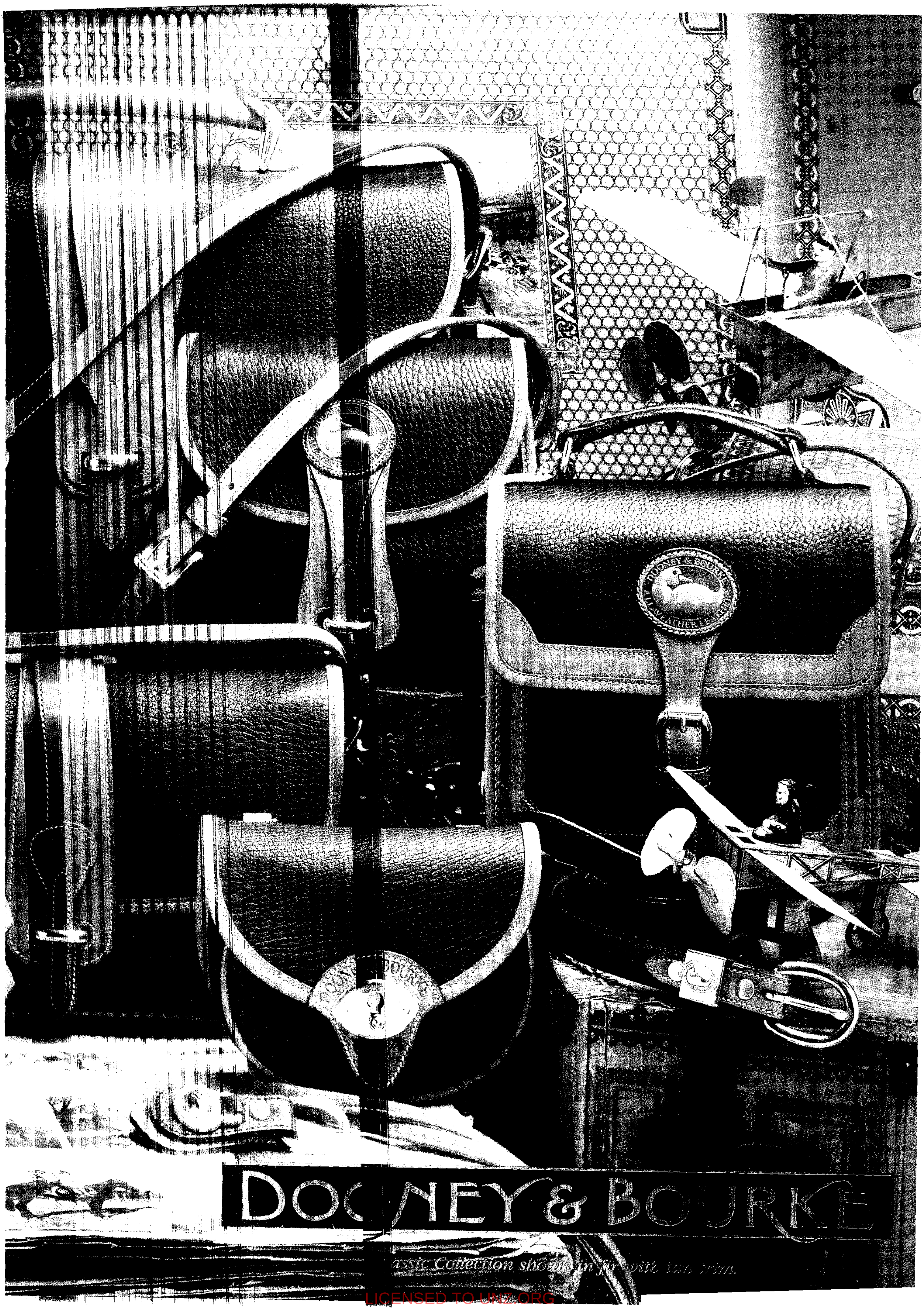
My fascination with the authoritative and the overwhelmingly confident compels me also to share my love of "Wyman's Gardening Encyclopedia," by Donald Wyman (Macmillan), "America's Garden Book," by James Bush-Brown and Louise Bush-Brown (Scribners), and all books by Gertrude Jekyll (published between 1899 and 1912 and available now from a British press called Antique Collectors' Club). With Wyman, the bullying begins in the first sentence: "A pleasing, well-grown garden reflects the personality of its owners, living proof that they have an interest and enthusiasm for growing plants, that they have an inherent feeling for design and good color combinations, and that they have a knowledge of horticulture." With the Bush-Browns, the bullying begins in the title: "America's Garden Book." Can there then be any other? Obviously not. With Jekyll, the bullying sounds like this: "Every year that shows the experience gained by recent observation in the arrangement of plants for colour, confirms the conviction of the great value of a judicious use of what, for want of a better name, I know as the 'between' plants—plants that are not for bloom, but for some quiet quality that shall combine with and enhance the colouring of those that are near." I cannot resist anyone who can write such a sentence.

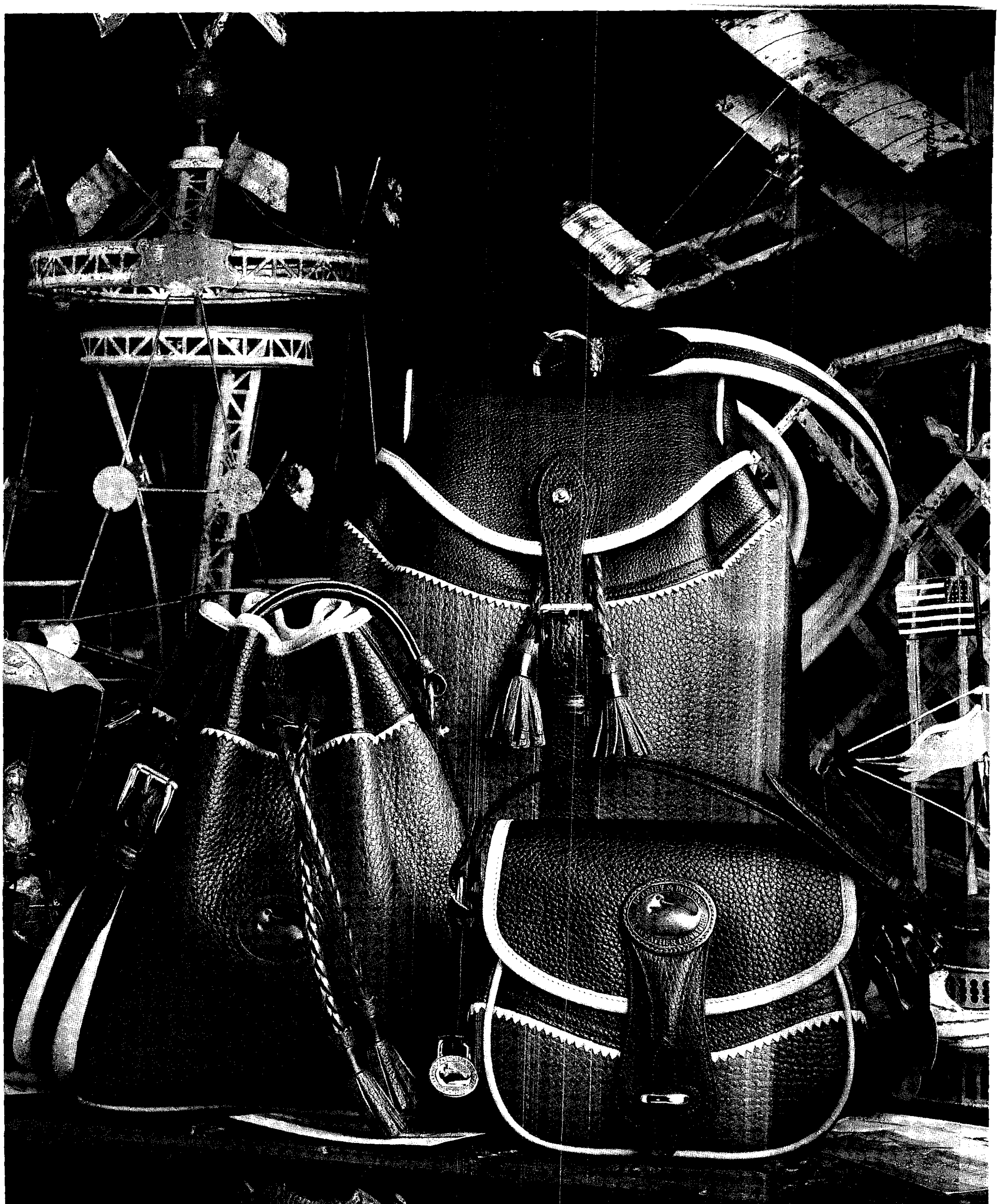
I HAVE been to Sissinghurst; I have read Jane Brown's "Sissinghurst: Portrait of a Garden"; all the great gardeners I know love this garden and everything connected to it, especially its creators, Vita Sackville-West and her husband. It is a beautiful garden, an extraordinary creation. And yet I remain unmoved by it. Perhaps that is because I have read too much of Sackville-West's own writing. The best of her garden writing has been collected by Robin Lane Fox, an extraordinary gardener himself, in an anthology called "The Illustrated Garden Book." I suspect that the source of my antipathy to Sackville-West and her garden is to be found in her observations of the garden, in the way she manages to be oblivious of the world. For the fact is that the world cannot be left out of the garden. At least, I find it to be so: that is why I regard Nina Simone's autobiography as an essential companion volume to any work of Vita Sackville-West's. There is no mention of the garden in Nina Simone's account of her life, as there is no mention of the sad weight of the world in Sackville-West's account of her gardening. One is a life so dramatic that it seems very difficult to dramatize; the other has so little drama in it that, long after it is over, there is nothing left but silly dramatizations. And yet, and yet, in the way that it is worthwhile for any aspiring jazz singer to listen to Nina Simone, it is worthwhile for any gardener to look at the garden through Vita Sackville-West's eyes.

The painter with the best-known garden is, of course, Claude Monet. Everyone I have ever met who has a garden has something growing in it from seeds that were gathered in Monet's garden. Usually, it is hollyhocks. This makes sense: the seeds of hollyhocks are very easy to steal. (When I was going through a public garden in Ukraine this September, I saw some hollyhocks whose bloom appealed to me, so I stole a number of seeds and brought them home in an almost empty box of sanitary pads.) I have seen Monet's garden only in books. Such books are everywhere, certainly in the houses of people who have something of Monet's growing in their garden. The photographs of Giverny (quite different from the paintings) show everything in it to be overgrown, overtall, which is just the kind of garden I like, for I feel that it reveals a comforting generosity of spirit. So it will seem perverse of me to recommend a book of garden paintings not by Monet but by one of his patrons and contemporaries, Gustave Caillebotte. The book, "Caillebotte and His Garden at Yerres" (Abrams), shows a garden that in feeling is almost the opposite of Giverny. Caillebotte was a well-off man, and his garden has the circumspection of wealth, the order that money can buy. The most evocative


BOURKE
ive and havana.


DOONEY & BOURKE


DOONEY & BOURKE ALL-WEATHER LEATHER
DOONEY & BOURKE
DOONEY & BOURKE
assic Collection shown in fir with tan trim.

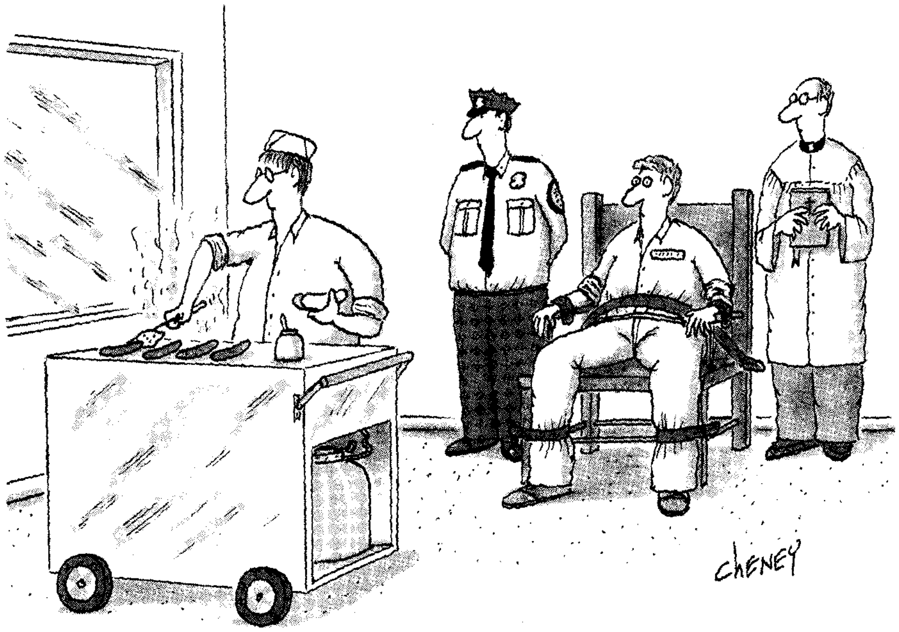


DOONEY & BOURK

[illegible] Collection shown in rose, palomino and ivy.

[illegible] Collection is available at 759 Madison Ave. 212-439-1657, a

[illegible], New York 212-308-0520. For a catalog, call 800-546-03

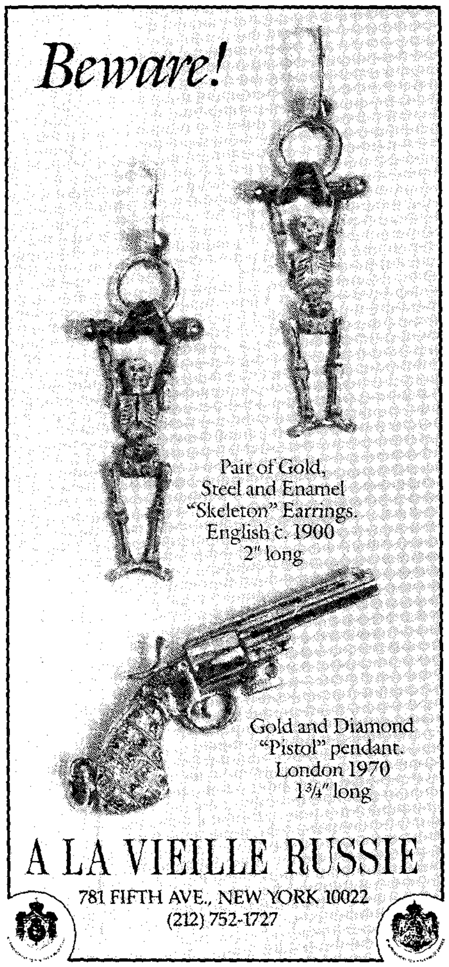


painting is of a perfectly aligned row of vegetables under tilted glass cloches, behind two men in bare feet watering what look like heads of lettuce.

I can also recommend packets of seeds from Thompson & Morgan (of Jackson, New Jersey), but only the seeds of plants that would be difficult to find elsewhere. Just for instance, they offer *Meconopsis betonicifolia*, *M. napaulensis*, *M. cambrica* (Welsh poppy), and a really vulgar beauty, *M. Cambrica* Frances Perry. Because anything as unusual as *Meconopsis* will be hard to bring to the seedling stage, I suggest that to make a gift like this complete you send the seeds to an agreeable and expert grower who lives not too far from you, so that your plants can be easily picked up and put out for planting in the spring. I have such a person in Jack Manix, of Walker Farm, in Dummerston, Vermont. Last January, I sent him twelve different kinds of foxglove seeds I'd bought from Thompson & Morgan, not one of them available through any plantsman that I know of; I picked up the seedlings from Manix in May, planted them in my garden, and look forward to seeing them in bloom next spring.

Among the other things that I would welcome—and so, I imagine, would my fellow-gardeners, or at least the gardeners who are at my lowly stage of development—are: tree peonies (to be had from Klehm Nursery, in Champaign, Illinois, or White Flower Farm, in Litchfield, Connecticut); unusual rhododendrons, azaleas, or kalmias (from Mr. Carlson, at Carlson's Gardens, in South Salem, New York); roses, especially old ones, and not the David Austin's and not the modern hybrid tea roses (Mr. Brace, at the Roseraie at Bayfields, in Waldoboro, Maine, has a good selection of old roses); some terra-cotta pots from the Masini family in Impruneta, Italy; a subscription to *Gardens Illustrated* (of London), the best magazine about gardens being published now; and membership in the Royal Horticultural Society. (This will allow free admission to Wisley, which is useless if you are not living nearby, but the free subscription to the Society's magazine, *The Garden*, is the real benefit, wherever you live.)

If you are reading this with a gardener in mind and find that the suggestions for gifts are so various as to leave you undecided, or are put off by the fact that roses and peonies are dormant right now and cannot be shipped until spring, here is what you can do: draw a picture of the thing you are planning to give, put the picture in an envelope, and write the words "To Come" on the outside. It will do very well. An integral part of a gardener's personality—indeed, a substantial amount of a gardener's world—is made up of the sentiment expressed by the two words "To Come." ♦


Beware!

Pair of Gold,
Steel and Enamel
"Skeleton" Earrings.
English c. 1900
2" long

Gold and Diamond
"Pistol" pendant.
London 1970
1¾" long

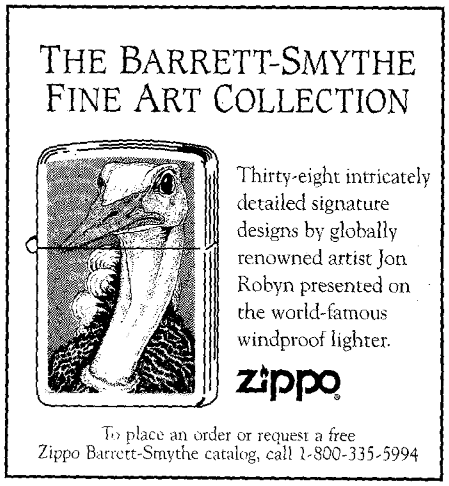
A LA VIEILLE RUSSIE
781 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10022
(212) 752-1727

WINTER GOLF GETAWAY.

$454.00 per couple
3 nights 4 days includes 2 greens fees,
golf cart, caddy and amenities.

For reservations and information regarding
Winter Getaway packages call 1-800-457-7676.

HOTEL Bel-Air
PUERTO VALLARTA


THE BARRETT-SMYTHE
FINE ART COLLECTION

Thirty-eight intricately detailed signature designs by globally renowned artist Jon Robyn presented on the world-famous windproof lighter.

Zippo

To place an order or request a free
Zippo Barrett-Smythe catalog, call 1-800-335-5994

A.G.A. Correa's
Diamond Astrological Pin

One evening I visualized the stars as diamonds, initiating this design. Sky charts assure total accuracy (each diamond is proportional to the magnitude of its corresponding star). All constellations are available and the setting is 14k white gold.
Please call or write for our catalogue.

(March 21 - April 20)
Aries - The Ram.........$1620.
shown actual size &
unconditionally guaranteed

A.G.A. Correa
PO Box 401NY-3
Wiscasset, Maine 04578
(800)341-0788•Mon-Fri 9-5
FAX(207)882-9744
©A.G.A. Correa 1993. All Rights Reserved.

CASHMERE WATCHCAP

Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. Turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe. Leaves you free to think. Allows you to perform.
One Hundred And Ten Dollars
CA Residents: One Hundred Eighteen Twenty-Five
Feather Weight Version In Navy Only: Ninety-Five Dollars
Black, Charcoal, Bank Grey, Flannel Grey, Navy, Lt. Navy, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Red-Orange, Magenta, Camel, Heavy Cream, Vermont Green, Bear Brown, Violet, Bright Booby Foot Blue, Taupe, Pink, Exquisite Mocha, Emerald, Vicuna, Fuchsia, White.
VERMONT BIRD COMPANY
71 OLIVE COURT MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA 94041
415 967 3123

1¼" wide
For Cat People
A sculpted catnap pin in sterling, $110, 14K gold, $490. $4 shipping. In NY add tax. Catalogue on request. VISA/MC/AE: 516-734-4002. Or send check: EAST END SILVER Dept. N5, P.O. Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956

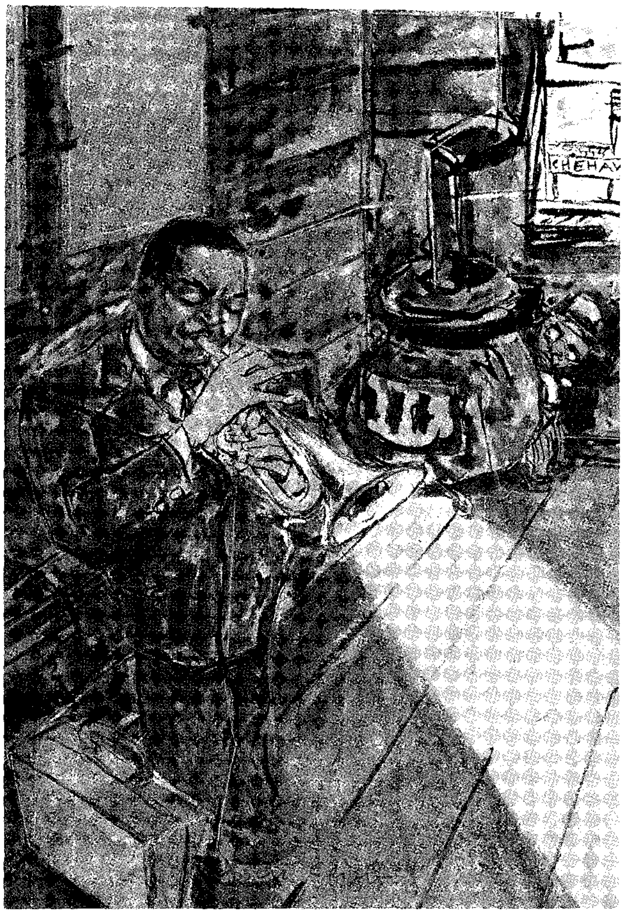
1995 Traveler's Guide to Art Museum Exhibitions
"For art lovers who travel, and travelers who love art . . ."
The only annual guide to over 1,000 exhibitions in the U.S. and abroad . . . only $15
Recommended by the NY Times, the Wash. Post, Vogue, and Gourmet
CALL 1-800-2-LOVE-ART
MGP, Inc. P.O. Box 25369,
Washington, D.C. 20007

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

MEDIUM COOL

Wynton Marsalis may have disbanded his septet, but he's still one of the biggest influences in jazz. So why has his Lincoln Center program got the critics so riled?

BY JERVIS ANDERSON



Wynton Marsalis: "I'm redefining the past for this time."

OSCAR GRILLO

WYNTON MARSALIS is, at thirty-three, the most celebrated jazz trumpeter of his generation, but he has not been on the best of terms with the fraternity of jazz critics for some time now. While most of them acknowledge that he is an outstanding instrumentalist, many have complained of his leadership of Jazz at Lincoln Center, a repertory program of considerable standing and influence. These critics deprecate what they see as his bias toward traditional jazz, especially as that bias is reflected at Lincoln Center. Marsalis has been described as brash and argumentative, and he has certainly seemed eager to do combat in the arena of jazz criticism. Indeed, he may be alone among jazz musicians in his readiness to tell critics that they don't know what they're talking about. Not since Miles Davis, perhaps, has there been a prominent jazz instrumentalist who is less reverent toward his critics. In his autobiography, published in 1989, Davis wrote, "Dumb, insensitive critics have destroyed a lot of great music and musicians who just weren't as strong as I was in having the ability to say, 'Fuck y'all.' " Marsalis usually chooses other words, but the message he conveys is often the same.

The self-assured and disputatious style for which he has come to be known isn't uncommon among jazz trumpeters. In an early passage of Marsalis's new book, "Sweet Swing Blues on the Road," which tells of a year in the life of his band, he explains, "The first thing that young trumpeters realize is: we can play loud. Louder than anybody else in the band except the drummer. We grow up hearing that trumpeters blew down the walls of Jericho, that Gabriel's trumpet announces the will of God. . . . These grandiose images shape the classic trumpet persona: brash, impetuous, cocky, cool, in command. Anyone who has ever played in a band knows that if the conductor stops a rehearsal because a fight breaks

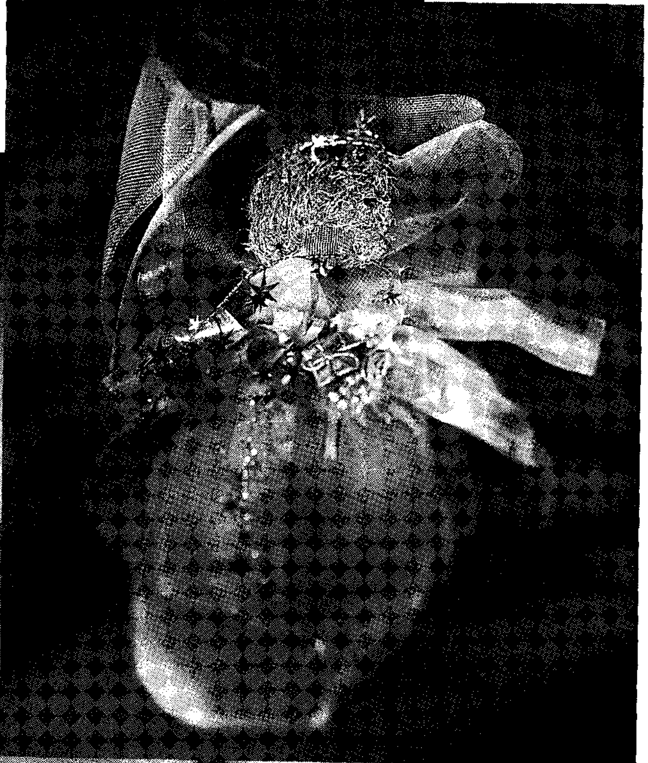
holiday

enchantment

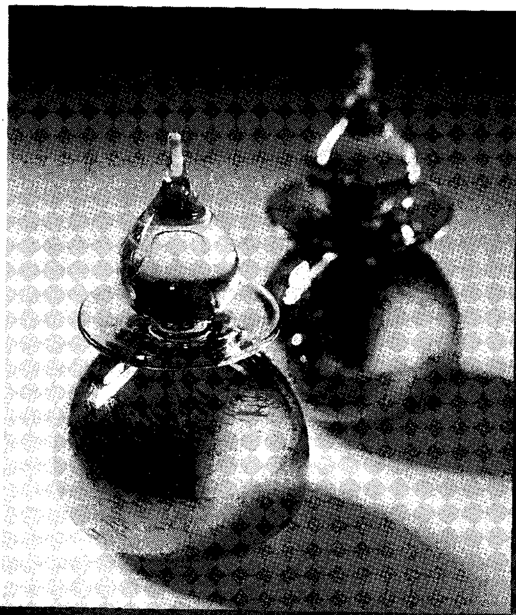
celestial treasures

Gilded box with five paperwhite bulbs comes tied with gold ribbon. Exclusively for Felissimo. *$34*

Angel with wire mesh dress, organdy bow and a bounty of gifts, for the tree or table. small *$72*, large *$98*



Handblown perfume bottles in salmon and tourmaline with silver accents. *$130* each



Dream pillows scented with natural herbs and detailed with romantic images. *$42* each

LOVE
FAITH
DREAM

Word bands in sterling to be worn alone, stacked or on a chain. Exclusively for Felissimo. *$60* each

for romantic

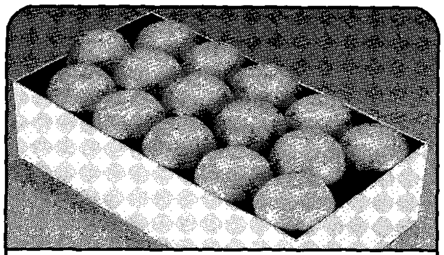
gift giving

FELISSIMO

10 west 56th street NYC
212.247.5656

monday - saturday 10 - 6 thursday 10 - 8 sunday 12 - 5
December 19 - 23 10 - 8, December 24 10 - 3
visit our tearoom for lunch or afternoon haiku tea
personal shopping by appointment 212.247.7474
for our holiday catalog 800.708.7690

Photography by Kevin Reardon © 1994 for Felissimo



Finest Ruby Red Grapefruit From Florida's Indian River!

TREE RIPENED - BRIMMING WITH JUICE
ORCHARD SWEET - NO SUGAR IS NEEDED
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Always a Welcome Gift for family and friends

6 GRAPEFRUIT	Pack 279	$12.95
15 GRAPEFRUIT	Pack 260	$19.95
27 GRAPEFRUIT	Pack 270	$27.95
6 GRAPEFRUIT & 6 ORANGES	Pack 205	$16.95
9 GRAPEFRUIT & 9 ORANGES	Pack 210	$20.95
18 GRAPEFRUIT & 18 ORANGES	Pack 215	$28.95
1/2 BU. GRAPEFRUIT & ORANGES IN A HANDWOVEN BASKET	Pack 248	$24.95

ALL PRICES INCLUDE DELIVERY!

SEND NO MONEY NOW

Send your gift list or Call Dept. 115 Toll Free:

1-800-285-8488

PAY OR CHARGE TO YOUR CREDIT CARD ONLY AFTER SHIPMENTS ARE MADE

Write or call for FREE Catalog offering other fine gifts!

HARRY'S CRESTVIEW GROVES

DEPT. 115 • 9030 17th PLACE • VERO BEACH, FL 32966

Pity the Pickpockets!

Tilley Endurables

Smart-looking, classically styled, comfortable, *"endurable"* travel clothing. *SECRET pockets, SECURITY pockets,* and *"Give 'em hell!"* washing instructions. And, of course, the 'Tilley' — the best outdoor hat in the world.

THE FREE CATALOGUE IS A HOOT!

1-800-884-2699

300 LANGNER RD., WEST SENECA, NY 14224

VISIT OUR STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL & VANCOUVER

We do not solicit the patronage of those who *make* or *promote* tobacco products.

BEAUTIFUL COLORFUL SENSUAL WILD FUN

CUSTOM LINENS

Sheet sets, shams & duvet covers designed, dyed, handprinted & signed by artist Doug Lindsay

SLUMBER PARTY 904 Bloomfield St. Hoboken NJ 07030 (201) 659-0308

PERSONAL PASSIONATE FANTASTIC OUTRAGEOUS

GIVE A CAT A LAUGH

– **with Dick Shapiro's amazing Video Catnip** – a 25 minute movie cats watch and love. A howl of a gift for cat owners.

Just $19.95 plus $4.00 s/h VISA MC AMEX

ORDER TOLL FREE
CAN. 1-800-268-9323
U.S. 1-800-268-1630
DICK SHAPIRO'S CATS
#105, 10 Wynford Hts. Cr. Don Mills, Ont. Can. M3C 1K8

out, if somebody takes your girlfriend, if a tasteless practical joke is pulled, if someone challenges every executive decision no matter how trivial, it's got to be a trumpet player. That's just how we are."

MARSALIS has an apartment on one of the higher floors of a building in the Lincoln Center complex, and not long ago I went to see him there. He is unmarried and lives by himself, but he has two young sons—Wynton, Jr., six, and Simeon, four—whom he dotes upon. (Although he and their mother, Candace Stanley, separated some years ago, they remain on friendly terms.) The living room is spacious and sparsely furnished, commanding spectacular views of downtown Manhattan and the Hudson River. It was dominated by a grand piano, which was strewn with trumpets of varying sizes and colors. Marsalis is of medium height and build, and was wearing metal-rimmed granny glasses, a brown floral shirt, bluejeans, and sneakers. His hair was close-cropped above a smooth and round face. His soft-spoken manner, by turns diffident and impish, seemed altogether at odds with his combative reputation.

Marsalis has led a band for fourteen years—it's been a septet for the past six—and he and his musicians travel widely in America and around the world, spending almost the whole year on the road and playing nearly three hundred engagements. He had just returned from a two-week tour of the South when we spoke, and a hallway in the apartment was lined with unopened suitcases and travel bags. He works almost incessantly between gigs, composing—he is a gifted jazz composer—as well as practicing. When I arrived, he had been fussing over a few trumpet phrasings for a piece he was writing. "I'm always practicing," he told me later. "I never take a break. And I try to write something every day. Any interesting idea or sound that comes to me—a woman's voice, a strange accent, a certain rhythm of speech—goes into my music. When I can't sleep at night, I get up and compose something or revise something I have been writing. I practice my horn day after day. I have played the trumpet almost every night for the past fifteen years. I am always burning the candle at both ends. I play my own gigs, and when I'm finished I go down to some jazz club, sit in with a band, and begin playing again."

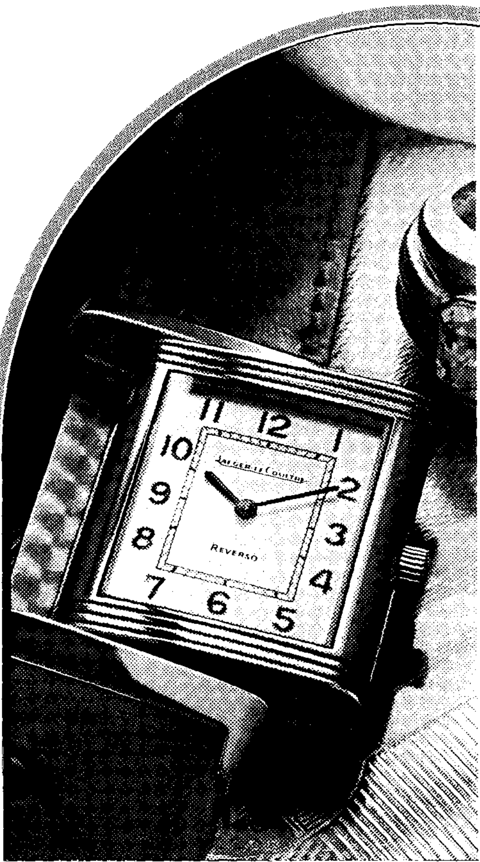
Soon, however, Marsalis will be taking a sabbatical. He will disband his septet in order to spend more time composing, studying the jazz masters, reading history and literature, and planning the next stage in his career. "I have at least three different jobs, and I can't do them all at the same time—or not as well as I would like," he told me. "I want to help train more musicians. I want to expand into big-band work. It's hard to get the musicians I'll need, unless I train them in the style I want."

Marsalis himself was trained in both classical and jazz performance styles, and I asked him about the relation classical music has to his composition. "The composing I do is influenced strongly by the work of Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington, and Thelonious Monk," he said. "I enjoy playing classical music, but it hasn't had much of an influence upon my composing, except in the sense that I love Beethoven and his late string quartets. I also love Bartók and Hindemith. But classical music is different from jazz in how it's constructed. In jazz composing, you're always thinking of the rhythm section. That's a fundamental difference between the two forms of writing. There are similarities, like riffs, call-and-response, solo voices answering each other, antiphonal and contrapuntal lines. But in jazz you're really writing songs and statements to be improvised upon."

If as a composer Marsalis immerses himself in the old masters of the jazz tradition, as a performer he is also known for his command of the classical repertoire, and he credits the great French classical trumpeter Maurice André with being a major inspiration. Marsalis is the only trumpeter to have won Grammy awards in both jazz and classical categories. Since 1982, he has recorded some twenty jazz albums and nearly a dozen classical. One of the most popular of his classical albums is "Baroque Duet," which he made with the soprano Kathleen Battle. Battle, whom Marsalis describes as an "impeccable musician," sings the popular as well as the classical repertoire; like Marsalis, she has been described as a "crossover" artist.

Of course, Marsalis is also a crossover artist in the sense that he plays for both aficionados and large, diverse audiences. His extraordinary versatility was evident in a series of performances he gave last May. Early in the month, Marsalis and Battle appeared onstage at the New York Shakespeare Festival's Spring Gala in Central Park, collaborating in graceful renditions of George and Ira Gershwin's "Embraceable You" and Duke Ellington's "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good." In mid-May, Marsalis was off to London, where he played the Haydn Trumpet Concerto at St. James's Palace, in a benefit performance for the Family Welfare Association, a charity whose official patron is the Queen. (Marsalis says the Queen and Princess Margaret, whom he met, impressed him as "soulful" people.) On May 26th, Marsalis interrupted rehearsals with his septet in New Orleans to fly back to New York and play at a memorial service for Ralph Ellison, who had died in April. Ellison was a longtime devotee of mainstream jazz—before he turned to fiction writing, in the late nineteen-thirties, he had hoped to become a composer and to master the trumpet—but he was also, simply as a creative artist, a role model for Marsalis.

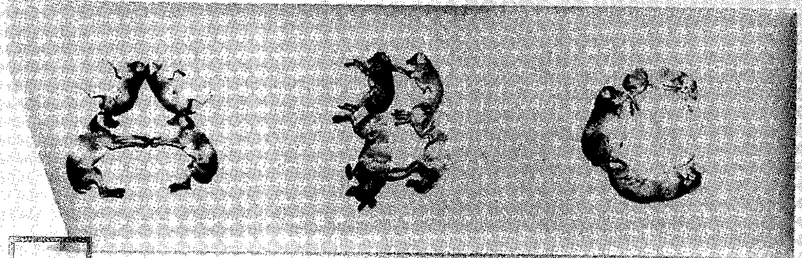
The memorial service took place in the Beaux-Arts auditorium of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, an élite institution to which Ellison had been elected many years earlier. A classical ensemble played a short selection from Bach. There was a solo by the young jazz pianist Cyrus Chestnut. And there were eloquent eulogies by various luminaries. Marsalis then took the stage, sleek and elegant in a double-breasted suit. ("When you see me on the bandstand, I'm always going to look sharp," Marsalis once told an interviewer. "How can you get respect from an audience when you come on the bandstand looking like a bum?") The first notes he played, from Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust," were as stately as his attire. He told the crowded auditorium that Ellison had loved the music of Duke Ellington and had once had the chance to audition for a trumpet chair in Ellington's band—"but Ralph missed


JAEGER-LECOULTRE

REVERSO
The original reversible watch handcrafted continuously since 1931... the world's oldest unchanged timepiece. Mechanical or quartz movement for him or her.
Available in all stainless steel, stainless steel and 18K gold and all 18K yellow or pink gold. Bracelet models also available. From $2,490 to $16,600.

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • SHOP-AT-HOME: 1-800-348-3332


Editions by Artists

A/D

WILLIAM WEGMAN
Alphabet border wallpaper

560 BROADWAY NEW YORK 10012 (212) 966 5154

'94 SATIRE CD
GREAT GIFT!
UNIVERSAL UN-COVERAGE
THE YEAR OF LIVING SHAMELESSLY
$15.95 plus S&H - V/MC
Available on Cassette
SOUNDBITES®, As Heard On National Radio
CALL 1•800•662•8866

ChefsChoice®
"My recipe for incredibly sharp knives...
ChefsChoice® diamond hone® sharpeners"
Craig Claiborne
FOOD CRITIC AND COOK BOOK AUTHOR
for a store in your area, call Edgecraft Corp., (800) 342-3255

✳ There's
Delectable fine dining ✳
no such
✳ Candlelight tours
thing as
Galleries ✳
the dead
Concerts ✳ Theatre ✳
of winter
Romantic getaways
✳ here. ✳

Don't hibernate. Come to Rhode Island this weekend. For more information, call 1-800-556-2484.

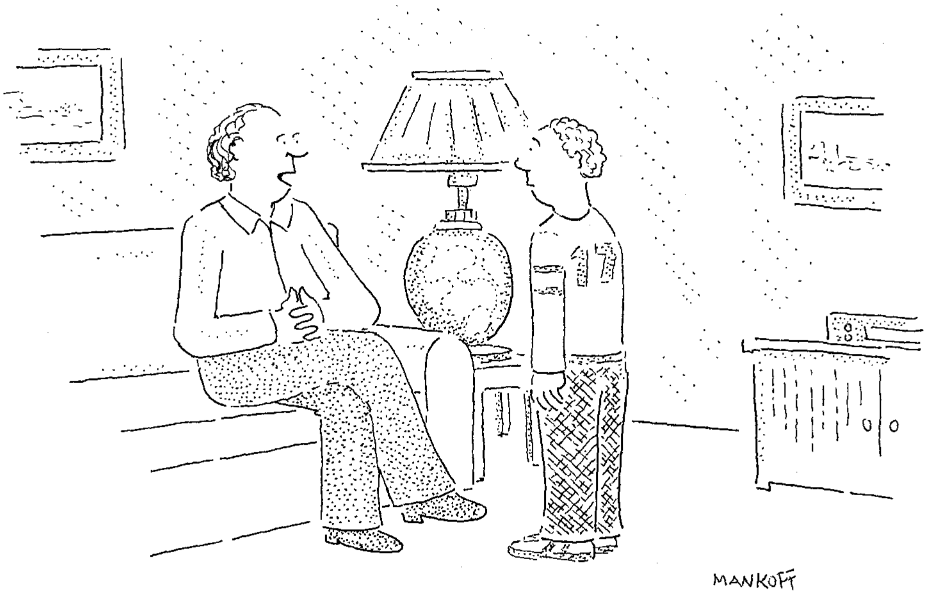
RHODE ISLAND
America's First Resort

HUNT NO FURTHER

From the Windsor House Collection
Our unique Windsor Duck lapel pin with diamond eye and enameled head and wing in shades of green.
14 k $665. *holiday price* $498.
18 k $798. *holiday price* $599.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
MC/Visa welcome. Color folio available.
800-827-6199

J. Austin Forbes
London Fine Jewellery

SANIBEL & CAPTIVA
ISLANDS
There's a pair of sundrenched shell-laden islands off the Gulf coast of Florida where you can explore miles of natural sugar-sand beaches & vacation in a fully equipped condominium or private home. Sound tantalizing?
800-237-6008
Island Accommodations
PMR Priscilla Murphy Realty, Inc.
P.O. BOX 5 • SANIBEL, FL 33957



"You'd better ask your grandparents about that, son—my generation is very uncomfortable talking about abstinence."

• •

the gig." With Chestnut at the piano and Ali Jackson on drums, Marsalis played Ellington's "Black and Tan Fantasy," featuring a brilliant trumpet section that ends with a quotation from Chopin's Funeral March. There was a standing ovation when he blew his last note. It might have seemed an odd conclusion to a service for the dead, but Marsalis is from New Orleans, where jazz bands play dirges going to a funeral and up-tempo, high-spirited tunes coming back—a kind of victory over the blues.

EVEN while growing up, Marsalis already displayed signs of precocious authority. His mother, Dolores, remembers that as a boy he talked with the maturity of a man. His older brother Branford, himself a superstar of the jazz saxophone, recalls Wynton lecturing him on musical ethics and standards. He describes Wynton as his mother's son, telling a writer earlier this year, "My father was somebody who was more likely to let shit pass, like me. My mother—and this is where Wynton comes in—she's more interested in letting people know that she's wise to their bullshit." There are six Marsalis brothers, four of them musical. Their father, Ellis, a highly regarded jazz pianist and the director of the Jazz Studies Program at the University of New Orleans, may be said to have produced a small orchestra of his own. An all-Marsalis performing ensemble would have Ellis leading on piano, Wynton on trumpet, Branford on saxophone, Delfeayo on trombone, and Jason on drums.

By the age of fifteen, Wynton was becoming fluent in both the jazz and the classical idioms of the trumpet. At sixteen, he played the Haydn Trumpet Concerto with the New Orleans Civic Orchestra. When he was seventeen, he began to make his mark in the world of jazz. *Newsweek* reported, "The most memorable appearance at the 1978 New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival was the most unexpected—a skinny kid with glasses and a trumpet who ambled onstage one day during the mid-afternoon lull, hiked up his horn, and blew the top off the jazz tent." Marsalis was by then a skilled imitator of Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, and Freddie Hubbard. The same year, he moved to New York to attend Juilliard. The saxophonist and conductor Loren Schoenberg told me not long ago, "I was studying music theory at the Manhattan School of Music when we began hearing about this phenomenal trumpet player over at Juilliard. It was his classical playing that we first heard about. And when we learned that he also excelled in jazz we were thrilled by the example of this young black man living in two musical worlds." At twenty, Marsalis began to be acclaimed as a new prodigy of the jazz trumpet. And at twenty-one he recorded his first classical album—trumpet concertos by Haydn, Johann Hummel, and Leopold Mozart—which not only won a Grammy award but brought favorable comparisons to his early idol, Maurice André.

Within a year, however, Marsalis had dropped out of Juilliard and joined the Jazz Messengers, a band led by the late Art Blakey. Almost everyone who heard his earliest work with Blakey applauded his technical virtuosity, and almost everyone also said that his playing was too coldly cerebral, that it lacked jazz feeling. But the fatherly Blakey was untroubled, for he was used to developing young musicians in his band. Where others heard limitations, he heard promise. He was convinced that by the age of thirty-five Marsalis would become an all-round genius of the jazz trumpet. Schoenberg said to me, "I think we expected too much of him too soon. He was a first-class classical player before he was nearly as good at playing jazz. Only in the last seven or eight years has he become a great figure in jazz—a preeminent trumpeter, composer, and bandleader."

"I really didn't know what I was doing at first," Marsalis told me. "I didn't know you had to *construct* a jazz solo. I was just playing chords. I was just learning the true art form. But I was fortunate to play with Art Blakey when I did. I gained from him a conception of professionalism and musical integrity. (Marsalis has dedicated his new book to "the great Art Blakey.")

There were two other strong influences on Marsalis's apprenticeship in mainstream jazz. One was Stanley Crouch, a former drummer and a lifelong student of jazz, which he calls "the noble sound." Soon after hearing Marsalis in Blakey's band, Crouch befriended him. Like Blakey, he was impressed by the young trumpeter's potential but thought he needed more seasoning in the aesthetics of traditional musicians like Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong. Crouch lent Marsalis old recordings and engaged him in long, late-night discussions. Crouch also introduced him to the critic and novelist Albert Murray, and thus to what might be called a higher level of instruction. A leading aesthetician of swing and the blues, Murray had been a confidant of Ellington and Count Basie; his book "Stomping the Blues" is considered—along with Gunther Schuller's "Early

Audemars Piguet
ONLY THE FEW WILL
OWN A CEO DUAL ZONE
For the few who cross the Atlantic as often as they cross the Potomac. Dual zone watch with automatic movement; power reserve and date. Available in 18K gold or platinum. From $16,000 to $26,500.
TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK • GENEVA
PALM BEACH • BAL HARBOUR
SOUTH COAST PLAZA
Seventh Avenue & 34th St • Madison Avenue & 52nd St • Madison Avenue & 59th St
SHOP AT HOME: (212) 758-6234 • 1-800-348-3332

Now your dog can carry the kitty
Yup, your pup holds keys, cards and cash when you can't
Clip-on bag with inside zippered pocket & card holder securely attaches to the matching collar. Rugged latigo leather. Brass hardware. 1" collar width.
Closed bag measures 4" x 3 1/4"
Wig Wag™ leather bag & collar $60
S (14"-18") M (18"-22") L (22"-26") XL (26"-30")
Matching 4' leather leash $40
(not pictured)
Comes in Black and Saddle • Shipping and handling additional
Order before Dec 21 to get your gift before Christmas
WiG WaG™
1-800-WIGWAG8
24 hours, 7 days a week • Visa/Mastercard/American Express • NY residents, please add sales tax.
© 1994 Wig Wag

Martinelli's GOLD MEDAL®
Since 1868
Sparkling Cider
DELIGHTFULLY
NON-ALCOHOLIC
There's Nothing like it!
Dept. N, Box 1868, Watsonville CA 95077

DMT®
Crystal Saver
DIAMONDS
SMOOTH THE EDGE
The 4-inch diamond half-round file, easily and quickly smoothes the jagged edges edges of chipped crystal, china, ceramics. Simply moisten and rub back and forth.
Only $19.50 2 for $35 3 for $51
1-800-666-4DMT Major Credit Cards
DMT® DIAMOND MACHINING TECHNOLOGY INC. Dept.NY24
85 Hayes Memorial Dr., Marlborough, MA 01752

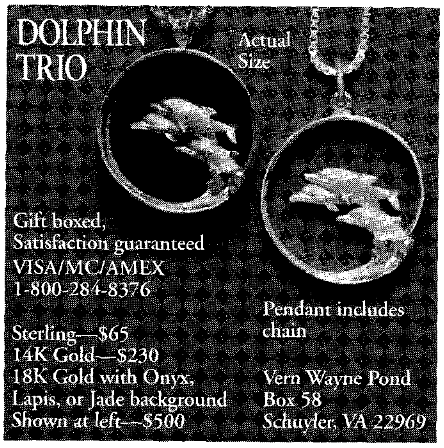
You can't live on dreams. But you can visit them...

...at Cobblers Cove, on the beautiful island of Barbados. Overlooking white beaches and shimmering turquoise waters, this member of the exclusive Relais & Chateaux brings back all the charm of an English country house.

This winter, fly British Airways Concorde from New York in just over two hours and make your dreams come true.

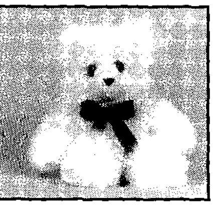
Come to Cobblers Cove and make your dreams come true.

For information or reservations call:
1 800 890 6060
Cobblers Cove
Barbados
Relais & Chateaux



DOLPHIN TRIO
Actual Size
Gift boxed,
Satisfaction guaranteed
VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-284-8376
Sterling—$65
14K Gold—$230
18K Gold with Onyx,
Lapis, or Jade background
Shown at left—$500
Pendant includes chain
Vern Wayne Pond
Box 58
Schuyler, VA 22969

ARS FEMINA ENSEMBLE
WRITING WOMEN BACK INTO MUSIC HISTORY
New Release: Francesca Caccini's opera (1625)
"The Liberation of Ruggiero from the Isle of Alcina"
★★★★★ "Exemplary." - Charles Osborne in *BBC Music Magazine*
$18 - CD, $12 - Cassette + $2 shipping
For information about recordings, sheet music, and concerts of music by 17th and 18th century women composers on original instruments, write or call
ARS FEMINA•P.O. BOX 7692•LOUISVILLE•KENTUCKY•40257•(502) 897-5719



FUR TEDDY
Luxuriously Soft
Adorably Individual
White, Brown, or Beige
14" High – $79 + $5 s/h
1-800-4-ALPACA
(Please call 10AM-4PM PST)

Jazz" and Martin Williams' "The Jazz Tradition"—one of the best interpretative studies of that music. Murray broadened and deepened Marsalis's understanding of the historical spirit and dynamics of jazz.

"Crouch and Murray have had a profound effect upon how I think," Marsalis told me. "Crouch and I have been talking for more than twelve years. When I was nineteen and twenty, he helped me to understand the magnitude of jazz as an art form. The thing about Stanley and Albert Murray is the breadth of their knowledge. When I meet them, we talk a lot about history and art and culture." Murray, something of a polymath, has instructed Marsalis in modern painting, Greek drama, and the work of such novelists as Hemingway, Faulkner, and Thomas Mann. (Stanley Crouch thinks that Marsalis may be the only jazz musician to have read Mann's "Joseph and His Brothers.")

"From Albert Murray I learned to envision things on a grand scale," Marsalis told me. "To recognize the continuity of mainstream jazz as a process of extension, elaboration, and refinement. So that the critics who once said that I couldn't play real jazz now say that my music is too conservative. Sometimes I wish they would just ask me what I'm doing, instead of trying to tell me what I'm doing. I don't consider my music to be conservative. I'm not trying to re-create or preserve the past. I'm presenting certain fundamentals of the past, using them to inform my modern expression." Much of this can be heard in Marsalis's Ellington-influenced extended works—particularly "Blue Interlude," "Citi Movement," "In This House on This Morning," and "Blood on the Fields."

But isn't there a risk that such an engagement with jazz's historical achievements may turn contemporary jazz into merely an archival affair? "My job is to articulate for my generation the swing and blues elements of traditional jazz," Marsalis argued. "There is no true jazz that is without swing and the blues. So I'm using traditional material in a new spirit, redefining the past for *this* time." In that sense, Marsalis presents himself as part of a historical progression from Duke Ellington, negotiating a space between—in T. S. Eliot's famous terms—tradition and the individual talent.

Despite Marsalis's readiness to stand against all comers, on and off the bandstand, there are fewer signs of his scrappiness today than there have been in the past, particularly during the nineteen-eighties. "He's maturing. He still talks too much, but not as much as he used to," George Wein, the great jazz impresario and one of Marsalis's admirers, told me. At an early point in his stardom, Marsalis even jousted with the jazz icon Miles Davis, over Davis's decision to abandon "true jazz" in favor of the more popular and profitable electronic fusion music of the nineteen-seventies. "Fewer and fewer black musicians were playing jazz and I could see why, because jazz was becoming the music of the museum," Davis wrote in his autobiography. Marsalis felt that survival of the classical jazz idiom was endangered by the desertion of older exemplars like Davis. Consequently, Davis said, "The more famous he became, the more he started saying things—nasty, disrespectful things—about me. . . . I've disagreed with and spoken out about many musicians I didn't like, but never against someone who influenced me the way I had influenced Wynton's playing."

The dispute reached a boiling point in 1986, when, during a concert Davis was giving, Marsalis suddenly appeared on the bandstand, clutching his trumpet as if for battle. In his autobiography Davis recalled, "I was so mad at him for doing . . . that, I just said, 'Man, get the fuck off the stage.' "

THESE days, Marsalis seems less the young turk and more the éminence grise. Certainly, Marsalis's career, like Davis's, has opened up opportunities for younger musicians, most of whom might otherwise have shied away from playing serious jazz. Today, a number of them, encouraged by the jazz renaissance that Marsalis has helped to lead, have signed rich recording contracts, and tour the country with their own bands. "I would call young trumpet players like Roy Hargrove and Terence Blanchard my musical progeny, but I don't think they would like to hear me saying that," Marsalis told me. "I don't think they'd want to acknowledge my influence, and they may be correct. It's their right to establish their own independence."

Marsalis speaks with the magnaminity of someone whose artistic

'TIS THE SEASON TO GIVE

THE NEW YORKER

THE NEW YORKER
JOHN WANAMAKER
BONWIT TELLER
B. ALTMAN
Best & Co.

© 1993 The New Yorker Magazine Inc.

ACT NOW, RELAX LATER

When the holiday shopping rush begins in earnest, you can sit it out, provided you've done the right thing beforehand.

Namely, given *The New Yorker* to special friends. Why not do it now?

You'll save time *and* money. Give one subscription and pay just $32. That's 50 weekly issues for a low 64 cents an issue. If you give more than one gift, each additional gift costs you only $20, or just 40 cents an issue.

And giving *The New Yorker* is so easy. Just use the attached card, or, if it's missing, write to: *The New Yorker,* P.O. Box 52312, Boulder, CO 80322-2312.

FOR EVEN FASTER SERVICE, CALL TOLL-FREE:
1-800-444-7630.

2X20

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVERTISEMENT

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

R.S.V.P.

AN INVITATION TO RESPOND DIRECTLY TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS BY TELEPHONE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Steuben. Since 1903 Steuben has been an internationally recognized source for innovative American crystal. On December 8, 15, and 22 from 6 to 8 P.M. we invite you to come in from the cold for a taste of Godiva Liqueur. (At Fifth Avenue and 56th Street Manhattan location only.) For information or catalog, call: **1-800-424-4240.**

BOOK NEWS

Harcourt Brace. Read *How To Travel With A Salmon & Other Essays* by Umberto Eco, the new book by the best-selling author of *The Name of the Rose* and *Foucault's Pendulum.* At bookstores now or call: **1-800-543-1918.**

St. Martin's Press. *The Willows in Winter.* The perfect gift for the holiday season is William Horwood's charming sequel to *The Wind in the Willows.* Available in bookstores, or by calling: **1-800-288-2131.**

CULTURAL ATTRACTIONS

The Museum of Modern Art. Painting, sculpture, photography, architecture, design, film, video. For exhibition and film schedule, call: **1-212-708-9480.** For membership information, call: **1-212-708-9696.** For Sette MoMA Restaurant reservations, call: **1-212-708-9710.**

FINANCIAL SERVICES

The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A. Chase PC Banking puts you in complete control of your money any time, any place, from your desktop or notebook PC. For more information, call: **1-800-CHASE-24.**

Defined Asset Funds. Portfolios of stocks, bonds, and securities. Merrill Lynch, Smith Barney, PaineWebber, Prudential, Dean Witter. Call: **1-800-562-2926, ext. 189.**

John Nuveen & Co. Incorporated. Looking for *attractive tax-free income?* Nuveen has specialized in tax-free investments for nearly 100 years. Send for a prospectus or contact your investment adviser. **1-800-781-4085.**

FOOD & BEVERAGES

Send Florida Sunshine ⅓ Off! ½ Bushel Indian Navel Oranges and Ruby Red Grapefruit. Regular price $29.95. Your price $19.98. Free Delivery. **1-800-678-1154, Item 31RN, Dept. DD1.**

HEALTH CARE

Cancer Treatment Centers of America™. "A place that believes in treating the whole person, not just the cancer." To speak to an oncology information specialist, or receive literature by mail, please call: **1-800-234-2406.**

Duke Center for Living. Combined medical/lifestyle retreat programs designed to prevent and treat chronic diseases (heart, obesity, diabetes, pulmonary), including adults with health risks. Durham, NC. Call: **1-800-235-3853.**

HOME FURNISHINGS

Country Casual Garden Furnishings. A 64-page catalogue of natural teak and painted mahogany furniture, modular trelliswork, and arbors. Immediate shipment from stock. Country Casual pays the freight. **1-301-540-0040.**

MEDIA

International Herald Tribune. Now the global village has its own hometown newspaper...and you can have it on your doorstep every morning in time for breakfast! For risk-free subscription offer, call: **1-800-882-2884.**

MOTOR VEHICLES

Cadillac – Creating a Higher Standard. For more information about the 1995 Cadillac, call: **1-800-333-4CAD.**

RETAIL FASHION

Loro Piana. Discover the timeless elegance of Loro Piana Italian fabrics. Our Manhattan store at 46 East 61st Street features everything for the finest wardrobes. **1-212-980-7961.**

Warm Things. Surround yourself with the warmth and elegance of goose down. Our robes and matching slippers come in a variety of colors and are fully guaranteed. LOOK FOR OUR AD, FEATURING THE ROBE, IN THIS ISSUE OF THE MAGAZINE. To order, call: **1-415-472-2154.**

RETAIL SUNDRY

Daedalus Books. Erudite. Opinionated. Distinctive. Seven catalogs a year featuring the finest literary remainders. Call: **1-800-395-2665.**

Endless Pools, Inc. Swim at home in an 8'x15' pool against a smooth current adjustable to any speed. Economical to run and easy to install indoors or outdoors. **1-800-732-8660.**

Exposures. Gift givers and photo enthusiasts will appreciate the vast array of unique frames, archival albums, shoe-box photo-files, and decorative furniture. For a free catalog, call: **1-800-572-2502.**

Georgetown Tobacco. The finest selection of handmade cigars – gourmet series available, custom flavored tobacco, unique pipes and accessories. Catalogue: $2.50. **1-800-345-1459.**

Levenger. Enhance your reading and writing environments with "Tools for Serious Readers." Levenger specializes in furniture, lighting, and gifts for readers and writers. **1-800-544-0880.**

TRAVEL

1 800 CALL ATT. No matter where you travel in the U.S., Know The Code and your calling card calls will always get through from any phone. Dial: **1-800-CALL-ATT.**

Arizona Office of Tourism. To help plan your Arizona adventure, you'll appreciate our colorful 96-page calendar of events. All free. Call: **1-800-842-8257.**

Asian Affair Holidays – Singapore Airlines. Flexible tour program for the independent traveler offers surprisingly affordable all-inclusive vacation packages to Asia. For a free brochure, call: **1-800-742-3133.**

Fascinating Malaysia and Surprising Singapore. Two great countries that offer a wonderful potpourri of the East in one great, unforgettable holiday. For a free brochure, please call: **1-800-900-7788.**

Florida Division of Tourism. One Florida Many Faces™ – Discover the many faces of Florida in your FREE Florida Vacation Guide. Call: **1-904-487-1462.**

The 200-page Caribbean Vacation Planner... the most comprehensive guide to planning the best vacation to thirty sun-filled, soul-soothing, spirit-lifting Caribbean Destinations. For your free copy call: **1-800-356-9999 ext. 225.**

TRAVEL ACCOMMODATIONS

Hotel Bel-Air Mexico. In the tradition of the famed Hotel Bel-Air in Los Angeles, the Hotel Bel-Air Costa Careyes and the Hotel Bel-Air Puerto Vallarta are now offering exceptional Winter Getaway Packages. **1-800-457-7676.**

Hyatt Resorts of the Caribbean. Experience the multiple shades of the magical Caribbean in their most beautiful colors at the Hyatt Resorts of the Caribbean: Aruba, Grand Cayman, Puerto Rico, and St. John. **1-800-233-1234.**

Hyatt Resorts of Hawaii. Discover how your mind can wander into magical places, with spectacular vistas, awe-inspiring coastlines, and mystical people, all at the Hyatt Resorts of Hawaii: Maui, Waikiki, and Kauai. **1-800-233-1234.**

Napili Kai Beach Club – Maui's Most Hawaiian Resort. Fantastic swimming and snorkeling on Napili Bay. Low-rise ocean view units with kitchens and lanais on 10 lavishly landscaped acres. Many amenities and activities. Free brochure. **1-800-367-5030.**

The New York Vista Hotel. The downtown hotel with a different view. For reservations or information, call: **1-800-4NY-VISTA.**

Sanibel and Captiva Islands. A tropical paradise in Southwest Florida. Secluded beaches, golf, tennis, fishing, biking, nature trails, wildlife sanctuary, fine dining, shopping, and ROMANCE. Call Priscilla Murphy Realty. **1-800-237-6008.**

WATCHES & JEWELRY

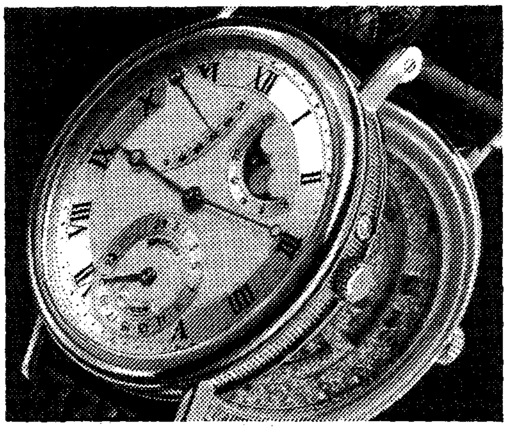
Tourneau®. For every lifestyle, Tourneau's vast, unmatched collection includes fine watches of virtually every model and style. For a free shop-at-home catalog, call: **1-800-348-3332.**

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS TO **THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES**, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036, 212-536-5600.

prominence is buttressed by an institutional position of no little authority. From the start, Jazz at Lincoln Center included not only a repertory orchestra but also complementary activities, like music lectures and educational clinics for young people. In 1991, in an inaugural statement, Marsalis said that the program "would be dedicated to the ideals of making jazz concerts informative as well as entertaining, encouraging public and critical support, and eventually establishing ourselves as a full constituent of the arts at Lincoln Center." And a year later, in the guide to the 1992-93 season, he said, "If we at Lincoln Center can illuminate to the community the true nature of jazz in [a] broad social context, then we will have fulfilled our highest aspirations."

Marsalis's vision of jazz has caused some critics to use the term "neoconservative" in denouncing the artistic philosophy that guides his leadership of the Lincoln Center program. The door to that program, they claim, remains shut against all forms of the avant-garde, and even against forms of traditional jazz that do not meet the standards set forth by Marsalis and his intellectual mentors, Stanley Crouch and Albert Murray. The critic Gene Santoro, writing in *The Nation*, has charged that Marsalis's stance is "based on the politics of exclusion." Anthony Jackson, writing in *Bass Player*, called Marsalis a "megalomaniacal 'arbiter of good taste,' " intent on muzzling more experimental jazz performers. The *Village Voice*, too, has weighed in: "What's on display . . . is less great jazz than the good life available to musicians who get with the neocon program."

Marsalis's reference to "the true nature of jazz" is typical of the formulations that annoy critics of Jazz at Lincoln Center. Is he trying to establish a canon? And, if so, who at Lincoln Center has the right to define such a canon? In fact, as Rob Gibson, the program's director, told me, it *is* an attempt to define a canon, but only for Jazz at Lincoln Center. "Our canon is a representative anthology of jazz creation, jazz as a fine art," he explained. So far, the performance of that anthology has leaned strongly toward the music of Duke Ellington, Jelly Roll Morton, Charlie Parker, Tadd



Breguet
Since 1775

Then, as today, those who shape destiny are quick to pursue that which cannot be imitated, or easily obtained. Legends have sought this watch. Napoleon, Wellington, and the crowned heads to England, France, Italy, Spain and Russia.

So masterfully designed, so rarely seen, that each is still individually numbered on the dial.

18K gold, moon phase calendar watch. See-thru sapphire back reveals hand crafted movement. $28,750.

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • **SHOP-AT-HOME:** 1-800-348-3332

OUR 16th YEAR

Rent Mother Nature®
Lease A Sugar Maple Tree Or Sap Bucket For One Year

A truly memorable CHRISTMAS GIFT. First, we'll send each person on your list a copy of an authentic 1890 TREASURY DEPT. lease, hand-personalized and suitable for framing— plus a GIFT CARD from you. During the harvest each lessee receives PROGRESS REPORTS full of facts & folklore, thus sharing in the adventure of sugaring. In Spring '95, when all the sap has been processed, each Tree Tenant will get at least 50 oz. of the finest 100% pure wood-fired MAPLE SYRUP in decorated jugs (25 oz. guar. to Bucket Borrowers) even more if Mother Nature is bountiful. We do all the work, your friends get the delicious results, you get the raves! **100% satisfaction money back guarantee.**

Tree Lease $39.95 or
Bucket Lease $29.95
Add $3.95 per lease for shipping & handling.
Send for FREE Catalog!

RENT MOTHER NATURE®, Dept. 625
52 New St., Box 193, Cambridge, MA 02238
Phone **(800) 232-4048**
VISA, MC, AMEX, Discover

© 1994, Rent Mother Nature, Inc.

INN ON THE ALAMEDA
"That Enchanting Small Hotel in Old Santa Fe"
- Between Canyon Road and the historic Plaza
- Complimentary Gourmet Breakfast
- Southwestern Hospitality
- Charming Rooms and Suites

800-289-2122

ITALY
WRAPPED TO GO

We wrap up the whole country, Alps to Apulia, into an exciting, eight-page, monthly newsletter full of up-to-the-minute hotel and restaurant reviews and wonderfully practical, inside information. See why the New York Times called us "most sophisticated" and why our readers trust us to steer them straight.

Our red-and-green logo looks great on a holiday gift card. Subscriptions: $54 (U.S.) for 11 issues (outside N. America add $10). Sample issue: $10 (refundable). Last-minute gift announcements are no problem. Full satisfaction or full refund. Send check, Amex, VISA or MC number (with expiration date and phone) to:

the ITALIAN traveler

PO Box 32 Livingston NJ 07039
☎ (800) 362.6978 Fax (201) 994.3847

Dameron, Charles Mingus, and Thelonious Monk. A celebration of Louis Armstrong is being presented next week, and other old masters are to be honored later.

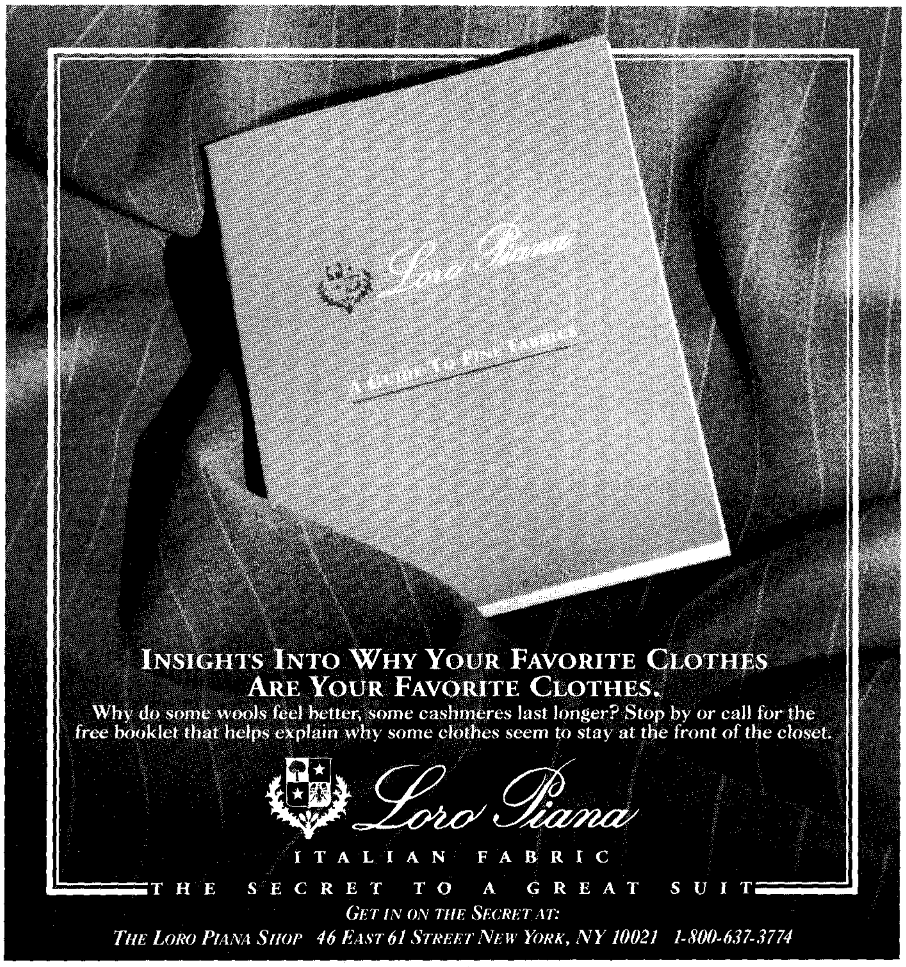
Critics have also accused Marsalis of excluding the work of great white musicians like Bix Beiderbecke, Benny Goodman, Dave Brubeck, and Gil Evans; they argue further that the Lincoln Center orchestra has hired too few white players. George Kanzler, for example, wrote in the Newark *Star-Ledger* in August, 1993, that one of the "unstated goals of Lincoln Center Jazz seems to be affirmative action culminating in an all-black jazz orchestra." The critic Gene Lees, in his new book, "Cats of Any Color," has accused Marsalis of reverse racism. It's a charge that has also come to be associated with the jazz historian James Lincoln Collier.

Some of these issues were aired last August in a debate at Lincoln Center—before a standing-room-only audience—between Marsalis and Collier. The debate originated in an exchange in the *Times Book Review* the previous winter, when Marsalis responded with a bristling letter to a favorable review of Collier's book "Jazz: The American Theme Song," which attacked the conduct of Jazz at Lincoln Center. In the letter, he described Collier as "a poseur who attempts to elevate himself above his subject," and a "man who cannot seriously analyze music." He added, "I am willing to prove this in any public forum where Mr. Collier is willing to come and defend his remarkably shallow assessments." Collier accepted the challenge.

It was a dramatic occasion. Perhaps jazz's most controversial musician was squaring off against one of his most outspoken critics. At the podium, Collier charged that Marsalis had used primarily black players in the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, and had "never really celebrated—had a program on—a white musician."

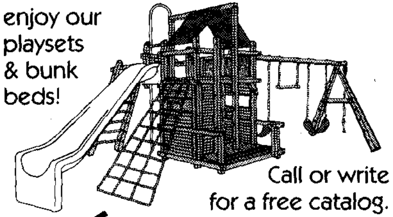
Marsalis pointed out that of the fourteen jazz lectures given so far seven had been delivered by whites; that, as artistic director, he had been hired for his "taste"; that it was taste, not racial considerations, which determined his selection of musicians; that many of the program's players and all three of its conductors had been white.

Collier countered, "You haven't an-


INSIGHTS INTO WHY YOUR FAVORITE CLOTHES ARE YOUR FAVORITE CLOTHES.
Why do some wools feel better, some cashmeres last longer? Stop by or call for the free booklet that helps explain why some clothes seem to stay at the front of the closet.
Loro Piana
ITALIAN FABRIC
THE SECRET TO A GREAT SUIT
GET IN ON THE SECRET AT:
THE LORO PIANA SHOP 46 EAST 61 STREET NEW YORK, NY 10021 1-800-637-3774

IN 13 DAYS YOUR FRIENDS WON'T RECOGNIZE YOU.
What you'll learn will help you exude confidence. Physical well being. Be in control of your medical future. From chronic problems like heart disease and others that demand you take steps now to reduce your risk. It's a program you'll only find at one of the top five medical centers in the country. Duke University Medical Center. Call 1-800-235-3853 today.
DUKE CENTER FOR LIVING
A Prescription For Healthy Living.

Pity the Pickpockets!
Tilley Endurables
Smart-looking, classically styled, comfortable, *"endurable"* travel clothing. *SECRET pockets, SECURITY pockets,* and *"Give 'em hell!"* washing instructions. And, of course, the 'Tilley'—the best outdoor hat in the world.
THE FREE CATALOGUE IS A HOOT!
1-800-884-2704
300 LANGNER RD., WEST SENECA, NY 14224
VISIT OUR STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL & VANCOUVER
We do not solicit the patronage of those who *make* or *promote* tobacco products.


Fun Set!
Fun-rise to fun-set, your child will enjoy our playsets & bunk beds!
Call or write for a free catalog.
woodplay
1-800-WOODPLAY
Dept. NY • PO Box 27904 • Raleigh, NC 27611

swered the question. The fact of the matter is that the preponderance of people you have celebrated have been black. And a preponderance of musicians you've used have been black. . . . And I think that you've got to respond to that. That strikes me as being racist."

"I responded," Marsalis said. "I told you what my job was, and that I was hired for my taste. . . . I am not discriminating against musicians because they are white. . . . Gerry Mulligan was on our show last night. I've played with him many times. I'm not going to go to him and say, 'Why don't you have black people in your band?' . . . That's not the way a musician conducts himself. He plays with the people he feels comfortable playing with. I have our racial breakdown of musicians who have appeared on our stage. One hundred and seventy-eight have been black—that's fifty-six per cent. Ninety-eight have been white—that's thirty-one per cent. Forty-one have been Hispanic—that's thirteen per cent. The administrative director of our program is white. And I challenge you to find any other similar department in the United States of America that has similar types of numbers." This didn't answer all Collier's points, but it certainly defused a major argument of Marsalis's critics. By the evening's end, Marsalis had fully lived up to his reputation for being brash, cocksure, and combative. He had also, most of the audience seemed to agree, won the debate.

In a conversation earlier this year, Marsalis told me, "I am glad the critics are mad, although we are not trying to make them mad. Jazz at Lincoln Center represents *one* aesthetic vision. We do not claim that it is *the* vision. We make the best artistic judgment we are capable of making. But, as I said, I am not angry at the critics. I am willing to meet them at any time, in any public forum. I love that stuff, because jazz is a form of harmony achieved through conflict." Marsalis himself seems to thrive on conflict, too. After he told me about his plans to disband his septet and "take some time off," he quickly added, "But I'm not leaving Lincoln Center." He chuckled, almost roguishly. "Oh no—I am not leaving the battleground." ♦

PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

A PATEK PHILIPPE DOESN'T JUST TELL TIME,
IT TELLS SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF.
Elegant, distinctive classic dress watch. Completely handcrafted in Switzerland. 18K, $7,850.

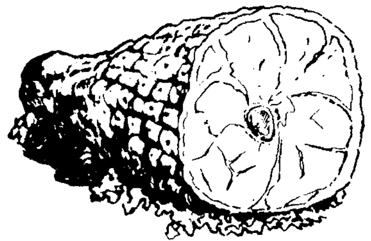
TOURNEAU CORNER®

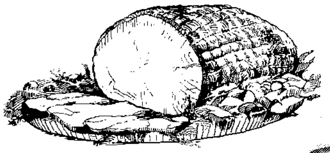
Watch enlarged to show detail.

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • **SHOP-AT-HOME:** 1-800-348-3332

Treat your family and friends to
HARRINGTON'S
Vermont Smoked Ham & Turkey
—now at a $29.00 savings!

★ ★ ★
Order yours now!
Special Introductory Offer
Regular price $68.90
Now only $39.90
Expires 1/27/95





"You won't find a better-tasting ham than the old-fashioned Corncob Smoked Ham I make for Harrington's up here in Vermont. And for turkey lovers, here's our tender, moist and fully-cooked Cob Smoked Boneless Turkey Breast. It's smoky-delicious, 100% white meat with no fillers. You'll love them *both*—and that's my promise or your money back!"

Vern Richburg, Smokemaster

FREE!

Order *your* Harrington's Ham *and* Turkey Breast now (both shipped to same address) at this special combination price and we'll include 6 oz. of our Aged Cheddar and 1/2 lb. Cob Smoked Bacon—free!

HARRINGTON'S 1823 Main Street, Richmond, VT 05477

☐ 123-265 Send your GOURMET PACKAGE: Ready-to-Cook Half Ham (6 lbs.) plus Fully-Cooked Boneless Turkey Breast (2 1/2 lbs.) to same address for only $39.90, plus $6.95 shipping, total $46.85. Includes 6 oz. Cheddar and 1/2 lb. Bacon FREE.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
____________________ Zip ________

☐ Payment Enclosed
☐ Charge my ( ) VISA ( ) MC ( ) AMEX ( ) Diners ( ) Discover
(Include card no. and exp. date, plus your name and address if different from shipping address above.)
Available in Continental US only. Limit 2. Not for retail stores.

RUSH Orders: (802) 434-4444

A CRITIC AT LARGE

READ ALL ABOUT IT

What made the press so snide and aggressive? Everybody blames TV and the tabloids. But an examination of the many recent books on the subject suggests that part of the problem may come from the high-minded guardians of the media—crusaders who have become detached from conviction.

BY ADAM GOPNIK

THERE'S a wonderful moment in Ian Fleming's 1961 novel "Thunderball" that captures the way a certain kind of high-end journalism once worked in America. Ernst Blofeld and SPECTRE—the Special Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge, and Extortion—have stolen a couple of atomic bombs from NATO and are holding the free world for ransom. This is supposed to be top secret, but when James Bond is in the Bahamas, where the bombs are (M figured this out instantly, on a hunch), he picks up the *Times* and notices that Arthur Krock, the leading columnist of his day, has "a heavyweight column about the security aspects of the NATO alliance." The *Times*, Bond speculates grimly, must know all about the missing bombs. It was part of the credibility of the story, in other words (and Fleming, himself a newspaperman, had a peerless sense of how to make local details sell the fantasy), that the *Times*, knowing that SPECTRE and Ernst Blofeld had stolen two atomic bombs and were threatening the entire world, would prudently decide not to panic the public by publishing the news, while allowing Arthur Krock to signal the paper's knowledge to other insiders in a sapient, elliptical column.

Nowadays, the *Times* would put a profile of Blofeld on the front page above the fold ("Controversial Mastermind from Gdynia"), while Anna Quindlen would write a column about the pain of women executioners stuck on SPECTRE's Mommy track—stranded in Revenge, and never promoted to Extortion and Counterintelligence. But in the old days that was how the dispensation of access and collusion between the press and the government really worked: you would find out about Operation Thunderball and would be expected not to write about it. In exchange for access, the reporter would show discretion.

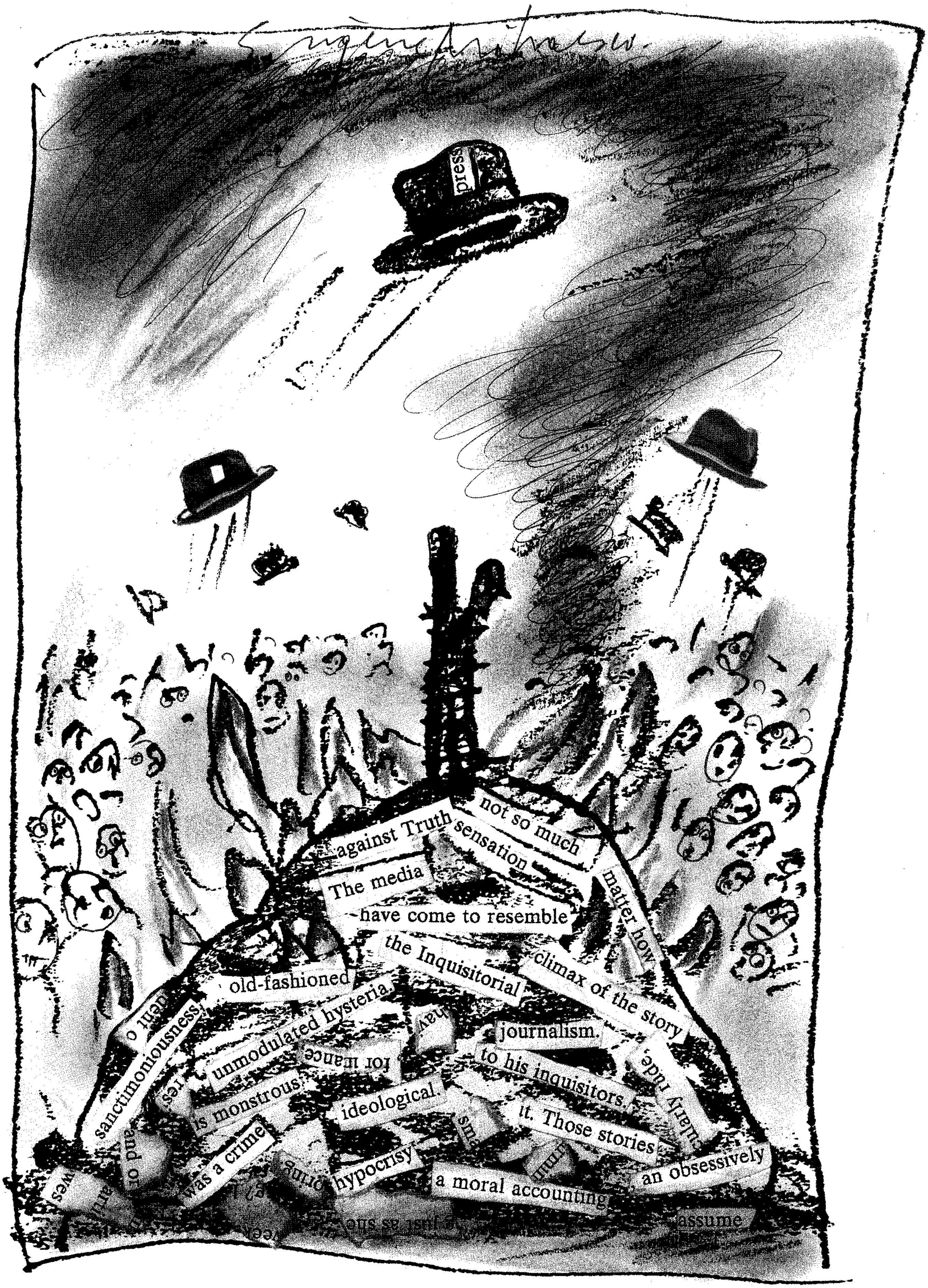
The difference between James Bond's era and our own is pretty apparent. When Tom Clancy introduces a journalist into one of his novels, you can be sure that the only person in the book more unreliable will be a liberal woman. (If the journalist *is* a liberal woman, you will be looking at a portrait of pure evil.) A media that in its upper, more self-conscious reaches—in the *Times*, that is, and in the Washington *Post* and the news magazines and on the big networks—once dealt in quiet signals now sounds loud and acts mean. However you feel about Bill Clinton, no other American President since the eighteen-seventies has been hung up by his thumbs so soon, and left there to hang for so long. To read about the Roosevelts in the White House, with their intimates sleeping upstairs, and the reporters knocking away the Speed Graphic of any photographer who tried to show that F.D.R. was in a wheelchair, and then to contemplate our own moment, with Maureen Dowd announcing on the front page of the *Times* that the President on a trip to Oxford had "returned today for a sentimental journey to the university where he didn't inhale, didn't get drafted, and didn't get a degree," is to consider a change not only in tone, or even in kind, but in worlds.

Clinton is just the most visible object of this malicious manner. It affects everything, from the way that sports reporters write about football games ("It will go down in the books as one of the great chokes in this cursed franchise's history," a scribe reflected in the *Post* recently, after the Jets lost a close game) to the way that religious scholars write about the Old Testament: "King Saul—A Bungler from the Beginning: The Israelites Got the Ruler They Deserved" was a cover line on a recent issue of *Bible Review*. (It is also a manner that has over the years made its way into this magazine, which has published its share of inquisitorial reporting and criticism.)

The particulars of the complaints against the press, though—accusations about what has caused this transformation—have become so diffuse as to be nearly self-cancelling. The media are accused of being populated by fanatic ideologues, ready to twist any fact or blacken any reputation to suit their "agenda," and, at the same time, of being composed of jaded cynics who don't give a damn about anything at all. Torquemadas on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, reporters are assumed to be laptop-pounding Oscar Wildes the rest of the week.

The Torquemada aspect is easy to spot. Though the media have in the past twenty years claimed what amounts to prosecutorial and judicial powers—the right to peer into private lives, turn up old stories, taunt, judge, etc.—they have had, on balance, very few unequivocal successes in proportion to the amount of human misery they have caused. Some of the public figures who have suffered most in the new dispensation—Gary Hart, Dan Quayle, Vincent Foster—were guilty mostly of being human. It is the arbitrary and almost haphazard nature of these shoves from grace, and particularly the tone of self-righteousness that accompanies them, that makes nearly everyone in a public position, from museum administrator to President, feel beleaguered. Any ordinary television viewer who has

EUGENE MIHAESCO


press
against Truth
not so much
sensation
The media
have come to resemble
matter how
the Inquisitorial
climax of the story
old-fashioned
unmodulated hysteria.
journalism.
sanctimoniousness
to his inquisitors.
is monstrous
ideological
it. Those stories
was a crime
hypocrisy
a moral accounting
an obsessively
assume

watched Presidential news conferences over the last couple of Administrations can't have failed to pick up a tone of high-minded moral indignation in the reporters' questions, which seem designed not so much to get at a particular fact or elicit a particular view as to dramatize the gulf in moral stature between the reporters and the President. Not long ago, an interrogator from *USA Today* explained (meaning to be charming? lovable?) that his young daughter thought the President was behaving exactly the way she did when she turned in her homework late. The questions are not particularly rude, or even "hectoring." They merely assume that the President owes a moral accounting, grand or small, to his inquisitors.

SOME BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE

The Press Gang: Newspapers and Politics, 1865-1878
by Mark Wahlgren Summers
(North Carolina, 1994)

The Journalism of Outrage: Investigative Reporting and Agenda Building in America
by David L. Protess, Fay Lomax Cook, Jack C. Doppelt, James S. Ettema, Margaret T. Gordon, Donna R. Leff, and Peter Miller
(Guilford, 1991)

Feeding Frenzy
by Larry J. Sabato
(Free Press, 1991)

News and the Culture of Lying
by Paul H. Weaver
(Free Press, 1994)

Spin Control: The White House Office of Communications and the Management of Presidential News
by John Anthony Maltese
(North Carolina, 1994)

Out of Order
by Thomas E. Patterson
(Knopf, 1993; Vintage, 1993, paperback)

All the President's Men
by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein
(Simon and Schuster, 1974; Touchstone, 1994, paperback)

The Agenda: Inside the Clinton White House
by Bob Woodward
(Simon & Schuster, 1994)

Along with the sanctimony comes a love of sensation far more shameless than anything the boys in "The Front Page" would ever have tried to get away with. A few obsessively overstudied stories seem to seize the entire media and wring them (and us) out, rising to a pitch of hysteria that feels almost sexual. The O. J. Simpson or Tonya Harding stories, for example, appear to follow a narrative plot of lust and exhaustion (and then, occasionally, remorse). Everybody feels, at some level, that this kind of overattention is wrong, but nobody wants to be the first to stop. It is this shamelessness that shades over into what is generally called "cynicism"—that is, a willingness to ascribe base motives to anyone who happens to be the object of attention. (The sanctimony is frequently hard to tell from the the cynicism, of course; they sometimes sound like different names for the same thing.)

Among journalists and reporters, the sense that something has gone wrong with the American media can create a defensiveness that touches the fringe of paranoia. When it comes to accusations of rough play, we have settled on what might be called the Modified Menendez Defense: Hey, they were *asking* for it. Everybody gets it in the neck equally, the argument goes, which is not quite true, and anyway it's beside the point. And the argument that if the press is under attack from all sides it must be doing something right is also specious. If you're attacked from all sides, it's possible that you're doing something right; it's also possible that you are doing everything wrong.

Among those who feel that something has gone awry with the press—and by now so many people do that a whole literature has grown up around the subject—there is a tendency to reduce the recent history of the press to a simple dichotomy: the forces of "tabloid journalism" and those of serious journalism, which are seen to be in constant battle. Carl Bernstein, for example, argues passionately that the "idiot culture" of scandal and sensation has to be constantly countered by a reassertion of the investigative tradition that he champions. In the long run, though, the new attitudes in the press may not have seeped up from the sewer so much as sunk down from the top, and are the consequence of a peculiar twist in the logic of skeptical journalism that Bernstein helped to reinvigorate.

In the past twenty years, the American press has undergone a transformation from an access culture to an aggression culture: the tradition, developed after the Civil War, in which a journalist's advancement depended on his intimacy with power, has mutated into one in which his success can also depend on a willingness to stage visible, ritualized displays of aggression. The reporter used to gain status by dining with his subjects; now he gains status by dining on them. But because his aggression still has to thrive within the old institutions of the commercial press, whose whole point and historical achievement was the suppression of political thought in the interests of an ideal (or at least an appearance) of objectivity, the new culture has forced on the reporter a double life. The media now relish aggression while still being prevented, by their own self-enforced codes, from letting that aggression have any relation to serious political argument, let alone to grown-up ideas about conduct and morality. Aggression has become a kind of abstract form, practiced in a void of ideas, or even of ordinary sympathy. In a grim paradox, the media in America, because their aggression has been kept quarantined from good ideas, have become surprisingly vulnerable to bad ideas. Having turned themselves into a forum for the sort of craziness that was previously kept to the margins of American life, the media have nothing left to do but watch the process, and act as though it were entertaining; the jaded tone and the prosecutorial tone are masks, switched quickly enough so that you can appear active and neutral at the same time. Or, to put it another way, the cynicism and the sanctimony turn out to be a little like electricity and magnetism—two aspects of a single field, perpetuating themselves in a thought-free vacuum.

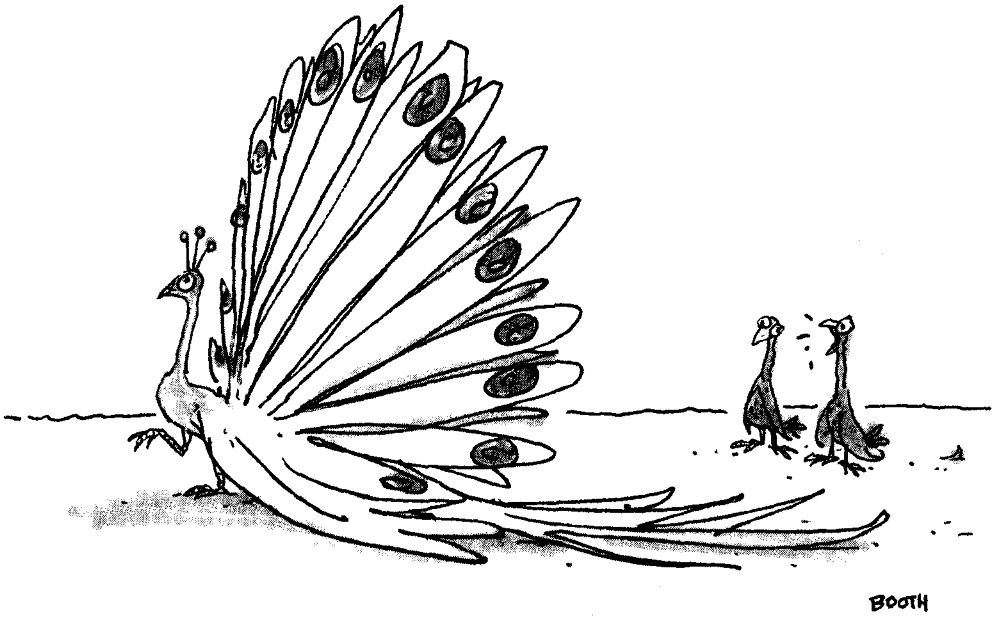
ONE of the overlooked turning points in the history of American journalism occurred in the spring of 1864, after General Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, publicly humiliated a reporter he happened to dislike. In retaliation, as Shelby Foote relates, the Northern press for the rest of the war carried out a complete and successful blackout of his activities, except when his name was connected with a defeat, reducing the hero of Gettysburg to a nonperson. (Every American kid knows, or used to, who *lost* Gettysburg, and how nobly. General Lee knew how to spin.)

The Meade blackout may mark the moment when the American press first realized its power as a more or less unified body, and the consequences of that realization are the subject of "The Press Gang: Newspapers and Politics, 1865-1878," a vivid and entertaining new book by Mark Wahlgren Summers. The book retells a series of absurd episodes in the history of the post-Appomattox press, but Summers has a serious point to make. Briefly, it is that the Civil War produced a largely new profession: "reporting" in the modern sense, in which the reporter not only gets news from a variety of sources but is expected to string it all together into a "story." (Before the war there had mostly been "correspondents," or glorified letter writers, and political news had been taken directly from congressional records.) Once the war was over, many reporters ended up in Washington, in part because the Associated Press had agreed to supply its subscribers with common reports from all locales except Washington (and, of all places, Albany). You had to send your own reporters to the capital, because that was where the competition was.

Papers in the eighteen-seventies were in transition from their prewar role as unapologetic party organs, funded largely by subscriptions and political money, to their modern role as commercial enterprises funded by advertising. The reporters had learned during the war that they had much more power than anyone had previously thought. Now the press, sensing that power, and freed from neat party affiliations, became the vehicle for a kind of free-floating belligerence that would not return until our own time. The favorite targets of the Washington pack were President Grant and Reconstruction: Grant because he was vacillating, weak, and distant; Reconstruction because, like most well-intentioned government social programs, its successes were diffuse and its failures obvious. (Anyone who is inclined to feel nostalgic for the post-Civil War era, before the press was reined in by its owners, ought to recall, as Summers does, that one of its most important contributions to American life was the dissemination of the mythology of Reconstruction, with its vicious carpetbaggers and dim-witted scalawags, which lasted until the day before yesterday.)

Summers also points out that it was James A. Garfield who was perhaps the first American politician to act effectively on the insight that reporters needed access as much as they enjoyed aggression, and that the way to save yourself from the second was to provide the first. The system that Garfield helped invent, in which information was, in effect, exchanged for protection, remained in place for almost a hundred years, both in the national capital and in the local capitals that looked to it for an example. It became the expected thing for an ambitious politician to cultivate reporters, to feed them soup and stories. American journalists, who had previously been just a cut above circus roustabouts, now joined the establishment—or many of them did—and learned, or were taught, an elaborate protocol of "professionalism," objectivity, and self-censorship: "All the News That's Fit to Print." Presidents fed White House correspondents; first basemen fed sportswriters; and Broadway press agents and, later, movie stars fed columnists. The fix was always in: you got access, but at the cost of absolute honesty.

In its upper reaches, the access culture produced results that can look preposterous now. To read, for instance, fifty years of the letters of Walter Lippmann (as compiled in "Public Philosopher," edited by John Morton Blum), the most widely revered American journalist of the first half of this century, is to see how bizarrely intermingled observers and their subjects could become. Lippmann remains vital because he is, to a remarkable degree, still the Great Cham of a "responsible" press. Thomas E. Patterson, the author



"There have been gains for a peahen here and a peahen there, but from a practical standpoint it's still a peacock's world."

of "Out of Order," begins each of his chapters with an epigraph from Lippmann; even Noam Chomsky, the most relentless left-wing critic of the collusion of the press with power, draws his pet phrase "manufacturing consent" (meaning the way that capitalism dictates the media's views) from Lippmann. But if consent is manufactured, Lippmann was its Fabergé. He was admired in his day for a tone of lofty, magisterial disinterestedness—a tone that fills his letters, too. (Lippmann could be lofty about *anything:* "I am very grateful indeed for 'Winnie-the-Pooh.' You are quite right in calling it irresistible.") But, beneath the pose of high-minded detachment, he was involved with the mechanics of governing to a degree that would be almost unthinkable today. (George Will and William Safire may be involved in the process of Republican politics, but they don't try to micro-manage the government.)

Lippmann, in his letters, tenderly thanks Cabinet members for their attentions, proffers advice to generals, offers campaign counsel to candidates (sometimes to two candidates in the same race), and even meets with Polish and Indian ambassadors, for instance, and reports back to the C.I.A.'s Allen Dulles on the results. Lippmann's columns were offered as the ruminations of an independent-minded public man rather than as what they were—a complicated series of signals and compromises, broadcast from one end of the establishment to the other.

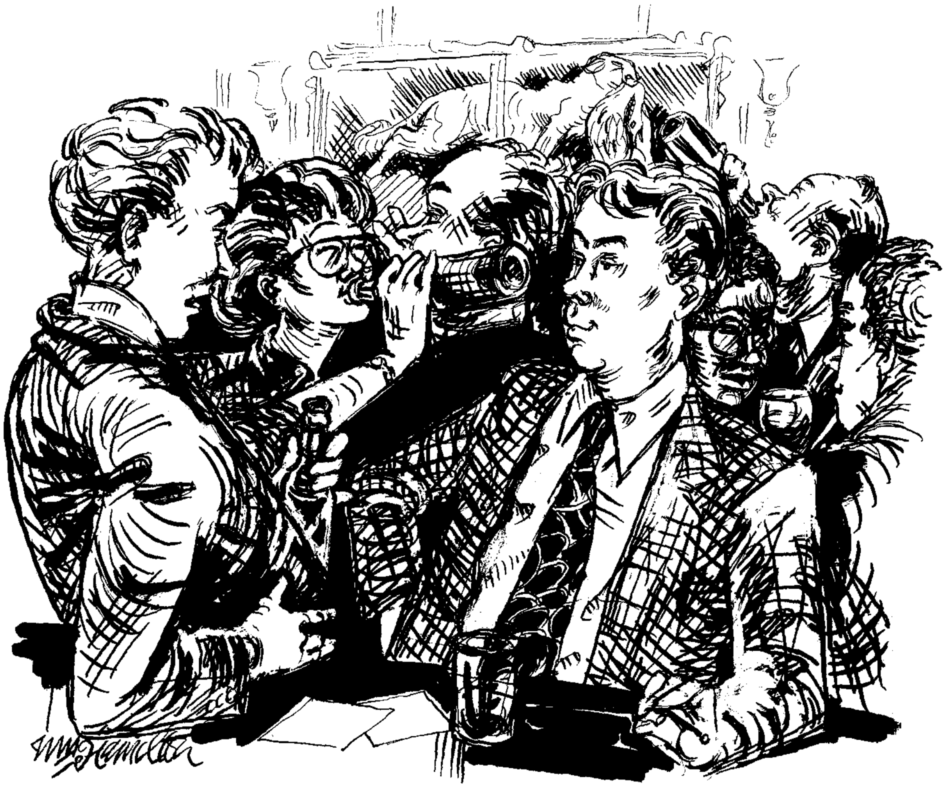
The old collusion has been much mocked and put upon, and it is easy to say what was wrong with it. For a journalist not to print what he or she knew to be true—whether it was that F.D.R. had to have help to take his pants off or that J.F.K. needed help to keep his on—was to enter into a conspiracy to suppress truth. Yet, in view of what the new order has brought about, it's hard not to feel a twinge of nostalgia for the old system. One good thing about an establishment is that it *establishes* things. NATO, the United Nations, the Marshall Plan—to read Lippmann's letters or the memoirs of James Reston is to see how the process that built consensus for all these things worked. When Kennedy confided something to Reston—for instance, that Khrushchev had "savaged" him at their 1961 Vienna summit—Reston may have kept it from his readers the next day, but he didn't put it out of his mind. Discretion about small things seemed a small price to pay for understanding about big ones.

At the lower level, where ordinary reporters worked, the system had its points, too. Anyone who has ever tried to get a long interview with a contemporary ballplayer and then reads, say, the sportswriter Fred Lieb's manically detailed account of Lou Gehrig's wedding reception and married life will be stunned at how much access was once *available.* Whether this was, on the whole, a good or bad thing is hard to decide. Morally, though, knowing vaguely disreputable things about someone which you refuse to print seems indisputably superior to printing vaguely disreputable things about someone just because you happen to know them.

"I hope that isn't real fur."

THE best thing to be said for the access culture was that, almost inadvertently, it produced something truly first-rate, and that was the worldly tradition in American reporting. The old system gave American reporters an efficient, unsentimental education in American realities. Liebling in Providence and Mencken in Baltimore, to name only giants, learned rapidly that corruption and collusion and ambiguity were part of the daily run of democratic life. But they learned, too, that reforming the system was not always a self-evident consequence of exposing its shortcomings. (Liebling's first venture into investigative journalism, as he recounts it, a little ruefully, in "The Wayward Pressman," ended up revealing that the state lunatic asylum operated on the cheap but in the process ruined a frightened and inept Indian technician who had been hired as a pathologist.) Nobody can describe Mencken as "soft" or "in the tank," but his experience made him cautious about judging from a distance what was and was not a sin. When Mencken, for all his reputation as a hatchet man, tried to define his credo, he wrote that the man he had come to mistrust most was the one whose "distinguishing mark is the fact that he always attacks his opponents, not only with all arms, but also with snorts and objurgations—that he is always filled with moral indignation—that he is incapable of imagining honor in an antagonist, and hence incapable of honor himself." The kind of man he admired most was one who had "a serene spirit, a steady freedom from moral indignation, an all-embracing tolerance," he wrote. "Such a man is not to be mistaken for one who shirks the hard knocks of life. On the contrary, he is frequently an eager gladiator, vastly enjoying opposition. But when he fights he fights in the manner of a gentleman fighting a duel, not in that of a longshoreman cleaning out a waterfront saloon. That is to say, he carefully guards his amour propre by assuming that his opponent is as decent a man as he is, and just as honest—and perhaps, after all, right."

The conclusions that the worldly reporters came to were often perverse, or could seem that way. Liebling crowned his career as a reporter with an affectionate book-length paean to Earl Long, a corrupt and half-crazy segregationist governor. But he saw that Long was a more interesting man and, in a complicated way, a greater force for good than the reformers who were his critics. (Long was a segregationist but not a hater; he kept the redneck vote from going overboard.) What the old dispensation, high and low, understood was that the world's work gets done, and always will get done, in the space between official pieties and human possibilities. The press used to recognize the human possibilities; today it sometimes seems to be the chief source of the official pieties. The old, worldly tradition in American newspapering now belongs almost exclusively to diehards like Murray Kempton, whose sometimes deliberately perverse judgments—that a gangster can display more honor than a mayor of New York, or that Richard Nixon had more character than Bill Clinton—often feel like a kind of final Flamboyant Gothic flourish placed by the one remaining craftsman on the peaked roof of the old church.



"Millions is craft. Billions is art."

• •

THE decline of the access culture and, with it, of the worldly tradition in American reporting is, among other things, the latent subject of "Spin Control: The White House Office of Communications and the Management of Presidential News," by John Anthony Maltese, which is out in a newly revised edition. Maltese details the way that the access system, having been weakened by the Kennedys, suffered a fatal blow during the first Nixon Administration and was replaced by a system of prepackaging, in which news was bundled into bits by hired pros and was then sent out into the world over the heads of the reporters. Maltese also shows that the destruction of the old system was a conscious, obsessive ambition of Richard Nixon's. Nixon hated the access system, in part because he saw how Kennedy benefitted from it and in part simply because he was Richard Nixon. He became convinced that television could be used as a transparent medium, allowing the President to speak directly to the people. Maltese produces a wonderful memo from the Nixon White House of 1970, which argued:

> RN's effectiveness in using the television medium is remarkable. This is due, of course, to the tremendous amount of preparation that he takes before making a TV appearance. With the exception of TR, Wilson, and Hoover, RN is probably the only President in this century who still sits down from time to time and completely writes a major speech himself. This makes it possible for him to use the television medium much more effectively than anyone had before him.

The author of this touching tribute to RN's hypnotic powers on TV was none other than RN himself.

Maltese goes on to elaborate the ways that the over-their-heads system got refined and institutionalized by Nixon's successors. That system—of "spin control" and prepackaged information—became an all-purpose model for dealing with the press, used by everybody from a politician running for President to a celebrity running from (or to) *Vanity Fair*. The details, like that memo, are terrific; but Maltese is perhaps too impressed by the mendacity of the people who invented the new system to see that the notion of making an end run around the reporters to the people, even if it worked, had its drawbacks: the reporters were still there, only now they were in a bad mood about having been run around.

The conventional account has it that what happened next was a welcome return to the lost crusading traditions of the American press, whose early history is compactly related in the first chapters of "The Journalism of Outrage: Investigative Reporting and Agenda Building in America," a study of contemporary investigative reporting by seven (count 'em) professors of journalism and communications. As Liebling wrote, the yellow press, as it evolved in the hands of Pulitzer and Hearst, tended to be lubricious rather than strictly investigative; crime rather than political chicanery was its major subject. "The public is interested in just three things: Blood, money, and the female organ of sexual intercourse," a tabloid executive told the young Liebling. The crusading journalism of the turn of the century, on the other hand—the famous "muckraking" that led to the Pure Food and Drug Act and to trust-busting, among many other things—tended to appear mostly in books and middlebrow magazines, and was, or tried to be, systematic rather than sensational in its effect. Those crusaders had causes, and the muck they raked was evidence intended to prove points in which they passionately believed.

The restoration of that tradition and the triumph of the new crusaders during Watergate and in the years just afterward has become a well-loved, not to say a twice-told, tale of the establishment press. ("All the President's Men" is back out in a twentieth-anniversary version, which has the solemn look of a nineteenth-century gift edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress.") In this version of history, the insider and the crusader had at last changed places, to everybody's benefit.

There was a crucial difference, though: the new crusaders had no causes, or were not allowed to admit to them. The men who brought about the President's fall did not want to be seen to be trying to do so. A telling moment in "All the President's Men" occurs when Woodward—who at that point had a clearer picture of Nixon's dishonesty than anyone—blandly refuses to cast a vote against him in the 1972 election. The new aggression had to be attached, understandably, to an elaborate show of impartiality. What no one could have foreseen was that this pointed the way, in the long run, to the current style—to abstract aggression, divorced from wisdom or any real moral experience.

A related point is well made in "The Journalism of Outrage." Looking closely at what actually happened in six different episodes of investigative reporting, on television and in newspapers, the authors discovered that, while the reporters themselves passionately believed in a Mobilization Model of their actions—reporter sees wrong; reporter investigates wrong; reporter publishes truth; people act; reporter collects prize—most of them were hostage to the interests of a "policymaker" (an insider), with whom they had joined in an alliance. What actually happens is more like: disgruntled insider has grievance; insider finds reporter to tell it to; insider chuckles to himself as reporter's story makes other insiders miserable; reporter collects prize. "Adversarial" journalists nearly always depend for their information on people with a grievance to air, and are as much hostage to the interests of these people as the old journalists were to the people *they* had access to. "Mutually self-interested ad hoc alliances appear to be commonplace," the team concluded. The press, trying to become independent, remained just as much of a conduit as it had been before. The aggression culture is often just an access culture with a fright mask on.

But even on the worried, honest terms in which Woodward and Bernstein presented their work, there is in it a kind of implicit bad faith. Woodward's new book, "The Agenda: Inside the Clinton White House," is the fruit of the Watergate aggressiveness, still paying dividends twenty years on, and still being presented in the same terms—disinterested investigation, without fear or favor or prejudice. Yet what is so odd about Woodward's books is the disparity between the elaborate, and doubtless quite sincere, claims of impartiality and the comically obvious system of rewards and punish-

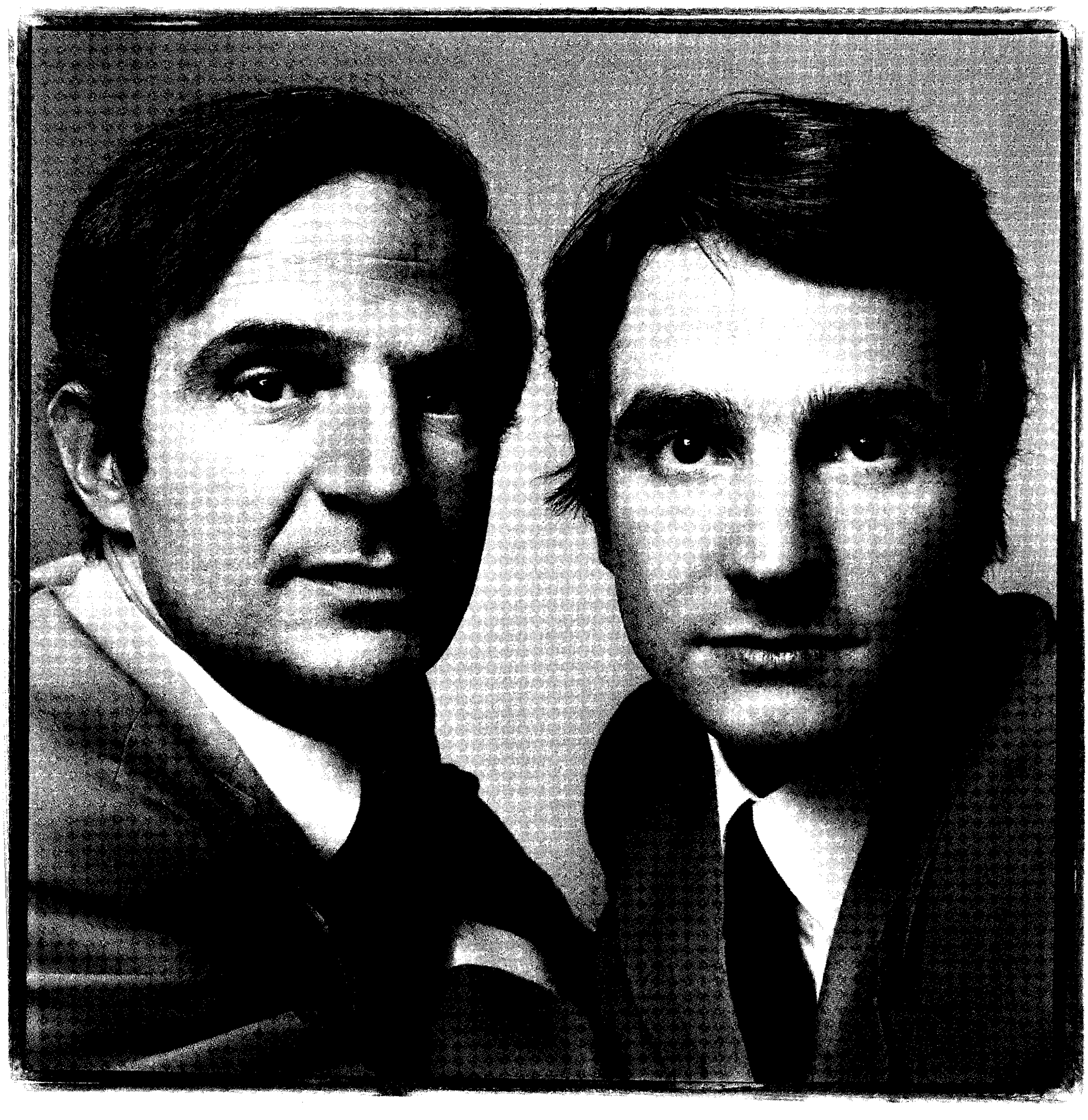
---

SHOWCASE

TRUFFAUT'S TWIN

In the fall of 1958, a young film-maker named François Truffaut searched for someone to play François Truffaut—or, rather, a teenage version of him, whom he called Antoine Doinel—and he found Jean-Pierre Léaud. "Jean-Pierre," the director later wrote, "was, like Doinel, solitary, anti-social, and on the verge of rebellion." At the end of the film "The 400 Blows," Truffaut froze an image that depicted those qualities indelibly, and fixed forever in viewers' minds an eerie convergence of identities: the boy standing on a deserted beach, gazing straight into the camera, with a gray, cold-looking sea behind him, was simultaneously Truffaut, Doinel, and Léaud. For the next twenty years, the director and the star would periodically keep us posted on Doinel's progress. They couldn't just leave him stranded on the shore: the whole world wanted to adopt him.

From December 16th to January 5th, the Film Society of Lincoln Center is presenting a fourteen-film Léaud retrospective which offers the full Doinel cycle—"The 400 Blows," "Antoine and Colette" (a segment from the 1962 anthology film "Love at Twenty"), "Stolen Kisses" (1968), "Bed and Board" (1970), and "Love on the Run" (1979)—and an impressive selection of the actor's other work. The Léaud we see in Godard's "Masculin-Féminin" (1966) and "La Chinoise" (1967) and in Jean Eustache's "The Mother and the Whore" (1973) isn't Doinel, but he remains solitary, anti-social, and on the verge of rebellion. In his later movies, like Aki Kaurismäki's "I Hired a Contract Killer" (1990), he displays a highly original kind of comic melancholy, the odd vitality of a middle-aged survivor. Léaud is fifty now. He has begun to take on the look of a Beckett character: resourceful but somehow burdened—as if his pockets were full of stones he had found on the beach thirty-six years ago. The great final shot of "The 400 Blows" loaded him with the weight of representing an entire generation that felt orphaned and defiant, and he has carried it with unusual grace. —TERRENCE RAFFERTY



François Truffaut and Jean-Pierre Léaud, photographed by Richard Avedon in Paris, June 30, 1971.

"Make it a double, Al. It's been hell in Toyland."

ments. The system seems to work like this: If you talk to the reporter, you are portrayed as worried, honest, disturbed, and thoughtful, and other people are quoted talking about how worried, honest, disturbed, and thoughtful you are. Keep your mouth shut, out of loyalty or discretion, and all the worried, honest, disturbed, and thoughtful people will be talking about how worried and disturbed they are about *you.* A whole cast of subsidiary figures has become to a certain kind of investigative reporting what nymphs and sylphs were to pastoral poetry: slightly unreal representations of the writer's necessities—the "friend," who can be counted on to say something unfriendly; the "thoughtful observer," whose thoughts mimic those of the writer; the "concerned" protagonist. This is not to say that what Woodward writes is not true, or mostly true, but, rather, that his is a truth arrived at through a polite extortion: nice little White House you have here—hate to see something bad happen to it.

At the same time, as James Fallows pointed out in a review of "The Agenda" in the *Washington Monthly* earlier this year, the elaborate pretense of objectivity and impartiality means that everything is levelled out: real intellectual debates are placed on the same plane as gripes about unreturned telephone calls. No one can be portrayed as being right even though "disorganized," for example, since judgments about right and wrong are exactly what the reporter has disallowed himself in advance. The "disorganization" may then become the sum of the characterization. By placing intellectual differences on the same level as personal squabbles, the Woodward system inevitably tends to discount the importance of ideas.

EVENTUALLY, it was plain that the way ahead for a journalist might lie in being aggressive not in order to accomplish something but simply in order to be seen to be aggressive. Aggression became essentially risk-free for the aggressor. On occasion, feelings may be hurt, and even a friendship or two ended, but this is rare, since the rituals demand good fellowship, and hurt is reinterpreted as "defensiveness," a weird American coinage.

Yet no one can confess to aggression for advancement's sake, so it has to be defended with an elaborately detailed prospectus of disinterestedness. I recall, for instance, seeing on C-SPAN a young reporter who had done some very good, and aggressive, pieces about the religious right. After describing what he'd seen and how it worked, he said, in effect, "Of course, I don't have an opinion about the subject one way or another." What he meant, of course, was "I have my views, but I struggle to be fair-minded and not print lies, even about people I don't admire," or, more honestly, "I am surrounded by so many people who are making sure that my opinions don't take over from my reporting that even if I wanted to take sides it would be hard to do."

Beneath the studied disingenuousness that the new aggression demanded, there was a deeper unreality. The media, no matter how aggressive they might become, were never going to be free or independent in the truest sense. They remained big, profit-seeking businesses, and journalists, whatever else they might be, were employees of those businesses. The economic pressures on journalists were not usually pressures forcing them to conform to the politics of their publisher. Most often, it was not ideological purity that was demanded so much as, simply, "stories," and those stories sounded better if they were tough. As Michael Arlen pointed out in the seventies, pure, unmodulated belligerence and hostility had become a favorite American form of entertainment. What people had begun to want was to see someone—Howard Cosell, say, or Archie Bunker—get mad for no particular reason.

It's obvious why editors demand a particular kind of belligerence. Aggression sells. *Why* it sells is a little harder to explain. Or, rather, it's hard to explain why, since aggression has *always* sold, a self-consciously malicious manner for so long remained segregated from "mainstream" journalism. Aggressive journalism seems to flourish in what the authors of "The Journalism of Outrage," referring to the circumstances of the press in the late nineteenth century, call an environment of "competitive instabilities"—in which too many publishers and papers chase the same readers, with the panicky knowledge that, when the chase is over, a lot of journals will be out of business and a lot of reporters out of jobs. That instability was produced a hundred years ago by the growth of the popular press. It's produced now by the growth of television, which has made the market for all journalism too crowded to allow for much good will. There's also a kind of fatal cycle of inflation built into any system that rewards belligerence. Yesterday's edge becomes today's tedium, and the only way to get more attention is to continually up the ante. If everybody does this—and everybody does—pretty soon even an issue of *Good Housekeeping* practically foams at the mouth.

Within the news establishment, it became increasingly possible to practice aggression as a nonrepresentational art. The path was set that has led to the Sam Donaldson era in the American media—that is, to someone's making a reputation as an aggressive reporter even though it's hard now to recall a major story that he broke on his own. Donaldson is famous mostly for shouting.

THE ideal narrative, because it had no threatening ideological content at all, took the form of the scandal story, which, based on the Watergate steps, became as formalized as square dancing. Larry J. Sabato's "Feeding Frenzy" is an updated account of the history of such scandals. Sabato's is the kind of essentially honorable enterprise that can nonetheless make you feel uneasy, since in the course of registering his disgust with the cheap sensation seekers of the media he manages to retell all the crummiest stories (including some that never made it to the mainstream), offering a kind of *Farmers' Almanac of American Sleaze.* What is striking about his list of stories, though, is how innocuous almost all the offenses are, not just by some absolute standard but by the actual standard of American morality at the end of the century. It's difficult to understand how a country that tolerates Tom and Roseanne could even pretend to stand aghast at Donna Rice and Gary Hart. "Men who sleep with women other than their wives" is not even hot enough to be a subject for Oprah.

The elaborate, if quickly constructed, rationale for this new kind of aggression was that its real subject was "character," which presumably ran true from the bedroom to the Oval Office. The meaning of each scandal became purely symbolic: not "What did he do?" but "What does what he did mean about who he is?" A lot has been written lately comparing the press treatment of Roosevelt and that of Clinton—the silence about the former's extramarital liaisons, the noise about the latter's marital strains, and so on. But an even more telling comparison lies in a curious and less well-known episode in the 1920 Presidential campaign, when F.D.R. ran for Vice-President; it's recounted by Geoffrey Ward in "A First-Class Temperament." As revenge for an attempt by the Democrats to insinuate that Warren G. Harding had black ancestors, the Republicans began a campaign to prove that F.D.R. was gay. Part of the "evidence" for this claim lay in a complicated case, recalled at length by Ward, in which F.D.R., as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, authorized an investigation that used enlisted men to entrap homosexual sailors in Newport. Roosevelt also placed on probation a sailor convicted of sodomy and then persisted in defending the lenient sentence, despite the disapproval of several Navy officers. The Republicans in Congress took up the story, conducted an investigation, and eventually (after the election, in fact; they were dirty in those days, but less efficient) produced a report accusing Roosevelt of having engaged in a coverup. When the *Times* finally ran the story, the headline read "LAY NAVY SCANDAL TO F. D. ROOSEVELT. . . . DETAILS ARE UNPRINTABLE." Today, the first part of that headline would be a death sentence for a politician; at that time, as the last part suggests, the only thing the headline killed was the story. The scandal might be laid at Roosevelt's feet by the Republicans, but if no one could prove that he had actually countenanced sodomy there wasn't anything more you could say, or print. The question was one of guilt—was he or was he not a "sodomite"—and not of character.

Today, most people in the country—and certainly most people in the press corps—don't really feel that adultery or drinking are serious enough sins to warrant, by themselves, the destruction of a career; they are merely symptoms of some more meaningful "char-

acter flaw." Because they have so little intrinsic weight, all morals charges become symbolic, which means that you can derive pretty much any conclusion from any premise. For example, Joe Klein, in *Newsweek*, deduces from Clinton's alleged promiscuity with women that he is "promiscuous" in politics. This is a pun, not a thought. (It is typical of the general transformation in manners, though, that in analyzing the Roosevelt affair Ward, an excellent, scrupulous biographer, takes a long footnote to consider the possibility that, even if the charges were false, F.D.R. might in fact have had a "sizable feminine component in his makeup"; the mere existence of the charge, independent of its truth, these days makes it an occasion for the practice of depth psychology.)

CONVENTIONAL wisdom has it that the press became aggressive in order to act as a check on power, which ought to mean that the more authoritarian the figure in power, the more aggressive the press's reaction. Just the opposite seems to be the case: the more authoritarian the figure, the more complaisant the press. Anyone with his own narrative of aggression to relate has to be treated respectfully. From the very beginning, the ritual of aggression gave the tough guy an enormous advantage over the mild one: Gordon Liddy fared better than Jeb Magruder, just as, later, Oliver North fared better than John Poindexter. Temporizing, moderate figures, like Clinton—or, for that matter, George Bush or, better still, Michael Dukakis—get treated with a disdain bordering on contempt.

That was where Ronald Reagan's political genius lay: he was a seemingly unaggressive figure with a paralyzingly aggressive story to tell. Before Reagan was nominated, it was possible to see in him a harshness—a belligerent coldness—that might doom him as a President. But in an aggression culture the people who thrive are those who are so entombed in their own beliefs that they dictate the terms of how they're perceived. The media had pounced on Johnson and Nixon as liars, because those men knew perfectly well that what they were saying was lies. In Reagan's case, the discrepancy between

FLIES

Walt Whitman noticed a group of them
suspended near his writing table at lunchtime;
at sunset he looked up and there they still were,
"balancing in the air in the centre of the room,
darting athwart, up and down, casting swift shadows
in specks on the opposite wall where the shine is."
When a person sits concentrating hard,
flies often collect in one spot, in a little bunch,
not far from the brain, and fly through each other.
The next day you can see them in a shaft
of sunlight in the barn, going over an intricacy.
Sometimes they alight on my writing-fingers
as I form letters that look like drawings of them,
or sit on the typewriter watching the keys hit,
perhaps with some of the alert misapprehension
of my mother, when I was in high school,
at the sporadic clacking coming from my room.
Karl Shapiro addressed a fly:
"O hideous little bat, the size of snot."
Yesterday I killed a fly that had been trying
to crawl up a nostril and usurp a snot's niche.
On being swatted, it jettisoned itself
into my cup of coffee. When I swat and miss,
the fly sometimes flies to the fly swatter,
getting out of striking range by going deeper
inside it, like a child hugging the person who has just
struck her. Or it might alight on my head.
Miroslav Holub says that at the Battle of Crécy a fly
alighted
on the blue tongue
of the Duke of Clervaux.
When Emily Dickinson's dying person dies, a fly's
"Blue—uncertain stumbling Buzz" goes with her
as far as it can go. If you fire the stoves
in a closed-up house in the fall, the cluster flies,
looking groggy, will creep from their chinks
and sleeping holes, out of seeming death.
Soon, if the sun is out, hundreds will appear,
as if being born right there on the window glass.
When so many vibrate together, the murmur
Christopher Smart called the "honey of the air"
becomes a howl. Seiki observes in himself
what is true of me, too:
Once I kill
A fly I find I
Want to massacre them all.
Then Antonio Machado cries, *But . . . but . . . they*
have rested
upon the enchanted toy
upon the large closed book,
upon the love letter,

upon the stiffened eyelids
of the dead.
John Clare, who came like the Baptist to prepare us
for the teachings of Darwin, tells us flies
"look like things of the mind or fairies, and seemed
pleased or dull as the weather permits in many
clean cottages, and genteel houses, they are
allowed every liberty to creep, fly or do as they
like, and seldom or ever do wrong, in fact they are
the small or dwarfish portion of our own family."
James K. Baxter said New Zealand flies regard him
as their *whenua*,
which in Maori means both placenta and land.
In the year of Clare's birth, William Blake asks:
Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?
He could not have known the tsetse spits into its bite
the trypanosome, which releases into us
a lifetime supply of sleep, even some extra,
or that the flashy, green, meat-eating botfly
needs flesh to bury its eggs in, living flesh will do,
or that his diminutive cousin, that fly
walking on the lips of his baby, scatters manure
behind him as copiously as the god Sterquilius.
Martin Luther said, "I am a bitter enemy to flies.
When I open a book for the first time, flies
land on it at once, with their hind ends, and
nose around, as if they would say, 'Here we will
squat, and besmirch this book with our excrement.' "
The wanton among us, who kill flies for our sport,
like to hear of the evil flies do. Then we swat
with more pleasure, as if we did God's work.
"Is this thy play?" Edward Taylor cries. "For why?"
I think I have a fly inside me.
It drones through me,
at 3 A.M., looking for what stinks,
the more stinking the better, a filth heap
old or new, some regret, or guilt, or humiliation,
and finds it, and feeds, waking me,
and I live it again. Then, with an effort
of will feeble enough if compared with my mother's
when I arrived almost too late at her deathbed
and she broke back through her last coma and spoke,
I swing at it, and it jumps up and swerves away.
I do not think this fly will ever go.
It feels like part of me, and it might not leave
until I rattle out a regret
sufficient to the cause and close the account.
Then it might come out and, if the stove is lit
and the autumn sun bright, fly to the window
above the table, or, if the day is gloomy,
crawl up my upper lip and enter
that nostril at last. So I swat,
flailing at the window almost without aiming,
until the windowsill, and the big, open
Webster's First, and the desk and part of the floor
are speckled with their paltry remains,
strewn thick as the human dead in the Great War.
One of them rights itself, and walks,
and seems to feel O.K., and flies.
My father righted himself out of the muck
where many thousands of dead
stuck out their blue tongues. The Preacher says,
"Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary
to send forth a stinking savour."
Would that muck were an ointment a chthonic
apothecary oozes up in the earth's devastated places.
But no one who rights himself out of it
and walks and feels O.K.
is O.K.
He knows something, and wants to keep others
from smelling it on him and knowing that he is
the fly in the ointment, wherever he flies.
As the treetops' shadow climbs the window
the flies creep up just ahead of it.
They often collide, and seem troubled and confused,
as though they came here for something
and have forgotten what, and keep looking anyway,
like my father, on coming to America.
When a fly stands motionless on a window,
I wonder if it is looking through the bottom
facets of its eye at the outdoors.
Federico García Lorca said that when
a fly buzzes inside a window
I think of people
in chains.
And I let it go free.
A fly may not always want to go free,
though the radiant heat through the barrier of glass
may let it imagine that it does. In this
it would be like my mother, in her ardor
for poetry, before she found out
that poetry was what I was up to in my life
—though not in her craving for love in her own life.
When she looked with her blue eye I am sure
it seemed wild and fiery out there and she knew
she must go.
I find it hard to imagine that she did not,
at some point, with her big, walker's feet, tread hard
and break through. More than once I felt
a draft of icy air. But my sisters say no.

—GALWAY KINNELL

reality and his words was so vast that it was pointless to argue. You couldn't expose a pattern of deception, because almost everything was deception, which at some level Reagan genuinely believed to be true.

As aggression became an abstract art in the mainstream press, it encouraged the infiltration of ideological brutality from the fringes. When mindless aggression confronts purposeful aggression, the ideologues actually sound thoughtful. (Anyone who watches Sunday-morning television sees this process at work; next to Morton Kondracke, John McLaughlin sounds like Dr. Johnson.) The system works to make sure that the only people who are given credit for convictions are those people who have too many of them.

Both the left and the right benefitted, in different ways, from this new ethic of aggression, and in that struggle the far right had a surprising, crucial advantage. Left-wing thought in America tends to be extremely abstract—that's what makes it so appealing to undergraduates. It offers big, systematic explanations of small things. The left has become so deeply committed to the notion that consciousness produces reality—that cultural politics are the only real politics—that many of its members have become content with victories in the field of consciousness and bored with actual political work. The energy on the American left is in cultural studies, not health-care activism.

On the other hand, right-wing thought in America, even serious right-wing thought, tends to be extremely personal. The right, to its credit, still believes in the consequences of individual actions, and this makes it much better at emphasizing the villainies of individuals. The right is much better at character assassination, because the right still believes in character. (The aftermath of the Clarence Thomas hearings illustrates this vividly: the left produced a new hypersensitivity to the existence of sexual harassment; the right, arguing from personalities, produced an extraordinarily nasty book about Anita Hill. It took the liberals a year and a half longer to get their book out, and then it wasn't particularly liberal.)

These different habits of mind may account for the apparent oddity that, while the American media tend, in their big fog of feeling, to go left, in the details of their personal assaults they still tilt to the right. Rush Limbaugh and Noam Chomsky are *both* correct: most people in the American media share the cultural prejudices of the left, but they still enforce the political vendettas of the right. The left's ambitions are political and its triumphs cultural, while the right's ambitions are cultural and its triumphs political. This is more or less O.K. with most people on the left, since they believe that cultural victories are the same thing as political ones, but it drives the right crazy, and accounts for one of the most curious aspects of the media in the past decade—the extraordinarily embittered and vicious turn that the right-wing press has taken at a time when it is winning virtually every political battle. This is a distinctly American phenomenon; you only have to compare the British *Spectator* and *The American Spectator* to see the difference. The British *Spectator* is conservative, literate, pointed, unfair, occasionally bigoted, entertaining, and doesn't carry much political baggage in its arts sections. *The American Spectator* offers a flood of vitriolic abuse unseasoned by wit, or even by argument, and ranging from a cover shot of Hillary Clinton as a witch to ads for bumper stickers that seem to call for violence ("The Real Reason for the Second Amendment Is Becoming Obvious").

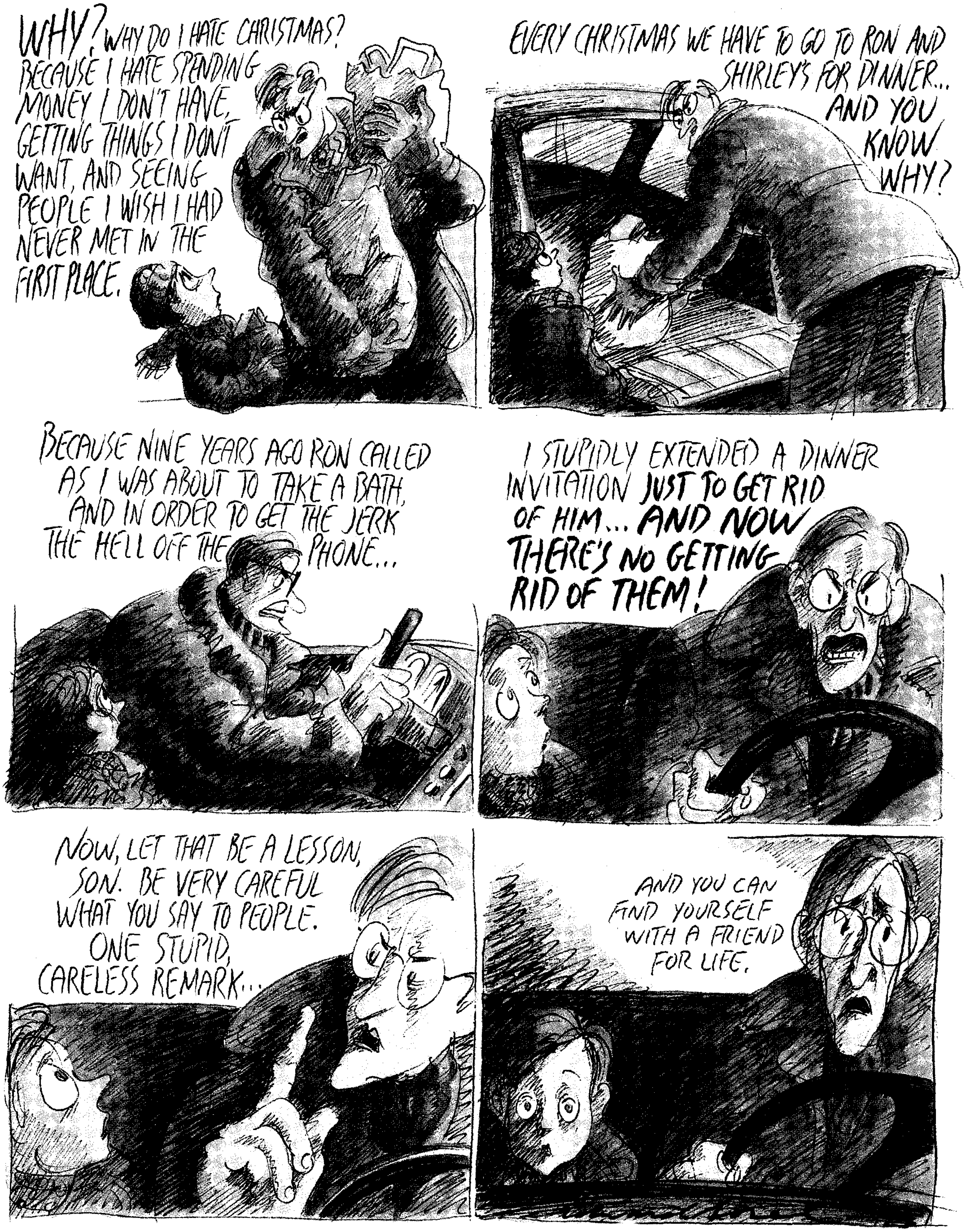
A great deal has been written about the frightening ideological turn that American academe has taken in the past decade. What is less often noted is that the same period has seen a turn toward the far right in what were once essentially moderate places. It's scary and instructive to compare the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page thirty years ago, just before the Goldwater-Johnson election, with that same page now. Thirty years ago, when liberalism really *was* in power, the *Journal* spoke out against "campaigning by epithet," criticizing the Democrats, who "carried on as though they were determined not only to bury Goldwater but destroy forever every last vestige of conservatism in the country." They even criticized the conservative standard-bearer for having "resorted to name-calling and magnification of presumed disasters," and insisted that "too often he employed the blanket words of denunciation ('deceit' and 'defeat')." Nowadays, the *Journal's* editorial page not only carries on as if it were determined to destroy forever every last vestige of liberalism in the country but it also employs both name-calling and the blanket words of denunciation, writing of Bill and Hillary Clinton, for example—under the head "GREED AND HYPOCRISY"—that their financial life is one in which "glib five-and-dimers swim along the edges of the real economy, living on fancy talk, cutting corners and hoping that one of the big boys will offer them a piece of the $100 sure thing."

The reasons for this embittered turn to the right aren't hard to find. Most American conservatives who bother to write at all are social or cultural conservatives—frightened or alarmed by the disruption of the continuities and verities of American life in the past twenty years. From the opposing camp, of course, the recent story of the American right looks like one of mostly unchecked triumph, but it does not look that way to the right. The right has dominated American political discussion—it was able to put its leader in the White House for eight years and a follower in for four more—and so far nothing has really changed. The flood of social transformation has, if anything, gathered force. Gay rights, for instance, which were not even on the mainstream liberal agenda fifteen years ago, have now become a necessary piety, flouted at the politicians' peril.

The irony is that this turn of events is uniquely well explained by *conservative* political theory. Any Burkean conservative knows why a right-wing political triumph cannot stop the flood of social change: electoral politics has a very limited effect on the real world—the life of parliaments doesn't have much to do with the life of the mind or the heart. Some of the same people who voted for Ronald Reagan bought

SEASON'S BLEATINGS

by Edward Sorel


WHY? WHY DO I HATE CHRISTMAS? BECAUSE I HATE SPENDING MONEY I DON'T HAVE, GETTING THINGS I DON'T WANT, AND SEEING PEOPLE I WISH I HAD NEVER MET IN THE FIRST PLACE.
EVERY CHRISTMAS WE HAVE TO GO TO RON AND SHIRLEY'S FOR DINNER... AND YOU KNOW WHY?
BECAUSE NINE YEARS AGO RON CALLED AS I WAS ABOUT TO TAKE A BATH, AND IN ORDER TO GET THE JERK THE HELL OFF THE PHONE...
I STUPIDLY EXTENDED A DINNER INVITATION JUST TO GET RID OF HIM... AND NOW THERE'S NO GETTING RID OF THEM!
NOW, LET THAT BE A LESSON, SON. BE VERY CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY TO PEOPLE. ONE STUPID, CARELESS REMARK...
AND YOU CAN FIND YOURSELF WITH A FRIEND FOR LIFE.

Madonna records. Conservatives in America, however, continue to hold the extremely unconservative belief that electing congressmen can change a culture. It didn't happen under Ronald Reagan, and it isn't likely to happen under Newt Gingrich.

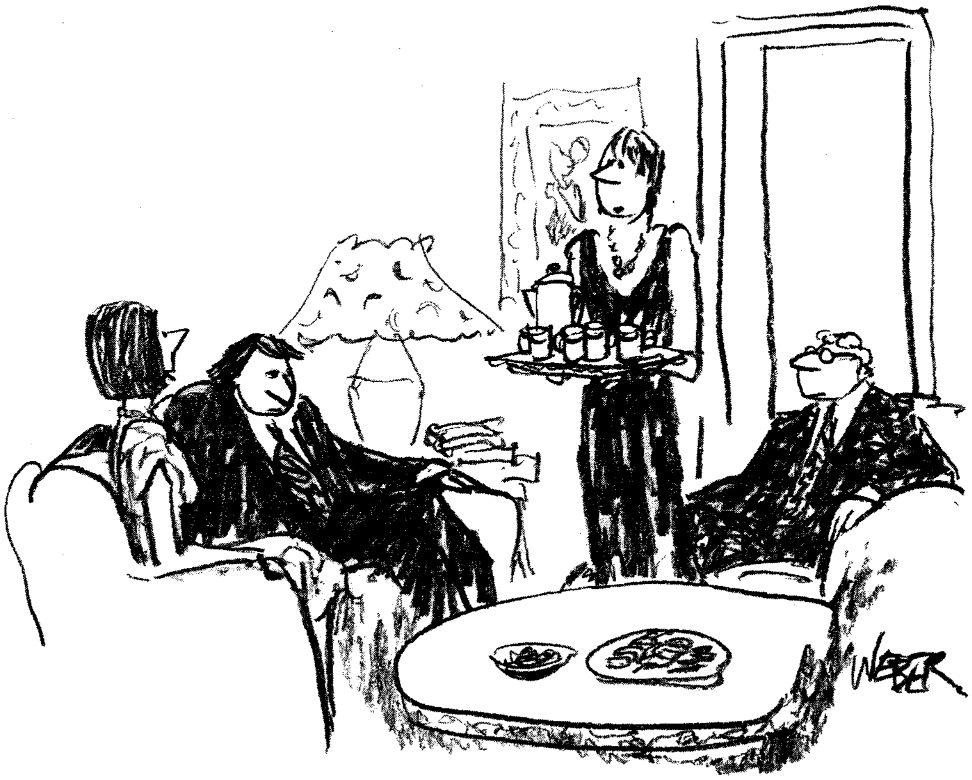
The right has decided, though, that the reason it has not been able to exercise the power it has earned is that a conspiracy has intervened. Bad things happen because bad people make them happen. The establishment media, in turn, primed to pay great regard to accusatory and aggressive narratives of any kind, have become as vulnerable to the personal vendettas of the right as they are to the systematic claims of the left. They advance these vendettas with the help of a set of euphemisms—"iconoclastic," "maverick"—that reduce the space between honest investigation and hate to a difference in tone.

A recent cover story by Trudy Lieberman in the *Columbia Journalism Review* showed in brilliant detail how this process worked in the development of the Whitewater story. What began as obviously tendentious and manufactured stories from a fringe group worked their way inexorably into the mainstream by a kind of wiggle technique. The existence of a rumor became a story, and was then driven forward by the kind of on-the-one-hand-this, on-the-other-hand-that examination that was meant to evaluate it. The Los Angeles *Times'* Tom Rosenstiel offers another example: a right-wing group sends out a fax newsletter carrying the report that Vincent Foster had actually died in a White House "safe house," and that his body had been moved to the park where it was later found; Rush Limbaugh puts this story on the air; another talk-show host turns it into a murder story; stock-market speculators pick the story up, hoping to "spook" the market; and there it is the next day—"safe house" and all—on the pages of the Washington *Post*, only now as a "business" story about the way rumors move the market. By treating the paranoid style patiently, with diligent attention, you end up serving its purposes. *U.S. News & World Report* not long ago printed a story about what it called "the anti-Clinton smear campaign," in the course of which it repeated some of the smears even while refuting them. The reporters effectively dismiss the right-wing conspiracy theories about Vincent Foster, for example; but then another death, that of Luther Parks, is described as "almost as disputed as Foster's," which is, of course, "disputed" only in the sense that the authorship of Shakespeare's plays is "disputed." This is a bipartisan phenomenon: the same kind of sequence, from a doubtful source to an indelible stain, is apparent in the "October Surprise" scandal. The aggression culture has become a hate-laundering system.

Liberalism, though, has a hard time responding, because of its belief that analyzing something to death is the same thing as killing it off. To show that a Rush Limbaugh rant, for example, is stylized, and has a more complicated internal structure than you might expect, is somehow assumed to make it less dangerous.

In fact, you sometimes have the depressing feeling that if the Beer Hall Putsch took place in America today there would be an investigation in the news magazines of Hitler's claim ("Though Hitler's charge that Jews control the media remains unproved, it has sparked a welcome debate on the relationships between Jews and other Germans. In the long run, this may be the best thing to come from this miserable incident"); joint appearances by Goebbels and a Social Democratic leader on "Nightline" ("Ted, I welcome the chance to clear the air about a lot of misunderstandings that have arisen about what we mean when we talk about subhuman types"); a cover story by Camille Paglia in *The New Republic* explaining the cultural meaning of Hitler's mustache ("At once the Chaplinesque mustache of the hair system of the little man, and the referent to the petit bourgeois, it is the ideal image of . . ."); and an Art Spiegelman cover on this magazine, showing a Storm Trooper embracing a rabbi.

BILL CLINTON'S problems with the media are due in part to his own curious weaknesses, and are exacerbated by the obviousness of his



"Jack and I have learned to accept each other's idiosyncrasies, like my passion for cashew brittle, and his going out every night and not coming home until dawn."

own vulnerability. In "Out of Order"—a book that Clinton apparently likes, and is said to urge on people—Thomas Patterson points out a more complicated phenomenon, which is that the kind of treatment Clinton has received is neither unique to Clinton nor, as he says in an afterword to the paperback edition, part of a general roughing up that all Presidents get. It is, he implies, a recent historical phenomenon, which also manifested itself in the way the press treated George Bush. As the economy got better, his press clippings got worse, which leads you to suspect that the anxiety of the middle class was being fed by the abstract aggression of the media. What began with Bush extended to Clinton, and was made worse by his thin skin, which only encouraged more criticism.

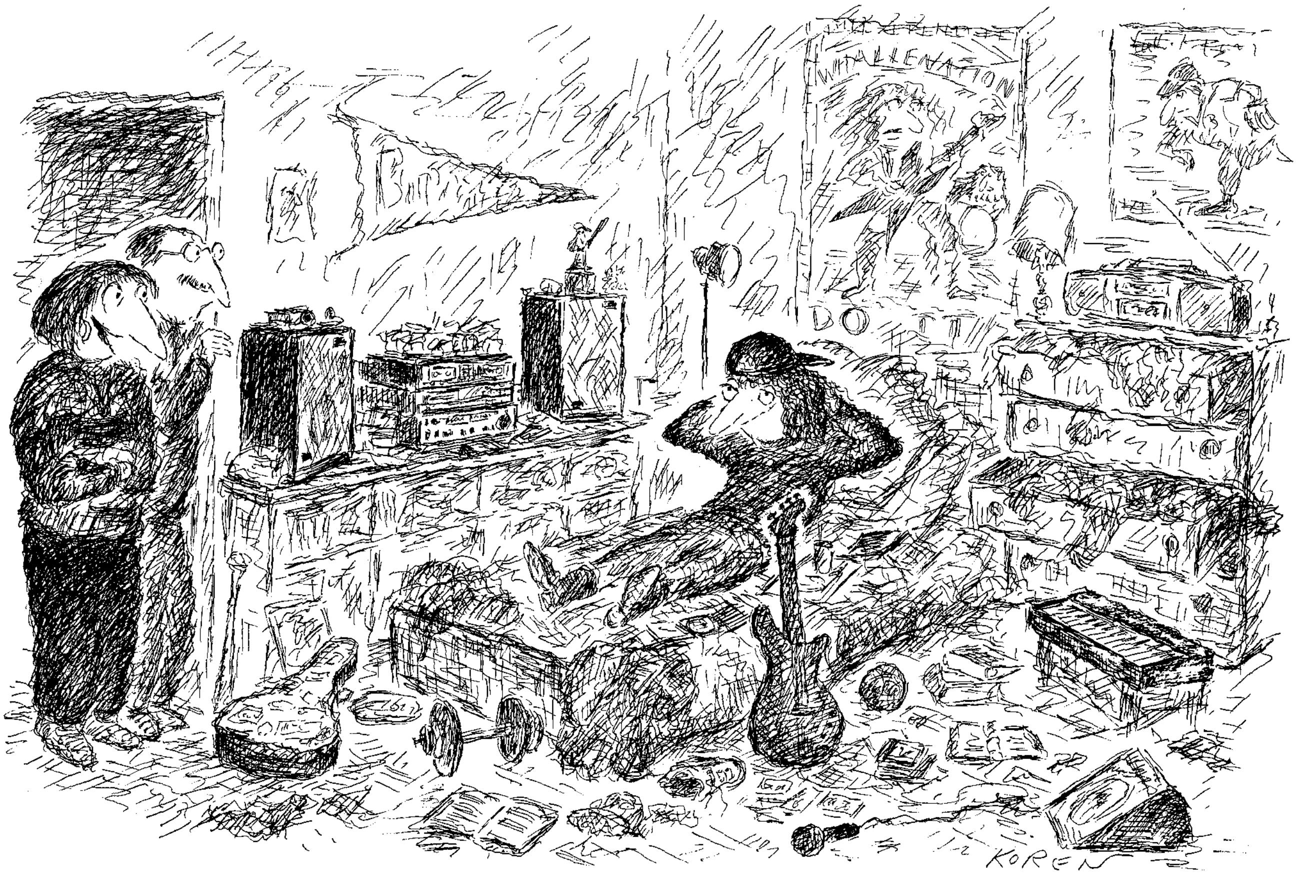
SUBWAY LAWYER MEETS SUBWAY DOCTOR
Say! Have you ever suffered personal injury via a car, a drug, a tool, or a toy?
No, but if you've got painful bunions, fallen arches, corns, hemorrhoids, a nose you don't like, or back spasms, give me a call!

Patterson's larger thesis is that politics in America is practiced mostly by a governing class whose members, within the normal limits of human behavior, mean more or less what they say and more or less keep the promises they make, and that politicians are evaluated by an electorate that is looking for more or less honest answers to its problems. Between these two large but none too nimble groups—like the villain in an old Buster Keaton comedy coming between Buster and his girl—is the press, which has its own reasons for seeing everything in adversarial or controversial terms and for turning every statement into a ploy in a strategic "game." The press, Patterson suggests, sees as a battlefield what is in fact a beauty contest, in which a group of desperately sincere contestants parade their paltry merits before the judges, and the truly scary thing is that the contestants mean just about everything they say. Patterson argues that the need to analyze everything in strategic terms means that no action can be accepted as having an integrity of its own.

Patterson has become best known for his indictment of the cynicism of the press. His indignation is convincing, but it tends to remain descriptive and a little personal: reporters write cynically because they are cynics. The real problem may be that if, in the new environment, you're not colorful, "lively," and aggressive you fall out of the race completely. Yet to encourage people to make strong commitments and write from actual intellectual conviction is to step too far outside the rituals of impartiality on which the media depend and from which they attempt to draw their authority.

This may be why the most distinctive thing to emerge in the American media recently has been not cynicism at all but a kind of weird, free-form nastiness—spleen without purpose, grayness with an attitude. What you see everywhere—in the remade front section of *Time*, for example, with its weekly scorecard of "losers" and "winners," or in *Newsweek's* funny "Conventional Wisdom Watch"—is reporters and writers who have no visible class allegiances or political allegiances, or even generational allegiances, but only an allegiance to maintaining the appearance of their own knowingness. To Liebling's three basic personages of the press—the reporter, who says what he saw; the interpretative reporter, who says what he thinks is the meaning of what he saw; and the expert, who says what he thinks is the meaning of what he didn't see—is added the meta-columnist, who says what he thinks that other people will think is the meaning of what they haven't seen, either.

In this sense, the usual complaint about the press—that it is too "analytic" and offers too much "interpretation" in place of hard news—is wide of the mark. Just as the aggression culture did not really produce "cynicism" but its opposite—an enhanced credulity—it also did not produce an excess of opinion in place of reporting. Tom Rosen-



"He's just discovered French Baroque organ music."

• •

stiel also criticizes the "move towards interpretative writing" and uses the now famous *Times* lead about Clinton's trip to Oxford to illustrate the trend. But opinion and interpretation is exactly what that lead doesn't offer; it is not interpretative, and it contains no analysis. It just re-states the familiar with an edge of malice, in the manner of those comedians whose idea of satire is reciting old television commercials with an exasperated expression. This happens not because the reporter is necessarily malicious but because that kind of re-statement is all that the logic of the situation allows. "Edge" and "attitude" are permissible, even desirable, as long as they are segregated from thought. Everybody is assumed to already know what happened—it was on TV—and the reporter is not allowed to offer a judgment. All that he or she can do is re-state the familiar story with a wink or a sneer.

The casual cruelty of so much of the media is really a kind of transferred aestheticism, which has as its rationale the claim that, since everything in contemporary America is essentially shadow play and performance, everything can be judged in the levelling, wise-guy terms of cultural reviewing. The sequence has its own depressing logic. The inquisitorial left jab on the front page (you are guilty) is followed up by the anthropological right hook on the op-ed page (what you think is a defense is merely a defense mechanism, typical of people in your plight), which is reinforced by a psychoanalytic kick in the groin in the Sunday supplement. The access culture produced worldliness as an unintended virtue; the aggression culture produces knowingness as a derivative vice.

THE most ambitious of the new books on journalism, Paul H. Weaver's "News and the Culture of Lying," is full of recommendations about what should be done. Some of them are petty and impractical (force the *Times* to change its motto) and some are sensible and impractical (everybody should subscribe to a journal of opinion), and none of them seem likely to be acted on. Weaver veers between the chatty and the apocalyptic, interlarding back-fence accounts of his own experiences as a staff writer at *Fortune*—not, one thinks, a truly typical experience of American journalism—with long-winded and extravagant denunciations of everybody else. He is passionate but, in the manner of the autodidact, a little lacking in self-awareness. "I'd considered myself a good writer," he notes at one point, "but I was surprised by how much I learned from editors about the tricks of the trade, such as (to take a typical, mundane example) how neatly the unconversational word *amid* works to link (or juxtapose) a focal action with a set of circumstances in a way that is economical and chatty but that draws attention both to the linkage (or juxtaposition) and to the subordinate status of the circumstantial element." Anyone who can write a sentence like that about his own initiation into the dastardly practices of slick journalism hasn't been as ruined as he thinks.

Weaver's argument is that journalists *always* lie, even when they don't want to—that "the news story is a blueprint for mendacity," which contrives to create an alternative reality. The news is biased in the direction of a certain kind of crisis narrative—the "Pulitzerian journalism," in which whatever happened is set out on the front page as an emergency in need of immediate resolution instead of considered deliberation. The press concentrates on these narratives, and therefore makes it impossible for any version of reality to take hold other than that of a nation lurching from crisis to crisis.

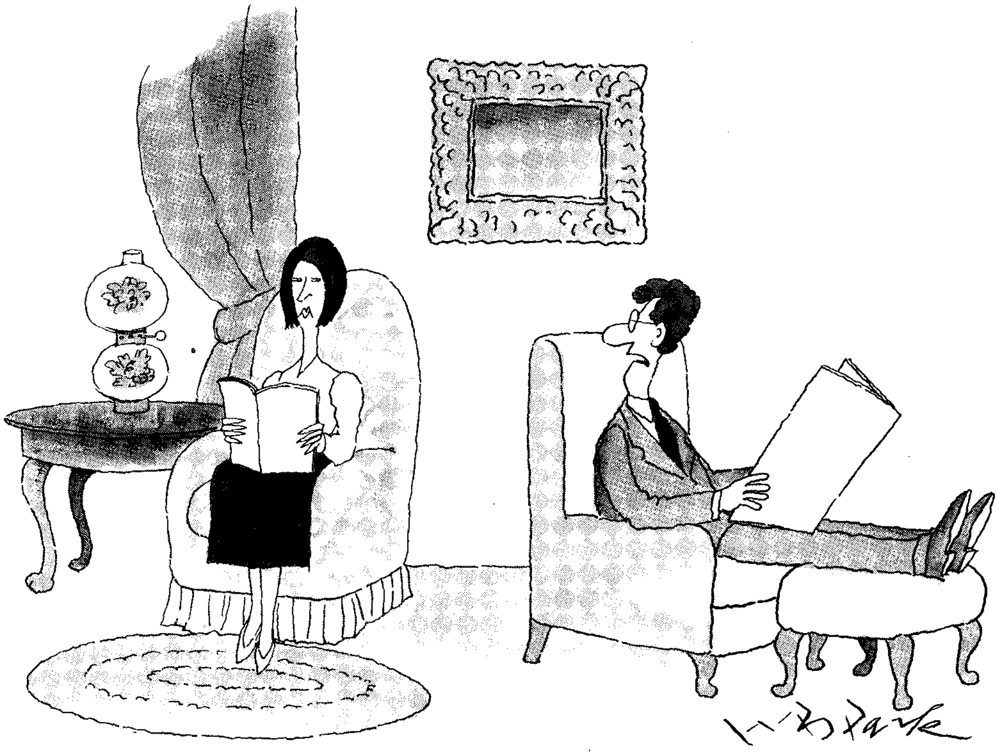
The trouble is that *all* events are, in one way or another, what Daniel Boorstin calls "pseudo-events"—or that, at least, the line between actual events and pseudo-events is not as secure as Weaver wants it to be. Nonetheless, Weaver has a kind of sincerity, a freedom from cant, and he sees farther than most of the people who have written on the subject. He notes, for instance, that the real point about the privacy issue is not that people should be left alone but that the meaning of private acts isn't susceptible to a broad, symbolic analysis—that's what makes them private. And he argues convincingly that the press, by divorcing itself from "citizenship"—meaning the way real people talk about real events—while fleeing into an elaborate guild observance of professional rules and rituals, betrays reality almost routinely.

The impulse of the past twenty years has been to rationalize the aggressiveness of the media by claiming for it a quasi-governmental role, in which no subject is off limits and no reporter bears any moral responsibility for what is printed or depicted. That many reporters actually believe they have a constitutional role—separate from that of the three other branches of government but just as important—is shown by the indignation they express whenever the President takes questions from ordinary citizens instead of from the press corps. The truth is, as Weaver points out, that the press corps *is* ordinary citizens, who happen to work for papers and television stations. The only obligation that compels a reporter to ask Presidential candidates if they have committed adultery, or ask priests if they have abused small children, is the obligation to make money for his paper—or, more precisely, his personal obligation to keep his job by showing his paper that he is doing his best to help it make money.

It sometimes makes sense to talk about "professional ethics," as something apart from simple ethics, but it doesn't make sense for a journalist to do so, because journalism is not a profession. It has no standards of admittance, no board of review. Though an argument can be made that the normal rules of compassion, decency, and fair-mindedness can be suspended for practitioners of certain professions at certain moments, no such argument can be made for journalists. The morality of being a reporter is really about the same as the morality of being a person. When Janet Malcolm wrote that journalism is morally indefensible, what she meant, I think, is that the notion that journalism can be practiced as a profession—something apart from the normal engagements and allegiances and judgments of human life—is obnoxious.

THE funny thing about a free press is that it is not really very good at its manifest role but is terrific at a lot of its latent roles. Journalism has been bad at history, since it can paint only quickly and in very broad strokes. (Historians spend decades clearing up confusions that journalists create in minutes; what actually happened during the Tet offensive in Vietnam, for instance, is hard to know for sure, but it was almost certainly not what was reported as happening at the time.) The press is also a poor tribunal and a worse department of justice—its standards of evidence are too low, and its amnesia is too sudden. But it can make a surprisingly good guardian of the public's compassion and sense of proportion. A free press, more than any other institution—more than schools or parliaments or scholars—protects public decency.

It does this, like it or not, by making a distinction between the middle



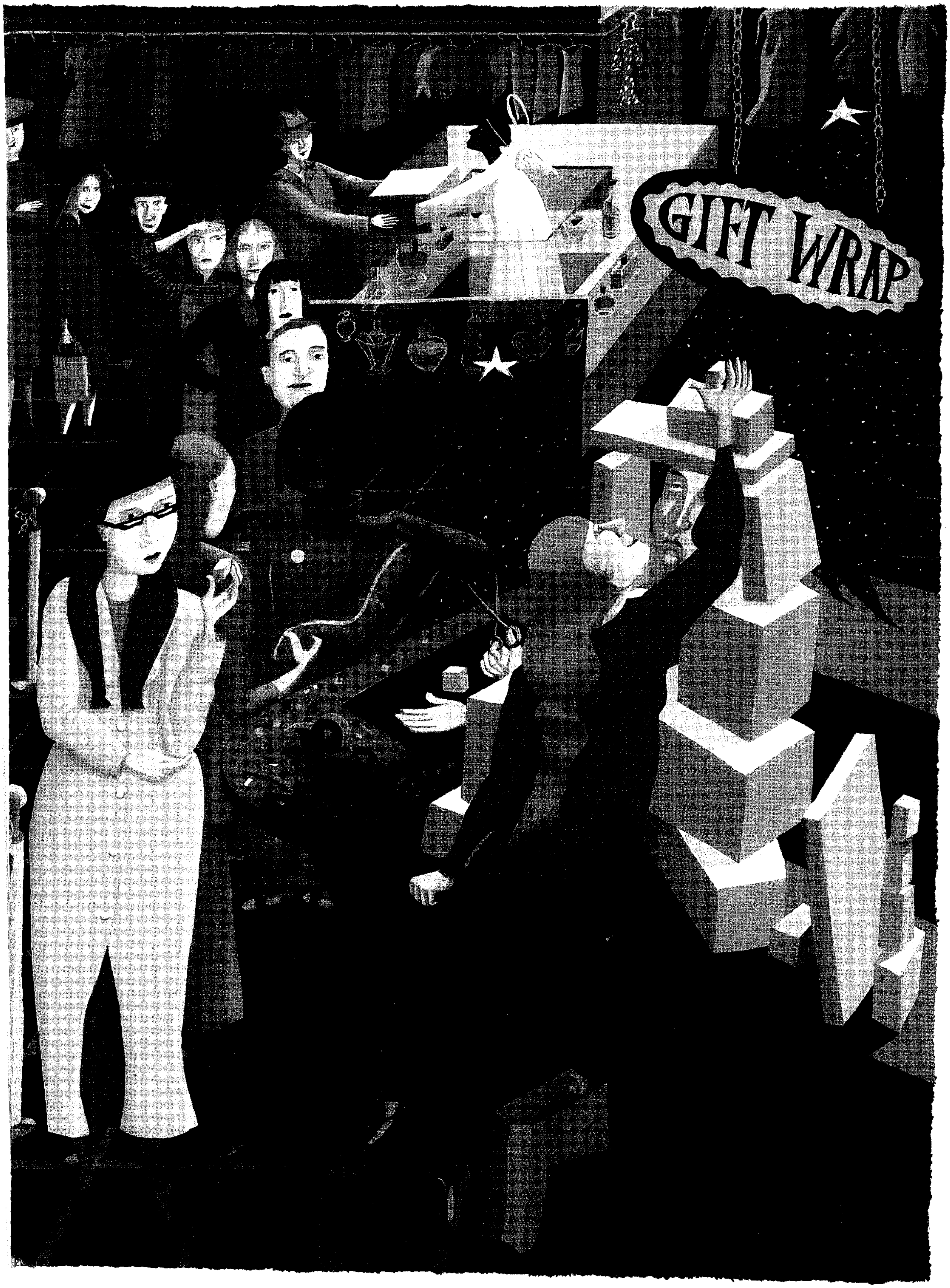
"Did we ever go through with that divorce we were talking about?"

and the margins (All the News That's Fit to Print). This task is often viewed with horror today, since the attempt to create a "middle" and an "other"—to say that there is a spectrum of rational views and a fringe of crazy ones—is supposed to be the pernicious work of the power structure. But no liberal society can function without the desire to distinguish between kinds of public speech that are acceptable and kinds that—because of their incivility, their inability to be modified, their blindness, their malice, or their potential for doing violence—do not belong in the conversation at all. All human groups have to try to make these distinctions, and they can make them on good principles or bad.

The nice thing about the press as a sorter-out of bourgeois liberal societies is that it has no power except the cumulative power of example—the power to make you want to sound worldly yourself. "A sense of style is the radical journalist's best friend," I. F. Stone once confided to a young reporter; it was the bedrock of independence, he thought, because nobody owned it but you. Style in journalism depends in part on worldliness, or judgment—on knowing which way is up, even when everyone else thinks it's down. That was true fifty years ago, and it is still true. But it's hard to know how you get more people who work in the media to understand that, as Michael Kinsley has written, our job is not to bring reality into line with appearances but to bring appearances into line with reality.

It's fun to imagine an Institute for Worldly Journalism set up on that imaginary campus which also harbors Liebling's famous School for Publishers (without which, he wrote, no school for journalists has meaning). The institute would need to have a bar, a fire bell, a clutch of lovable corrupt politicians, and the collected works of Trollope and Damon Runyon, among others. It might also conduct regular tours of the publishers' school next door, just so that the young reporters could be reminded which way is *really* up. Of course, the world itself isn't a bad institute, but by the time you've learned what the world has to teach it's usually too late to do anything about it. ♦

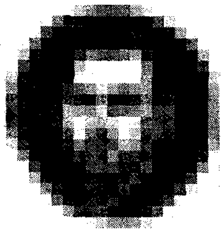
EASEL · BY KATHY OSBORN



FICTION

DARK HOUR

BY PHILIP MACCANN



ONE day Gera walked into Silver Palace, but I wouldn't look up from Lethal Weapon. I was sad because I didn't have money to play. Exhaust got in from the street. He went to the back corner. My brother was there in a green shadow, at a game. His arse went tight when he banged the buttons. They talked about the game. I stood about, then I watched Gera go. He walked with the chink of new bullets. Cars were jammed outside. Gera is a big prick. A minute later, my brother walked out. I leaned against a glass front and watched another game.

When Dano came back home, I was sitting with some mates by the dry stream at the flats. "You're wanted," I told him, just for a doss.

"Am I?"

A picture drifted past my face of my old one shouting and clasping the air in front of her face. She said if Dano got caught up she would batter him. I had made a promise to watch him, but that was just a load of bollocks, because Dano would kill me if I ratted—and anyway I don't give a bollocks. He started going. Then this is me: "Give us somethin'?"

"I haven't a penny, John."

"Ah, go on."

"I swear." He balanced on a bike wheel that was lying there. The warm afternoon made you kind of sick. We watched my mates passing round a robbed Walkman. He was thinking. The sky was like a black blanket.

"D'you know what I was thinkin'?" he said in a low way. "D'you wanna make somethin'?" He stepped over the mud. I went with him. "D'you wanna do a job for us?"

"I don't mind," I said.

"I'll tell you later," he said. "Right?"

I bobbed my head. He went on to the tarmac and up to the flats. Then I sat about dossing with my mates. A Honda Civic went by, and it was making a lot of smoke.

Later, me and Dano crossed the road and leaned on the railing outside Silver Palace. Not as many cars were there. I hung over the railing and tried to yawn in the stillness.

"D'you wanna go robbin' with us?" he said. "Just come along and watch." A shadow came out.

"What do I have to do?" I said.

"Nothin'," he said. "Just trust me."

"I know."

I flopped off the railing. We started walking. I wasn't going to trust him. I was just tagging along for a minute, to see. Our reflection was wobbling in bruised windows. Diane and Sharon passed us, and Dano nodded at them. We walked to the top of the road. We stopped at the old fountain.

"Here?" I said. We sat down.

"He'll be here in a minute. That's him!" said Dano.

"Who?"

"We'll go for a spin, right?"

"Where is he?" I asked. We walked along the road, past the parked cars, until Dano stopped. An old car opened its door. Dano looked round. He said to get in the back. My stomach was a bit dizzy.

"Where are we goin'?" I whispered.

"It's cool. Quick."

I got in, and he got in the front. The car started, but the traffic was jammed.

"So," said the man at the wheel. It was an old fella. "You O.K. back there? Haven't I seen you before someplace?"

"He's kind of shy, you know," said Dano. "He doesn't really know about it. Well, he knows about it. . . ." Dano lit a smoke for us.

"We'll just go for a spin," said the man. "What age are you?"

Dano got the window open a small bit.

"Fourteen," I said, and the man said, "No you're not!"

The cars were slow, and Dano and him didn't really talk. I yawned.

The man pulled the car into the grounds of a church and parked it at the back. He twisted round. He blinked at me and went, "Well, you see there's . . . I'll tell you the truth." He sighed. He leaned closer. "Well," he said. Then his hand went on my leg. I looked at Dano, who shook his head tinily.

The man spoke in a kind way. "Would you be able to tell me . . ." He thought for a minute. "Can you be a good young fella?"

I caught Dano's eyes again, and he glanced away, blinking. The man's hand went back and forth on me for a bit, and he asked me questions. I had a horn.

"Is this what I have to do?" I asked.

The man's eyes looked at my legs. He went, "I was thinking. . . . Would you like to make something?"

I thought. "Not really," I muttered.

He smiled at me. "Twenty?"

I looked out the window. There were houses and clouds. "I don't really want to."

"Ah, he will, Ken," Dano said. "The next time."

The man looked all over my face and shook his head. Then his head nodded. Then he leaned back in his seat in a happy way.

"Home sweet home?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Dano. The church started clanging.

We started driving. The traffic trickled. He asked Dano if I was upset now.

"No, he's not. Are you?"

"What?"

Dano laughed. "Are you upset?"

I didn't know, so I said to the man, "Can you get the full clock out of this?"

"Yeah. More."

Dano went, "D'you like him or d'you not like him?"

"Like him," I said. And I added, "I have another friend now. I'm happy."

"He knows Gera and all," Dano told me.

"Do you?"

"Gera's a very good friend," said the man.

I thought I should say something about him, so I said, "Ah, he's dead on,

FILIP PAGOWSKI

so he is. He has a nice personality, d'you know?"

We were getting near to where we had first got in the car.

"You'll do it with him, won't you?" Dano nodded to me.

"When I get to know you," I said to the man. "It's just, you're new."

The man pulled in.

Dano said, "Tomorrow?"

The man nodded. "Will you do that thing, Dano?"

"Ah, it's cool." Dano cut him off. He got out and let me out. "Nice one, Ken," he said and slammed the door.

"Bastard," I said to Dano as we walked back in the brown air. He handed me a fiver. "What's that?" I asked. I took it.

"For goin' with him, you dope."

"You said you were robbin' him!"

"I want to rob his *flat!*" He was loud. "I need someone with me."

"Well it won't be me, that's a *fact*."

"I was going to explain about him, John," he said. "He's a queer."

"Why didn't you, then? 'Cause I wouldn't have gone, that's why!"

We went into the flats. A tire was burning on the court.

"Don't flash that," Dano mumbled. Dano is a dirt bird, and his face looks like a dog's.

My old one got me up the next day while I was thinking of the man wanking Dano. She came into our room and said, "Where's Daniel?" I said how was I supposed to know. I was in a hurry to get out. Everything was all over the place in our gaff.

"Do I not have clean shorts?" I called.

Here's her: "How am I supposed to know?"

"Fuck off then!"

I got on my clothes. Then I went out and crossed the road. I just leaned on the railing outside Silver Palace and waited for Dano, because I didn't have any money left to go in. I was disappointed because it was a gloomy day. I smelled the dust, and I was tingling. A minute later, Dano came up the road with a can of Lilt. We started walking up to the old fountain. There were Porsches and all parked there. I looked at us in their dusty windows.

Dano said, "Watch him, right? In his gaff. He could try anything."

"I better not have to do anything," I warned him. Because I was only going along for the money.

"Don't be stupid! I'll be there."

"How are you gonna rob him?"

"How do you think?" he said, flattening his jacket against his chest. I looked at it. I got a bit worried.

We sat on the fountain again. There was rubbish in it.

I went, "How much do I get?" But he didn't know how much was there. Our flats were leaning against the sky. The color of the sky was called buff. It was like the sky was slipping into your head. My hands were grubby. I hated them. I took my comb out and raked my hair. I couldn't get it to sit right. Then Dano stood up. "Don't make a bollocks of it, Dano," I said. We walked along by the cars again. "I don't know about this." The car door opened. Dano looked round, and we got in again.

"So?" said the man.

"Go to the gaff," Dano said to him. "If you want. It's up to you."

The man turned his head round to me. "Will you do it? Just for an hour?" I didn't speak. "Eh? Good-lookin'?"

I made my face go bored. "So are you," I said. Dano smiled at that. "I thought you were gorgeous the first time I seen you." The man blinked. "Why d'you have that mustache?" I asked. "Is that real?" The man started the car.

We drove past old markets that were bricked up. I saw tiles and walls with layers of old paint. A bit later he said, "Not long now."

"Your gaff?" I thought I recognized where we were. Soon there were big cylinders for gas behind the houses. The sky was muddy. He parked on an empty street. I was tingling again and kind of tired of it.

"Now," he told us before we got out. "Just don't whisper." We got out. He took keys out. We stood while he opened a door on the side of a boarded-up shop. A dog wagged its tail. I whispered to Dano had he got the smokes. Then we went in. There were stairs. The man closed the door and we went up into a flat. He locked the door of it.

"Right," he said, and smiled. It smelled of socks. Dano used the jakes. The man poured a cup of milk and asked did I want a drink. His hand brushed past my arse.

"Nah, it's cool," I said. "Dano, light a smoke."

I went into the jakes after Dano. I didn't know what to say to him. He puffed in my ear, "Go along with it for a minute. Then you can tell him to fuck off."

"What?"

"Relax, will you."

We both went back in. I was bursting to giggle.

Then Dano said to the man, "I was gonna ask you for eighty. Him sixty and me a score?" The man was leaning against a surface. I was thinking that if he kissed me I had Lilt on my tongue.

"It would have to be forty," he said and sucked his lip in.

Dano nodded at me and said, "Yeah." The sun was falling on the surface. The man asked Dano to go into the bathroom. Dano asked for something to do in there. The man looked around. "Even give us somethin' to draw with," Dano said.

"Where's he goin'?" I said. The man gave him a notebook and some colored pens. "Why're you goin' in there?"

Dano gave me the smoke and said, "I'll be in the jakes." Then he went.

The man sat on the bed. My heart started to kick. He asked would I come over. I said what did I have to do. I finished the smoke. He nodded.

He said, "Do you mind?" He put his hand on my shoulder in a sad way.

"Don't care," I said and twitched my shoulders. He lifted up my jumper. He pulled it over my head.

"You haven't much on."

I looked at the jakes. "Where's Dano?" I asked.

"In the bathroom," he said in a playful way as he took off my cross.

"Is he?"

"Yeah."

I nodded.

"I'm just the luckiest man in the world," he said. "You know that?" The cylinders were close to the window. He sat me down and lifted my foot onto his lap and took off my runner. "Smelly feet."

I asked did I have to get stripped. He had a pimple on his neck. He pulled my track-suit bottoms down. I went along with it. I had a big horn. I said I was a

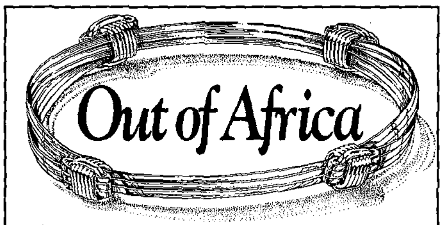
Our Year End Inventory Sale. $94.

Whether you have last minute holiday shopping, visiting friends and family, or just wish to get away, now is the time to call. It's our biggest sales event of the year. Every room must go to make room for our 1995 inventory. So, from December 18 through December 30, 1994, you'll find classic elegance on Park Avenue. Precision Swiss service. And luxurious and spacious accommodations priced from an incredible low $94 per night.

For more information and reservations, please contact your travel professional or call toll free 1-800-DRAKE NY.

swissôtel

NEW YORK
THE DRAKE HOTEL
440 Park Avenue at 56th Street • New York, NY 10022
ZÜRICH • BASEL • MONTREUX • DÜSSELDORF • AMSTERDAM • ISTANBUL • CAIRO
BANGKOK • BEIJING • SEOUL • ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • NEW YORK
SWISSÔTEL IS A SWISSAIR COMPANY • WORLDWIDE RESERVATIONS: 1-800-63-SWISS
Rate subject to availability and taxes.



Years ago, these mystical safari bracelets were woven from the *tail hair of elephants.*

Now, we make them by hand with great care from gold and silver. The 4 knots slide to adjust. Please specify Regular or X-Large.

14K Gold................$695.00
Sterling Silver with 14K Gold Knots..$219.00
Sterling Silver.......$129.00
Copper....................$79.00

Send check or money order to: *Pendragon's*
P.O. Box 411
Whitehouse, NJ 08888
Visa, MC–call: 1-800-473-3011

Immediate refund if not completely satisfied. NJ residents add 6% sales tax.

What the World Reads

Clear, Concise, Smart.
All the World's News, plus
Finance, Travel, Fashion
and the Arts.

CALL 1-800-882-2884

International Herald Tribune
DELIVERED DAILY THROUGHOUT THE AMERICAS

bit nervous. His hand went back and forth on my leg again. His hand was cold.

"What's your name again?" he asked.

My tongue made a tutting noise and I went, "Nobody."

With a smile he asked could I come off.

"What?" I said.

He stood me up. "Turn around," he said. Then he pulled my shorts down. I was afraid of someone coming into the flat.

"Dano won't come out, will he?"

He shook his head and patted his knee. I had to go on his lap. His fingers went up and down, twiddling me. He gave a big sigh. He said how cream my legs were. His hand was gray. The lace curtain put a shadow on it. He said I could come every day after school if I wanted.

"Is this it?" I said. His other hand rubbed my back.

"Have you never done this before?"

"Yeah," I told him.

"Dano said you knew about it," he said. He pressed my nose. I sort of felt sorry for him. "You don't?"

"Do you like sex?" I asked.

He closed his eyes. "Like it?" He was at my dick again. His throat swallowed. He shook his head. "I . . ." He stared at my face. He gave a soft laugh. "I fucking love you."

It went quiet.

"I love you, too," I mumbled. I heard my stomach. I needed a piss. He was wanking me too much. I was afraid of pissing on him. I was going to ask him to stop. I was going to ask if Dano did this with him. Then all of a sudden I got a thrill all over. I heard him breathe, "Good boy." My head was kind of against his arm. He stopped rubbing my dick. I looked at it.

"What's that?" I said. He pulled me close. "Is that my spunk?" I said. There was a nice smell, like rubbish from outside. He was looking at me. He took a tissue and wiped off my leg. He rocked me on his knee for a bit. "Can I go now?" I said. He pressed me closer.

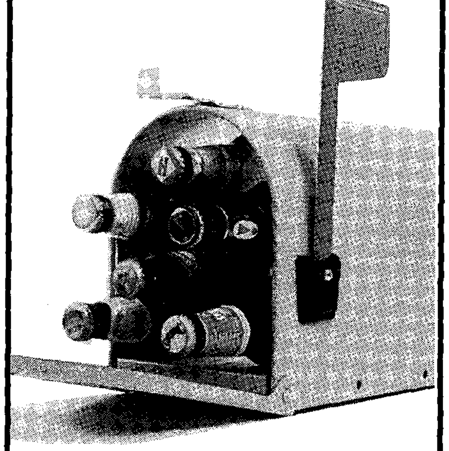
"Well, I . . ." he said.

The curtain was swaying. I jumped up. "Will I get dressed?"

He watched me start to get dressed. "Could you not . . ."

"What time is it?"

GIVE THE GIFT THEY WILL LOVE
ALE IN THE MAIL



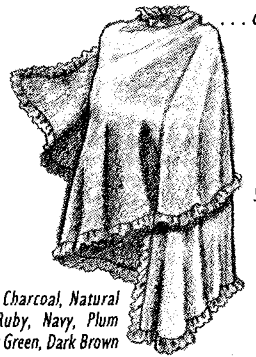
America's Microbrew Beer of the Month Club. Treat someone special to the gift they will love. Members receive a variety of rich & flavorful beers from across the USA each month.

From $13.95 Per Mo. + Ship.

Giftpaks also available

To order call
1•800•5•SEND•ALE
1-800-573-6325
VISA MasterCard
Void where prohibited. Participants must be 21 or older.

SCOTTISH CASHMERE CAPES
at Scottish Mill Prices in our New York Showroom
. . . or Shipped Free !!



$589.00
Same Full Size...
Same Finest Quality
as $1000.00 Capes
on Madison Ave !

Black, Charcoal, Natural
Red, Ruby, Navy, Plum
Hunter Green, Dark Brown
Other Colours Available

Ruffle or
Plain Edge

ALBERENE CASHMERES
435 Fifth Ave, 3rd Flr, New York, NY 10016
800-843-9078 • 689-0151 • MC, VISA, AX, DIS
— *New York Showroom* OPEN TO THE PUBLIC —
CARDIGANS • SCARVES • TURTLENECKS • GLOVES • CREWS • VEES
VESTS • TWIN SETS • STOLES • WATCH CAPS • JEWELNECKS • TUNICS
Lowest Prices Anywhere on the Finest Scottish Cashmeres
for Men & Women . . . call for Free Brochure !

Scandinavian
LEFSE
"For Your Holiday Table"
Hand Rolled Potato Bread
Shipped Fresh.....Daily
1-800-775-1585
...LIMITED AVAILABILITY...

Beaver Creek Kitchen
Hatton, N.D.

He got up and grunted, "O.K." He came back with a tenner and scratched my leg and smiled. He put a finger on his lips. He whispered, "Don't tell Dano." I took the tenner and shoved it in my shorts. He went into the jakes. It was bright, and we could go and play loads of games. Dano came out. I was a bit embarrassed.

"Where's me stockin'?" I said in a messy voice. I didn't look at him.

The man came and took his keys. "Youse ready?" he said. I tied my runners fast. Dano put the notebook down. He had drawn a young fella sucking a big nodger. The man tore the page out and stuffed it in Dano's pocket and said, "You know not to talk. Or whisper." I remembered about my cross, and I put it on. When he was sure we were ready, he opened the door, and we went down the stairs and outside. A milk top blew along. Then we got into the car and drove home.

When he stopped the car he said, "Can I see youse next week?"

Dano said, "Yeah." He handed Dano forty. "Nice one," Dano said and opened the door. We got out into the woozy light. We gave a small wave as the man drove off.

On our way to Silver Palace, Dano didn't say anything, but I said, "I'll get him shot." The traffic fumes were kind of sweet. I said to give me my money because I was broke. Dano gave me a score. Litter was twitching on the surface of the road. I took a piss behind a billboard.

Soon I started spending my tenner and Dano didn't know. I was going to save something for my old one, but we were pouring it into the machines. We were happy in the amusements. We were standing in the green light banging the buttons when Dano said with a shrug, "There was nothin' to rob. . . ."

I went, "That's life."

"Don't start goin' up to that queer on your own!" Dano said.

"Fuck off, I won't," I laughed. ◆

GASTRONOMIC NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the St. Petersburg Press, an English-language paper in Russia.]

The secret of the restaurant's atmosphere lies in the fact that it is indeed run by a family, who restored the building, and now cook and serve the clients themselves.

Blanche Taylor Found A New Life After Cancer.

When Blanche Taylor learned she had breast cancer in 1986, she refused to accept the traditional treatment approach -- surgery, chemotherapy and radiation.

Instead, she searched for a treatment program which supported traditional therapies with nutrition, emotional and spiritual support, and lots of tender loving care.

She found what she was looking for at Cancer Treatment Centers of America™. A team of experienced physicians, nurses, nutritionists, psychologists and pastoral care counselors worked together to develop a treatment plan which was both effective, and acceptable to Blanche.

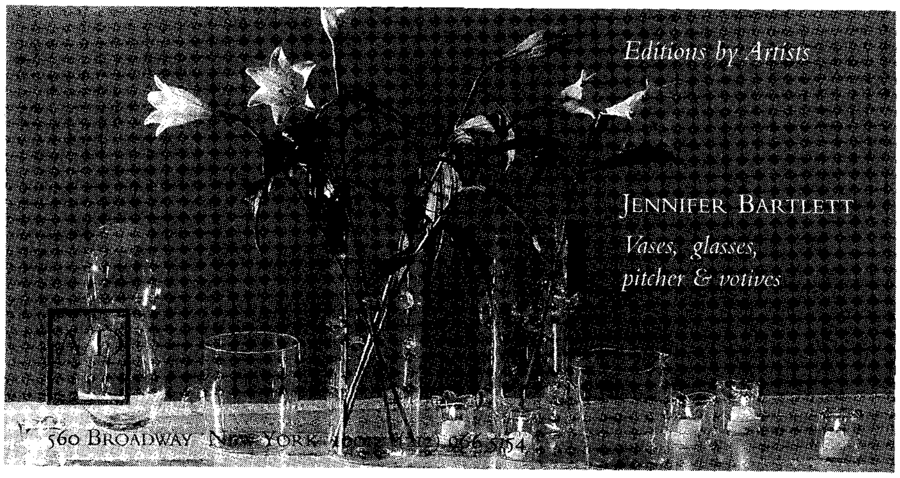
"The program worked for me," says Blanche, mother of three grown children and grandmother of five. "Now I use what I learned at Cancer Treatment Centers of America™ to stay well and to help others."

To speak with a cancer information specialist or to receive information by mail, please call 1-800-234-7153 .

CANCER TREATMENT CENTERS® OF AMERICA

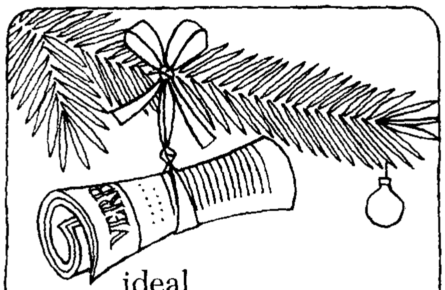
Call 1-800-234-7153

The effectiveness of any treatment program depends on a variety of factors and differs from patient to patient.

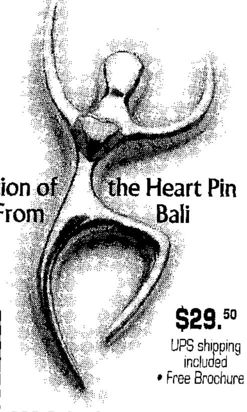

Editions by Artists

JENNIFER BARTLETT
Vases, glasses, pitcher & votives

560 BROADWAY NEW YORK 10012 (212) 966-5154


ideal
for
wordlovers

VERBATIM P.O. Box 78008 MN
Indianapolis, IN 46278
$16.50 a year
The Language Quarterly
For Subscription (MC/VISA only): 1-800-999-2266


STERLING SILVER DANCER WITH 18K HEART OF GOLD ♥

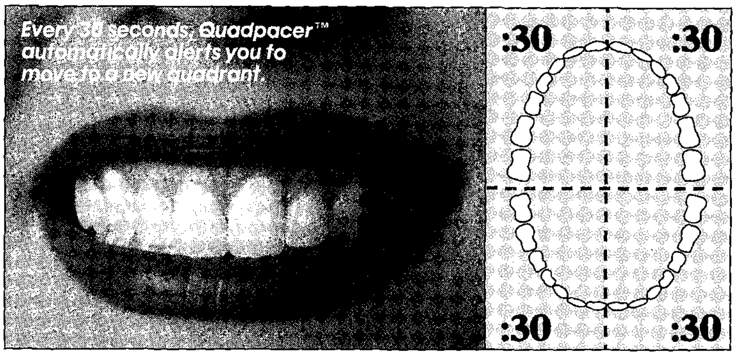
Celebration of the Heart Pin
From Bali
2 3/8" tall
$29.50
UPS shipping included
• Free Brochure •

TOKO MAS
800-795-1877 / FAX 800-795-1683
P.O. BOX 941 · SALIDA, COLORADO 81201

Introducing new Sonicare® Quadpacer™ toothbrush.

The first high-frequency toothbrush that not only cleans, it programs your brushing.

Did you know that right-handed people typically devote more of their brushing effort to teeth on the left side? The opposite is true for left-handers. Research also shows that *bottom* teeth receive more brushing than top teeth. And tooth *front* surfaces get more attention than back surfaces.



Every 30 seconds, Quadpacer™ automatically alerts you to move to a new quadrant.
:30
:30
:30
:30

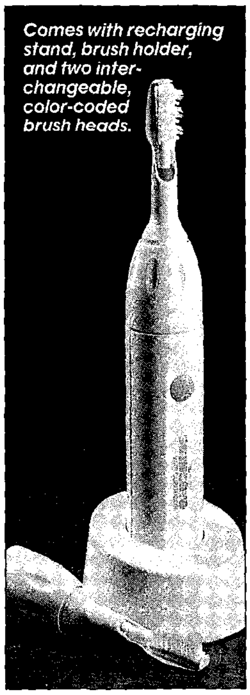
New technology for thorough brushing.

Accepted by the American Dental Association, new Sonicare® with Quadpacer™ helps you brush as dentists and hygienists recommend — in four distinct zones of your mouth, or "quadrants." Every 30 seconds, a beep and an interruption in brushing action alert you to move to the next quadrant. Now every area receives carefully timed, *consistent* attention for improved plaque removal. This can help reduce the risk of gum disease in previously neglected areas. (Programmable quadrant alerts can also be switched off.)

Brightening every time you brush.

Not just an electric toothbrush, Sonicare emits high-frequency sonic waves for *beyond-the-bristles*™ cleaning. It's the modern, one-step system for plaque-removal plus whitening through stain reduction.

Research studies show this innovative tooth care system removes periodontal bacteria up to 4mm beyond the bristles, cleaning between teeth and below the gum. New university studies reveal it's also remarkably effective in controlling stains (see box below).



Comes with recharging stand, brush holder, and two interchangeable, color-coded brush heads.

Sonic waves remove plaque and stains.

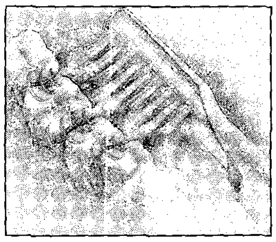
Designed by periodontists and bioengineers at a leading university dental research center, the Sonicare brush head vibrates *31,000 strokes per minute*. Vibrating so fast not only scours away stains and food particles clinging to teeth. The high-frequency sweeping motion produces fast-moving micro-size bubbles that travel through the toothpaste foam into nooks, fissures, cracks, pits, and periodontal pockets — all the places plaque-causing bacteria grow. The Sonicare foam reaches deep for total cleaning and brightening — but without the unpleasant scrape of a dental tool. In fact, Sonicare's foaming action feels pleasantly effervescent.

Praised by dental and health professionals.

In a recent survey of dental professionals who treat gum disease and have purchased Sonicare, 98% of respondents said they would recommend it to their patients. In an unsolicited testimonial (all letters on file), one Michigan dentist writes, *"I have never used an instrument which so totally removed plaque."*

An Arizona physician reports, *"I have...noted a dramatic decrease in the amount of tartar on my teeth. I also saw my periodontist and had the best checkup ever."* Writes a Washington dentist, *"All the patients who have purchased [Sonicare] are very impressed...They [report] that their mouths have that 'just polished' feeling."*

A better check-up. *Or your money back.*



Quadpacer comes with a Better Check-up Guarantee from the manufacturer. Use Quadpacer for a full 90 days, then see your dentist. If you are not fully satisfied with Quadpacer, or if your check-up does not confirm that your teeth and gums are healthier, you may return it to the manufacturer for a full refund.

This new model now comes with a convenient holder for the two included color-coded brush heads. Because customers asked for it, the brush heads are now slimmer, to reach back teeth more easily. And the warranty has been doubled to *two* years.

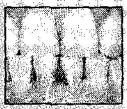
A full charge powers twice-a-day brushing for up to two weeks, so you can take Sonicare on vacation (and leave the charging base at home). Also comes with base (plugs into wall outlet) and instructions. Brush and base stand 10"H × 3" in diameter. Made in USA.

Use Sonicare for just two weeks, and your teeth look brighter. Stains are greatly reduced. Your breath is fresher. You can feel with your tongue how clean your gums and teeth have become — with no more neglected areas from inconsistent brushing. Order today and we'll rush Sonicare Quadpacer to you via Federal Express 2nd Day Air for free! You pay absolutely no delivery charges.

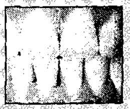
®Optiva Corporation.

Removed 80% of stains.

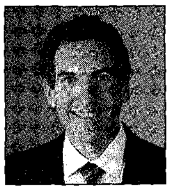
A university study evaluating subjects via the Lobene Index (stain area and intensity) found Sonicare users achieved an 80% reduction in stains due to coffee, tea, and tobacco. In a second university study, Sonicare achieved more than a 50% reduction in stains caused by a common oral prescription (clorhexidine) — one of the most difficult dental stains to remove. Your individual results may vary.



Before — teeth are heavily stained.



After 10 days of Sonicare use — stains greatly reduced.



Richard Thalheimer

"Ours is the newest Sonicare toothbrush with Quadpacer programmed brushing. Order today and we'll rush it to you via Federal Express 2nd Day Air for free! You pay absolutely no delivery charges."

Richard

THE SHARPER IMAGE®

✔ YES, please send me my Sonicare™!

To order by credit card, call or fax toll-free: **1-800-344-4444** Please mention Key code #9259 when ordering.

Sonicare with Quadpacer	**#ON402**	**$149⁹⁵**	Free
Additional Head	**#ON401**	**$ 19⁹⁵**	FedEx.!

75 stores nationwide!

Order direct or call for the store nearest you.

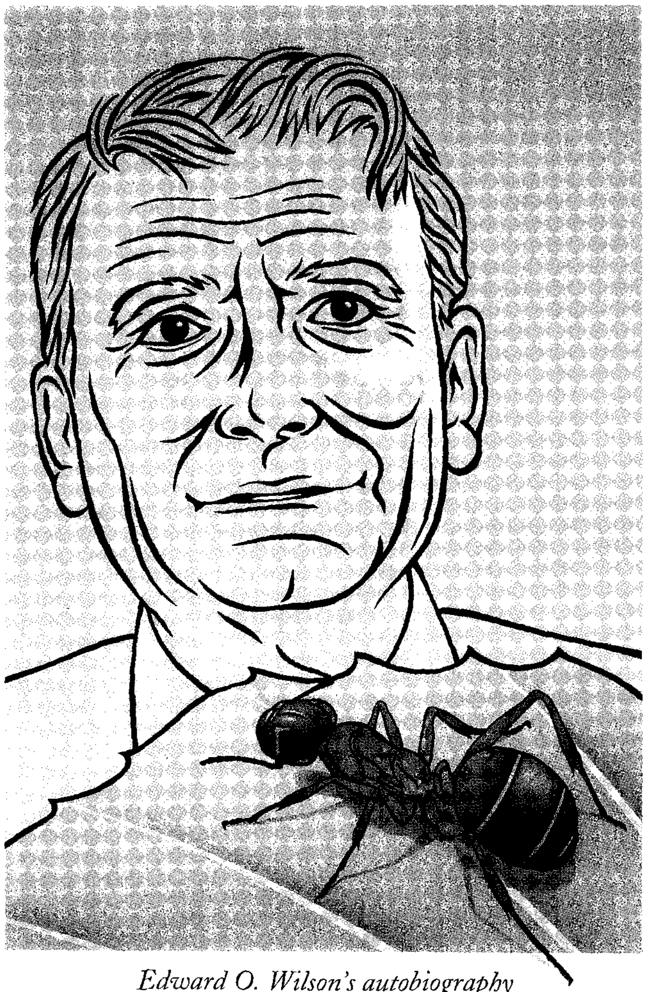
THE CRITICS

BOOKS

AN UNDECIPHERED RESIDUE

BY JOHN UPDIKE

EDWARD O. WILSON is a scientist who likes to write—not just pinched little scientific papers, dense with data and Latin, but massive, inclusive, dictionary-size volumes, like "Sociobiology: The New Synthesis" (1975), consisting of six hundred double-column pages and a bibliography of twenty-four hundred items, and (with Bert Hölldobler) "The Ants" (1990), even bigger and ballasted by a bibliography seven hundred items longer. Wilson has produced over three hundred scientific publications in total, and two of his books—"The Ants" and "On Human Nature" (1978)—have won the nonfiction Pulitzer Prize. This fall, he has published two new volumes, "Journey to the Ants: A Story of Scientific Exploration" (again, with Bert Hölldobler) and an autobiography, titled simply "Naturalist" (Island; $24.95). In this latter volume he offers the secret of his literary productivity: a bad verbal memory. "I cannot memorize lines, have trouble visualizing words spelled out to me letter by letter," he explains. "I write smoothly, in part I believe because my memory is less encumbered by the phrasing and nuances of others." He also tells us that he is blind in one eye, cannot hear high-frequency sounds, and is a poor mathematician. So, confides this winner of most of the prizes with which a naturalist can be honored, he has "skirted the weaknesses" and pushed his strengths. He has studied the ant, as Proverbs advised: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." His advice to young scientists has a certain antlike hardheadedness: "Move laterally and up and down and peer all around. If you have the will, there is a discipline in which you can succeed. Look for the ones still thinly populated, where fine differences in raw ability matter less. Be a hunter and explorer, not a problem solver."


Edward O. Wilson's autobiography ponders how he found a fascination with ants and created a furor with "Sociobiology."

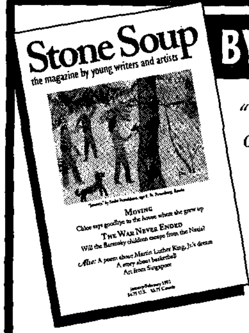
If he describes his professional career in terms of formicid diligence and tenacity, his choice of vocation has the quality of a religious vision. In 1936, on a piece of Florida's Gulf Coast called Paradise Beach, the seven-year-old Wilson, wading, was transfixed by the sight of "a huge jellyfish in water so still and clear that its every detail [was] revealed as though it were trapped in glass." The creature, which he later learned was a sea nettle, a medusa—*Chrysaora quinquecirrha*—hung there motionless for hours as the fascinated child gazed at its curious anatomy:

> Its opalescent pink bell is divided by thin red lines that radiate from center to circular edge. A wall of tentacles falls from the rim to surround and partially veil a feeding tube and other organs, which fold in and out like the fabric of a drawn curtain. I can see only a little way into this lower tissue mass. I want to know more but am afraid to wade in deeper and look more closely into the heart of the creature.

Wilson's reaction to this beautifully evoked apparition spells out the difference between a naturalist and the rest of us; instead of rapidly sloshing the other way in fright and disgust, he yearned to look deeper into the heart of the creature and impressed its details upon his brain. He still remembers the image as embodying "all the mystery and tensed malignity of the sea."

That same summer, Wilson, in the care of a family who boarded youngsters in Paradise Beach, accidentally injured his sight. Fishing on a dock, he yanked a pinfish from the water too violently, so it flew into his face and one of its needle-like spines pierced the pupil of

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE BY CHILDREN



"The New Yorker of the 8 to 13 set."
MS. MAGAZINE

"Blessings on the adult advisers of this enterprise."
THE NEW YORKER

STONE SOUP, now in its 22nd year, is the perfect magazine for 8- to 13-year-olds. Young people love reading the extraordinary stories, poems, and book reviews by their peers published in this handsome magazine. An Activity Guide in every issue encourages budding writers and artists to create and submit their work. A great holiday gift!

Published 5 times a year, every 2 months from Sept. to June

☐ 1 yr. $24 ☐ 2 yrs. $42 ☐ 3 yrs. $58
Canada and Mexico add $5/year. Other countries add $10/year.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City, State, Zip ____________
Gift card from ____________

1-800-447-4569 NY
P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063

Gallery
Luxurious Town House Hotel
Quietly situated in the heart of Kensington.
36 individually and sumptuously furnished Club Rooms with Butler Service.
Your ideal residence in London.
8–10 Queensberry Place
London SW7 2EA
Tel: + 44 (71) 915 0000
Fax: + 44 (71) 915 4400
London

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

"Cats" Bracelet, 7 links,
14K Gold $595. Sterling $165. Visa/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. **1-800-477-1856**
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759

A Cornucopia of Cat Treats
A holiday bundle of African catnip, European snack treats, and toys for the kitties. 1-3 kitties, $29.95; 4+ kitties $39.95 (plus $4.50 S&H).
Send gift list with check or call
1-800-8CATNIP.
From the originators of Cat-Treats-of-the-Month.

the Catnip Trading company
17 North St.
Lexington MA
02173-1811

his right eye. The wound, neglected, led to a traumatic cataract, whose removal, itself traumatic, left that eye severely impaired. Fortunately, the other remained very keen—good enough for "fine print and the hairs on the bodies of small insects." The summer by the Gulf cemented his love of Nature, which he personifies with a capital "N." An only child and, after 1937, a child of divorce, he lived with his father, a hard-drinking government accountant who "for some reason preferred road assignments." In the course of eleven years, the boy attended fourteen different public schools. "A nomadic existence made Nature my companion of choice," he writes, "because the outdoors was the one part of my world I perceived to hold rock steady." He kept ants in a jar of sand; he fished; he collected butterflies; he learned the names of plants and creatures. There was in this bright and studious child a rare fervor—a saintlike craziness, even. At the age of fifteen, living in the small Alabama town of Brewton, he found a swamp next to a goldfish hatchery run by "an affable sixty-year-old Englishman named Mr. Perry." Mr. Perry's excavated goldfish ponds had enriched the swamp biota, including water snakes, to the point where it seemed to young Wilson a "paradise": "A swamp filled with snakes may be a nightmare to most, but for me it was a ceaselessly rotating lattice of wonders." He became adept at catching snakes, and waded among them with a mystic joy until an oversized cottonmouth moccasin thrashed in his grip and threatened to sink its inch-long fangs in the boy's hand. He managed to toss the cottonmouth away, but the near-disastrous episode leads him to speculate as to "why I explored swamps and hunted snakes with such dedication and recklessness." He offers a number of plausible reasons, including practical ambition: "I dreamed I was training myself someday to be a professional field biologist." But there is still "an undeciphered residue, a yearning remaining deep within me that I have never understood, nor wish to, for fear that if named it might vanish."

His adult adventures as a rising naturalist took him, inevitably, to the tropics and other buggy terrain, but he added to the unavoidable hardships some extraordinary tests of his will and endurance, such as attempting to climb,

Just Released!
VINTAGE
BOB & RAY
VOLUME 1
THE CBS YEARS: PART ONE

4 Hours on 4 Audio Cassettes

This all-new, never-before-released collection from the CBS Radio Network was recorded at the peak of their career. A must-have for Bob&Ray fans. Not sold in stores.

Don't miss out on this very special limited offer.

VINTAGE
BOB & RAY
VOLUME 1

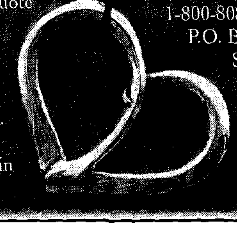
Only **$29.95**
including UPS delivery.

FOR FASTEST DELIVERY, USE YOUR CREDIT CARD AND CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-528-4441
Order by December 15th for Christmas delivery.
OVERNIGHT DELIVERY AVAILABLE. NY State residents add sales tax.
For a FREE Catalog, or to Order by Mail, Send a check to:
RADIOART® Dept. NY 23, PO BOX 2000 GPO, New York, NY 10116

"From the Heart"
a commemorative pendant

Sterling $85
Gold by quote

MEGIN DIAMOND DESIGNS
1-800-808-4 ART
P.O. Box 4095
Santa Fe
NM
87502



all pieces
signed,
dated &
numbered.

Available in
1994 only.

COOKS AND READERS ALIKE RAVE ABOUT
CONVIVIUM

A DECIDEDLY UNSTUFFY
FOOD AND COOKING LETTER
Engaging ✍ Humorous ✍ Just Plain Good
$4/1 issue—$18/6 issues (1 yr.)—$34/12 issues
Box 835, Dept. N, E. Liverpool, OH 43920-5835

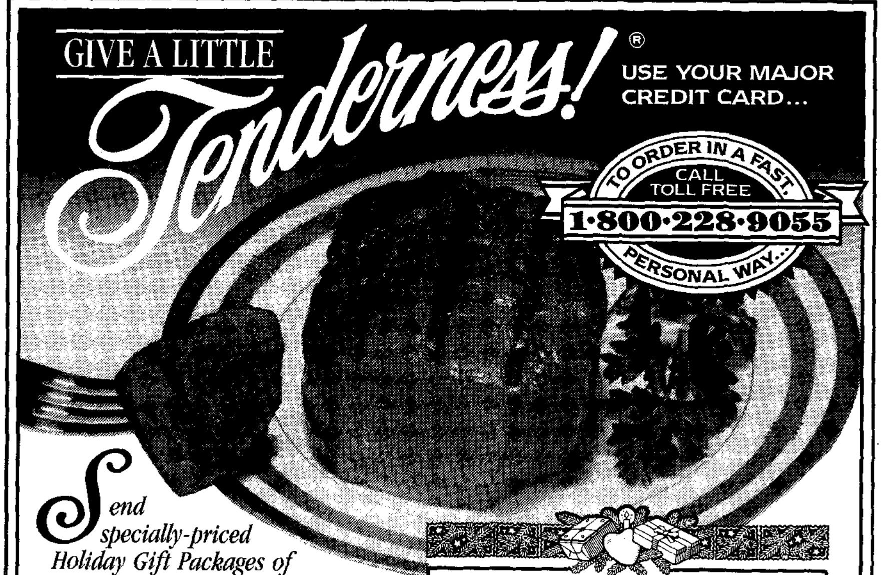
WALK ENGLAND
Travel back in time on our luxury tours of the enchanted villages and spectacular mountains in Wordsworth's ***Lake District***, plus **The Roman Wall** and **Yorkshire Dales**. World-class walking and literary/cultural/culinary fun. 12-person groups. Private suites in a Victorian mansion.
ENGLISH ADVENTURES (303) 797-2365
803 Front Range Road • Littleton, CO 80120

in Mexico, the Pico de Orizaba—"three miles from the lowlands straight up into the air in thirty-six hours"—and, in New Guinea, succeeding in scaling the central summit ridge of the Sarawaget Mountains, the first white man to do so. He concludes his account:

> As we fast-walked and slid our way down the ridges and into the upper Bunbok Valley, something resistant and troubling finally broke and receded inside me. The Sarawaget, cold and daunting, had proved a test of my will severe enough to be satisfying. I had reached the edge of the world I wanted, and knew myself better as a result. By passing from the sea to its peaks I had finally encompassed the serious tropics of my dreams, and I could go home.

Home by that time had become Cambridge and Harvard, where Wilson has studied and taught since 1951, after earning his bachelor's and master's degrees at the University of Alabama. The peaks and swamps of his mature scientific achievement are harder for him to describe and for the nonspecialist reader to grasp than are his physical and geographical adventures. A certain bold adventurism does emerge, however, in his propounding of a new science, which he called "sociobiology," and which aroused resistance in other academic camps to the extent of intradepartmental snubbings, indignant letters in *The New York Review of Books*, and a spectacular incident at a Washington symposium in 1978: a young woman who had stormed the stage dumped a pitcher of ice water over Wilson's head while other protesters chanted, "Wilson, you're all wet!"

It is difficult for an academic outsider to detect, reading the offending final chapter in "Sociobiology," what they were so strenuously objecting to. This chapter, which follows twenty-six chapters that in a flat, fact-packed prose summarize what is known about cooperative animal behavior from coral colonies to chimpanzee clans, suggests what in human social behavior might be genetically, rather than culturally, determined. To be sure, youthful idealists who had cut their teeth on the antiwar movement might not want to consider history's constant wars as tests of "differential group fitness" or read of theories that "envision some of the 'noblest' traits of mankind, including team play, altruism, patriotism, bravery on the field of battle, and so forth, as the genetic product of warfare." Feminists might not welcome the bland inclusion, as a basic



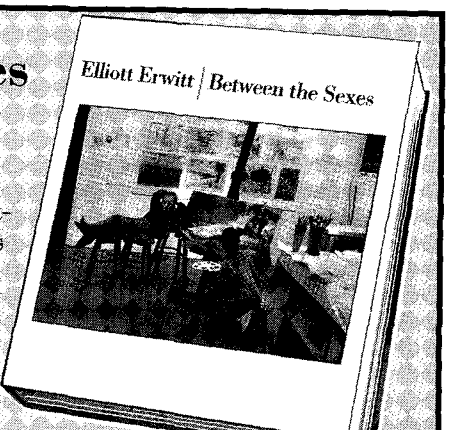
GIVE A LITTLE Tenderness!®
USE YOUR MAJOR CREDIT CARD...
TO ORDER IN A FAST, PERSONAL WAY... CALL TOLL FREE 1·800·228·9055

Send specially-priced Holiday Gift Packages of world-famous Omaha Steaks.® So tender and juicy. Delivered nationwide, unconditionally guaranteed!
Hurry...your gift orders must be received by December 20th for delivery in time for Christmas!
Special Holiday Prices Expire 12/31/94
(EXTRA CHARGE FOR ALASKA/HAWAII/CANADA GIFTS)
Many other great specials available. Act now!

#1135 4 (5 oz.) Filet Mignons, Save $12.00 Regularly $41.95 NOW $29.95 (PLUS $6.50 SHIPPING)

#515 8 (6 oz.) Filet Mignons, Save $20.00 Regularly $79.95 NOW $59.95 (PLUS $6.50 SHIPPING)

Omaha Steaks® International®
Dept. AD4122 • 4400 South 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127



Between the Sexes
The marvelous new book from
Elliott Erwitt
A sometimes poignant, sometimes outrageous photographic record of males and females trying (and sometimes not trying) to get along, with wildly varying results. A great gift for the one you love. With 117 duotones, 9 5/8" x 11 1/8"
At bookstores NORTON
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10110

SEND CAKE!
Holiday Cake and Birthday Cake Sent Anywhere in the Country.
CAKEMAIL BAKERIES
DIAL 1-800 CAKEMAIL
Overnight Delivery Guaranteed! Free Brochure.

Urology & You
The Newsletter of Genitourinary Health Information
Prostate, Bladder, Impotence, and Other Topics
$19.95 4 issues per year • 718-275-7440
Edward Moss, M.D., F.A.C.S.

EXPERIENCE CALIFORNIA'S SMALLER WINERIES
CALL 24 HOURS 800/777-4443
Visa • MasterCard • American Express
Each month, two bottles of award-winning wine, PLUS an informative 8-page newsletter.
Only $30.00 each month (incl. shipping).
Gifts shipped in 24 hours.
Send as many months as you choose.
Cheers
The California Wine Club

Give The *Only* Magazine Exclusively Devoted To Italian Cuisine

Recipes; Articles; Cookbook, Wine and Video Reviews; Profiles of Chefs; Humor; Traditions; Covering America and Italy; Big Cities, Towns, Villages and Countryside. Forty Plus Pages. In Beautiful Full Color. 1995 Will Be Our Fifth Year of Publishing.

1 Yr. (6 Issues) $17
2 Yrs. (12 Issues) $26
Canada Add $8/Overseas $12

Special Holiday Offer:
Buy 1 Subscription
And The 2nd Is 1/2 Price

Holiday Gift Card Available Upon Request

800-438-2385
CHECK or M.O. only

Journal of Italian Food & Wine
609 W. 114th St. / Ste. 77• NY, NY 10025

GIFTS OF WORDS

The original RIVERSTONES™ by Penelope Naylor make great gifts for garden & home. "One would serve well as a cornerstone for any of a wide range of individual or collective enterprises." (*The New Yorker, 12/2/91*). Each unique, natural stone is deeply inscribed. Choose IMAGINE, LOVE, HOPE, WELCOME, LAUGH, DREAM.

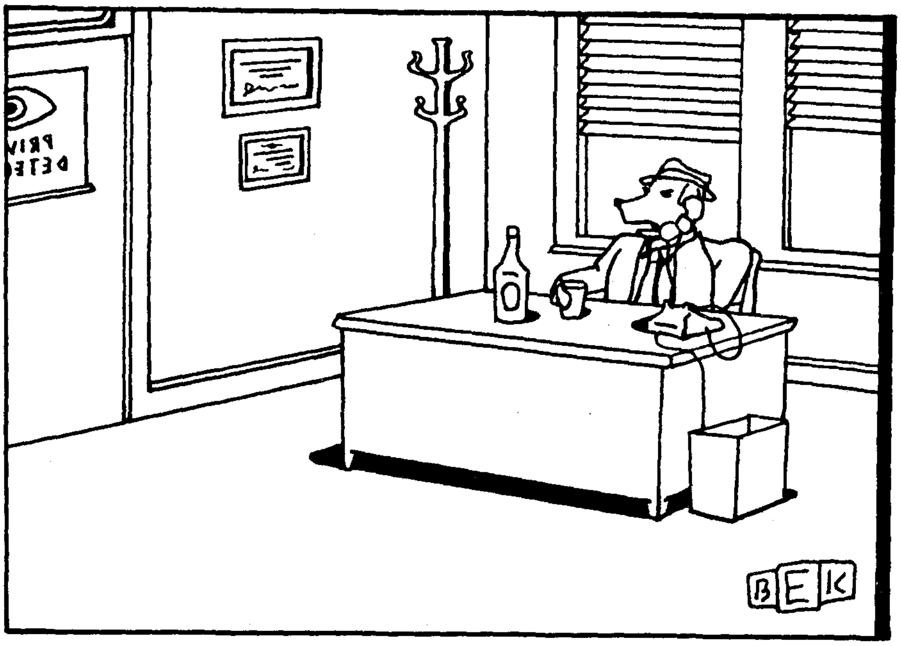
SMALL (6"-8")... $55 LARGE (12"-15")... $75
MEDIUM (9"-11") $65 X-LARGE... (by request)

Add $15 per stone for shipping & handling.
Full refund guaranteed.
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO
Stoneworks Gallery
P.O. BOX 35-Y · TUXEDO, NY 10987
CUSTOM ORDERS WELCOME
FREE CATALOGUE · 1 800-STONE-08

TRAVELLER'S BOOKSTORE

Your source for worldwide guidebooks, maps, travel literature & accessories.

Free Color Catalog
1 • 800 • 755 • 8728
75 Rockefeller Plaza • NYC



"Fetch it yourself."

• •

primate trait, of "aggressive dominance systems, with males dominant over females"; in Wilson's sense of human society, "During the day the women and children remain in the residential area while the men forage for game or its symbolic equivalent in the form of barter and money." Young progressive students of 1975 might be sensitive to the conservative implications of observations like:

> To counteract selfish behavior and the "dissolving power" of high intelligence, each society must codify itself. Within broad limits virtually any set of conventions works better than none at all.

Like those investigators of the inheritability of intelligence as measured by I.Q. tests, Wilson found himself on a highly charged research track. The Sociobiology Study Group, composed of fifteen Boston-area academics, alleged in its letter to *The New York Review of Books* that Wilson's hypotheses tended "to provide a genetic justification of the status quo and of existing privileges for certain groups according to class, race, or sex." Wilson describes himself as surprised and hurt by the vehemence of the attack, which linked his theories with racist eugenics and Nazi atrocities. Few in the Harvard faculty came to his defense. "In the liberal dovecotes of Harvard University," he writes, "a reactionary professor is like an atheist in a monastery." He was advised that he had offended the Marxist belief that human society could be radically remade, and characteristically undertook a thorough study of Marxism, concluding that the attack on sociobiology was "political, not evidential," and that the New Leftists of the Sociobiology Study Group "had no interest in the subject beyond discrediting it." Wilson devotes several pages of "Naturalist" to a quietly acid portrait of his principal antagonist, the population geneticist Richard Lewontin, whose appointment to the Harvard Department of Biology Wilson had, not long before 1975, urged in the face of objections from other professors.

One gets a picture of the opposition without really comprehending its case. A genetic approach to human behavior is materialist and reductionist, but why would that offend Marxists, or modern academics of any stripe? Stephen Jay Gould, another opponent of sociobiology, indicated, in a book review collected in his "An Urchin in the Storm," how the opposition saw it: "Few programs for transformation have been more overt, few pursued with clearer aims in conscious sequence, than human sociobiology in the form proposed by Edward O. Wilson. The goal was audacious, but simply stated: to achieve the greatest reform since Freud in our notion of human nature." Furthermore, according to Gould, "Sociobiology" 's very subtitle, "The New Synthesis," was "an explicit manifesto of revolution for the cognoscenti, since we tradesmen of evolution call our own Darwinian orthodoxy, a legacy of perceived revolution during the 1930s and 1940s, 'the modern synthesis.' " Readers of "Naturalist" know that behind Wilson's methodical manner and mild appearance lurks a mountain-climbing, cottonmouth-grabbing spirit. No small ambition has generated those giant tomes. His own account of the inception of "Sociobiology" seems to confirm an aggressive intent:

> Once again I was roused by the amphetamine of ambition. Go ahead, I told myself, pull out all the stops. Organize *all* of sociobiology on the principles of population biology. I knew I was sentencing myself to a great deal more hard work. *The Insect Societies* had just consumed eighteen months. . . . The writing had pushed my work load up to eighty-hour weeks. Now I invested two more years, 1972 to 1974. . . . Knowing where my capabilities lay, I chose the second of the two routes to success in science: breakthroughs for the extremely bright, syntheses for the driven.

The satisfactions and successes of Wilson's driven career are described with a faint undercurrent of apology, of disappointment. Of his collaboration with Robert MacArthur, a Canadian population theoretician who died young, Wilson writes regretfully, "I owe him an incalculable debt, that for at least once in my life I was permitted to participate in science of the first rank." Of his youthful self he confesses, "To the degree I was insecure, I was also ambitious. I hungered for the recognition and support that discovery in science brings." But scientific breakthrough of the sort that generates newspaper news and Nobel Prizes is rare; the epochal discovery in biology came in 1953, with the deciphering of the DNA molecule. "It came like a lightning flash," Wilson writes, "like knowledge from the gods." One of DNA's two discoverers, Wilson's Harvard colleague James Watson, was to Wilson "the most unpleasant human being I had ever met"; to molecular biologists like Watson, naturalists like Wilson were mere "stamp collectors." The most, perhaps, that an entomologist could hope for would be a discovery on the order of Karl von Frisch's analysis of the "waggle dance," whereby honeybees communicate to one another the whereabouts of a food source. The "new synthesis" of sociobiology may well be Wilson's attempt to push the envelope and make his own lightning flash; it fizzled, not only politically unfashionable but scientifically premature. Wilson writes, "It is possible that gene-culture coevolution will lie dormant as a subject for many more years, awaiting the slow accretion of knowledge persuasive enough to attract scholars. . . . I do not doubt for an instant that its time will come." While we wait, a stream of books and articles speculating on the built-in genetic component of such human behaviors as domesticity, promiscuity, and homosexuality indicates the subject's general fascination.

Reading Wilson's measured but prickly account of the sociobiology controversy, I had an impression of his professorial colleagues as ants whose delicate antennae had received pheromonal evidence that, beneath his appearance as one of them, Wilson was a conservative Southern boy. "In the standard leftward frameshift of academia prevailing then," he tells us, "I—Roosevelt liberal turned pragmatic centrist—was cast well to the right." Wilson evokes his Southern roots with affection. While his parents were separating, they settled the seven-year-old in the Gulf Coast Military Academy, whose Spartan routines, initially distressing, left him with "the images of a perfect orderliness and lofty purpose." Though he did not stay long at the school, he still carries "an inoculum of the military culture": "I instinctively respect authority and believe emotionally if not intellectually that it should be perturbed only for conspicuous cause. . . . I have a special regard for altruism and devotion to duty." The evolutionary riddle of altruism, so dramatically embodied in the self-sacrificial order and tactics of the ant colony, has long concerned him. He devotes a chapter to the hymns and theology of his native Baptist church, and recounts that, attending church for the first time in forty years, to hear Martin Luther King, Sr., at Harvard, he wept as black Harvard students sang gospel hymns. "Religion cannot be dismissed as superstition," he says. An arresting sentence in the last chapter of "Sociobiology" runs, "The enduring paradox of religion is that so much of its substance is demonstrably false, yet it remains a driving force in all

Goose down robe

Surround yourself in warm, lightweight elegance. Superblend fabric for easy care. Contrasting piping, shawl collar and roll back cuffs. Fully guaranteed. Order cream, burgundy, peach, light blue, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $160 **Sale $89** Shipping and handling, $6.50

Goose Down Slippers match robes in cream, burgundy, peach, light blue, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $38 **Sale $22** Shipping $4.50

☐ Order by phone with MC or VISA, call 415/472-2154.

☐ Use MC, VISA or check for mail orders. CA residents add 7¼% tax

WARM THINGS

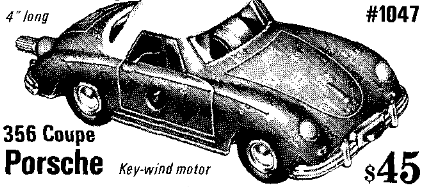
180 Paul Dr., Dept. NY /San Rafael, CA 94903
415/472-2154 • Ship within 48 hrs. • MC/VISA

THREE COLORS YOU'LL LOOK GREAT IN.

It's the famous designer tri-color ring in solid 14K yellow, pink and white gold - $149. Bracelet - $379 - Earrings - $159.

Call 800-725-1520

Visa/MC - S&H $4 - Satisfaction Guaranteed - Check or M.O. to: *Marc Simon Fine Jewelry*, 19360 Rinaldi St., Suite #501, Porter Ranch, CA 91326



MicroRacer™

4" long

#1047

356 Coupe Porsche Key-wind motor $45

Lilliput P. O. Box 447, Yerington, NV 89447 Pay by Visa, MC, AmEx, check. Call 800-TIN-TOYS Fax 702-463-5581 Shipping $6 ea. In NV add 6% tax.

Beverly Dubrin's

Where-To-Guide

Our 13th Year

The insider's newsletter about San Francisco and beyond

→ Restaurants → Travel → Shopping
→ Getaways → Day trips → And more!

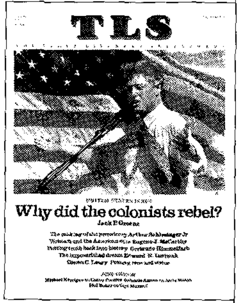
Sample issue $4

$28 for one year (6 issues); Gift Subscriptions welcomed
P.O. Box 4274 • Walnut Creek, CA 94596-0274 • (510) 943-7386

PUBLISHED IN LONDON

CONTINUING EDUCATION
(for just $75 a year)

Subscribe to The TLS and explore the world of literature, scholarship and the arts.


TLS
Why did the colonists rebel?
Jack P. Greene

Every week, you'll find a wide and stimulating range of reviews, essays, debates—presented with the intelligence and liveliness for which The TLS is famous.

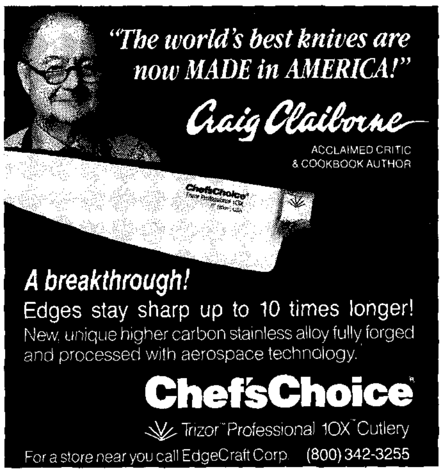
A distinguished American writer once said that after graduating from college, he faced a choice: "Either go to graduate school or take out a subscription to The TLS. I chose the latter and believe I have achieved a superior education as a result."

No wonder, for 90 years, The Times Literary Supplement has been a weekly habit of the keenest minds around the world.

Special U.S. offer: ***56% off the cover price***
☐ Six months $49 ☐ One Year $75

Call 1-800-370-9040
to order by credit card.

Or send payment (cheques payable to
The Times Literary Supplement) to TLS U.S. Office
49 East 21st Street • 12th Floor • New York, NY 10010
SNYJ4

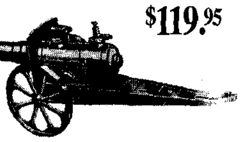


"The world's best knives are now MADE in AMERICA!"

A breakthrough!
Edges stay sharp up to 10 times longer!
New, unique higher carbon stainless alloy fully forged and processed with aerospace technology.

Chef'sChoice
Trizor Professional 10X Cutlery
For a store near you call EdgeCraft Corp. (800) 342-3255

Celebrate July 4th & All Events
CARBIDE CANNON
BIG BANG! $119.95



Mammoth Cannons shoot with terrific BANG! Have a bang-up time at special events. Uses powdered carbide ammo. Hundreds of shots for few cents. All metal construction with large, rugged cast-iron wheels. Machined brass mechanism for easy loading and firing. Authentic turn-of-century design. Handsome decor when not in use. Made in USA to last a lifetime. Available in 3 sizes: 9" cannon, **$49.95 postpaid;** 17" cannon, **$89.95 postpaid;** 25" cannon (shown here) with rapid firing and automatic loading, **$119.95 postpaid.** The larger the cannon the louder the bang! **Carbide ammo, about 100 shots, $6.00; 3 packs for $15.00.** Send check, money order or call. Visa, MasterCard accepted by mail or phone. Give card number & expiration. Money-back guarantee. Send for **FREE CATALOG!**

The Conestoga Co., Inc., *Dept NY, PO Box 405, Bethlehem, PA 18016*

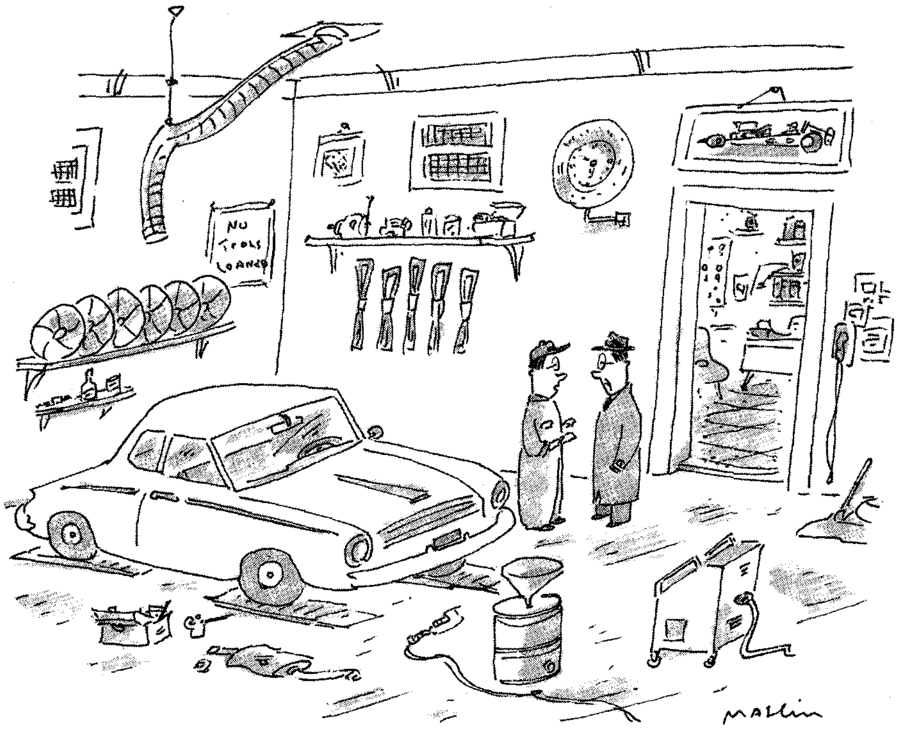
★★ Call 1-800-987-BANG (2264) ★★

societies." The Boy Scouts were central to his growth as a student of Nature; he had risen to Eagle Scout and camp counsellor by the age of fifteen. His enduring enthusiasm leads him to include the Scout Oath in his autobiography, with the comment "I drank in and accepted every word. Still do, as ridiculous as that may seem to my colleagues in the intellectual trade, to whom I can only reply, Let's see you do better in fifty-four words." During the Second World War, with boys of all ages in short supply, he became "a child workaholic," awaking at three in the morning to deliver newspapers to more than four hundred citizens of Mobile. In short, Wilson imbibed the pieties and ethics of his rather staid, trusting generation (which is also mine), and was ill-equipped to cope with the playful anarchism and deadpan Marxism that swept academia in the sixties.

His professional passions, however, have brought him at last to political correctness: since 1979, he has been an active conservationist, lecturing and writing widely on "the problems of ecosystem destruction and species extinction, and on possible socioeconomic solutions." In 1979, he coined the term "biophilia" to describe "the inborn affinity human beings have for other forms of life, an affiliation evoked, according to circumstance, by pleasure, or a sense of security, or awe, or even fascination blended with revulsion." Revulsion, indeed: after pondering, in "The Ants" and "Journey to the Ants," numerous blown-up color photographs of ants copulating, grooming, foraging, regurgitating foodstuffs into one another's ghastly sidewise mouths, crawling all over their bloated inert queens, biting and stinging to death other insects and uncongenial fellow-ants, growing "fungal gardens" by "applying drops of anal fluid" to clumps of hyphae, cutting up leaves, forming living chains to bring the sides of leaves together, using their own silk-exuding larvae as living shuttles with which to weave their leaf nests together, and so on, I was reminded of W. H. Auden's lines

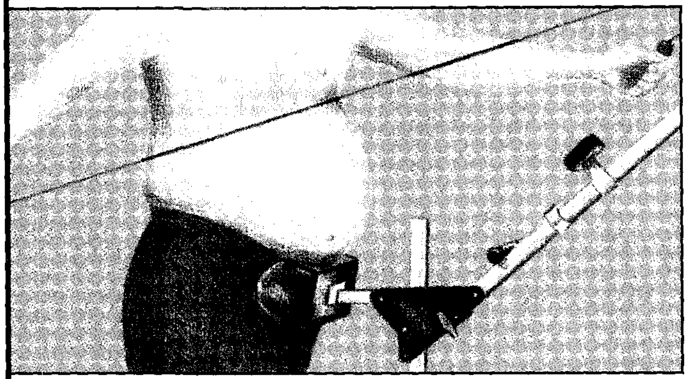
> Between us and the Insects,
> namely nine-tenths of the living, there grins
> a prohibitive fracture
> empathy cannot transgress: (What Saint
> made a friend of a roach or
> preached to an ant-hill?).

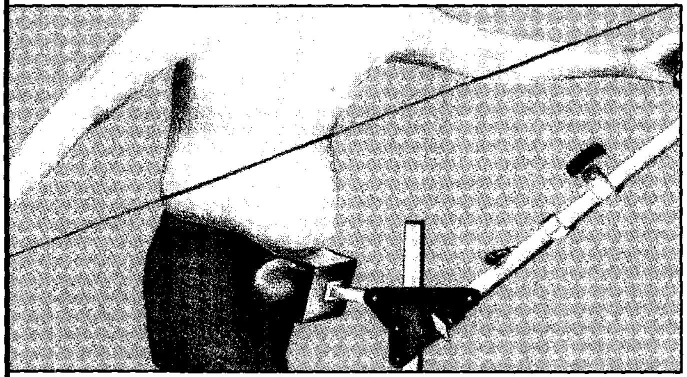
Wilson, who has sat attendance on many an anthill, details as if relaying delightful gossip such tidbits of ant behavior as how the fire-ant workers (all sisters, by the way) eliminate every queen but one "by stinging and dismembering" the extras, and how, when a nest is flooded, they "float to the surface in

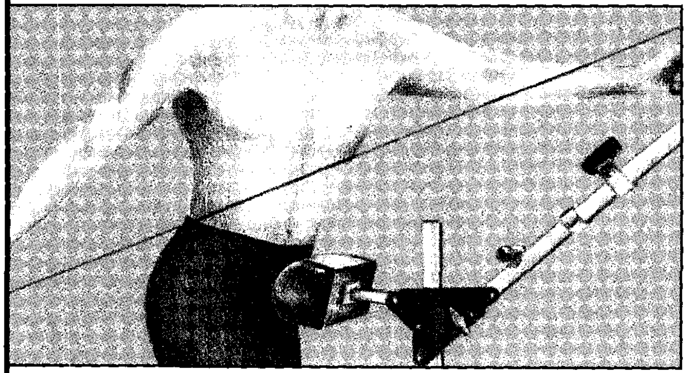


"Sure it has some life left in it, but you might ask yourself just what kind of life it would be."

The best way to a man's stomach...NordicTrack.







Burn more calories in less time.

It's true! Research shows that 70% of the users who bought a NordicTrack® exerciser to control their weight and used it 3 times a week or more lost an average of 17 pounds. What's more, after an entire year, 80% of them still kept it off! In as little as 20 minutes, 3 times a week, you get a total-body workout that burns more calories than ordinary exercisers. Research shows NordicTrack workouts burn up to 72% more calories than steppers, up to 74% more than exercise bikes and up to 75% more than treadmills.

The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser®.

NordicTrack gives you a superior total-body workout because it most effectively simulates what fitness experts call "*the world's best aerobic exercise*" — cross-country skiing. The legendary patented flywheel and one way clutch on a NordicTrack matches the smooth, non-jarring movement of cross-country skiing like no other exerciser.

Why settle for anything less, when you can have the best, most effective way to lose weight fast — NordicTrack!

So what are you waiting for, call now!

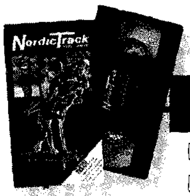
30-day in-home trial!

NordicTrack Pro® model

Get on Track™ with NordicTrack!

NordicTrack
A CML Company

©1994 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company • All rights reserved.



1-800-441-7891
Ext. 265L4

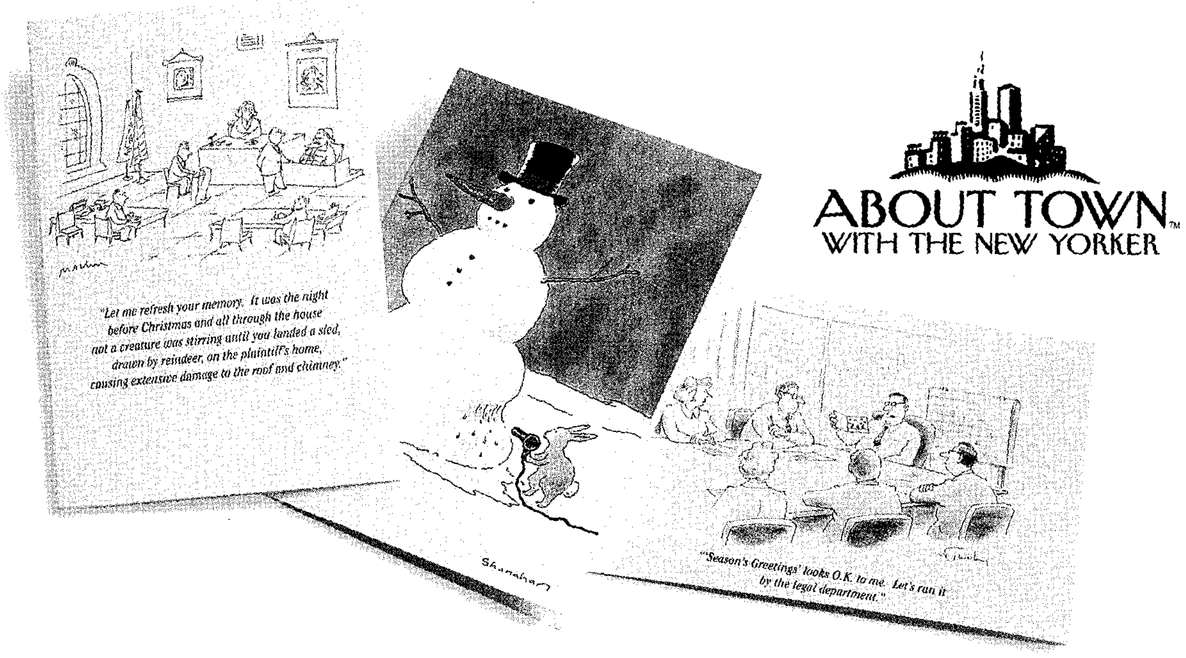
FREE Video and Brochure

☐ ***Please send me a FREE brochure***
☐ ***Also a FREE VHS videotape***

Name ____________________ Phone ( ) ________________
Street ____
City ____________________ State ________ Zip __________

Call or send to: NordicTrack, Dept. 265L4, 104 Peavey Road, Chaska, MN 55318

INTRODUCING AN ENTIRELY NEW LINE OF CARDS FROM HALLMARK



"Let me refresh your memory. It was the night before Christmas and all through the house not a creature was stirring until you landed a sled, drawn by reindeer, on the plaintiff's home, causing extensive damage to the roof and chimney."
Shanahan
"'Season's Greetings' looks O.K. to me. Let's run it by the legal department."
ABOUT TOWN™
WITH THE NEW YORKER

ABOUT TOWN™ CHRISTMAS CARDS
FEATURING ARTWORK FROM SOME OF YOUR
FAVORITE *NEW YORKER* ARTISTS

Now, get these boxed *About Town* greeting cards for Christmas, exclusively at selected Hallmark stores. With six different cards to choose from, you'll find the perfect message for everyone on your list.

Hallmark

tightly packed masses [and] form a living raft within which the queen and brood are safely tucked." Wilson used his knowledge of the latter habit to gather enough bulk of ant bodies to extract a trace pheromone; he and his assistants "shoveled entire nests into the water of a slow-moving stream [and] scooped up seething masses of ants in kitchen strainers and plopped them into bottles of solvent." Myrmecology isn't for softies. In another experiment, to gauge rates of repopulation, Wilson and a Florida exterminator wiped out every creature living on a number of mangrove islets in the Keys. There is a pleasant technical name for this, "defaunation." One can see why Stephen Jay Gould and his fellow-members of the Sociobiology Study Group were wary of letting a mind hardened by ant-thoughts loose on the tender substance of our human self-image.

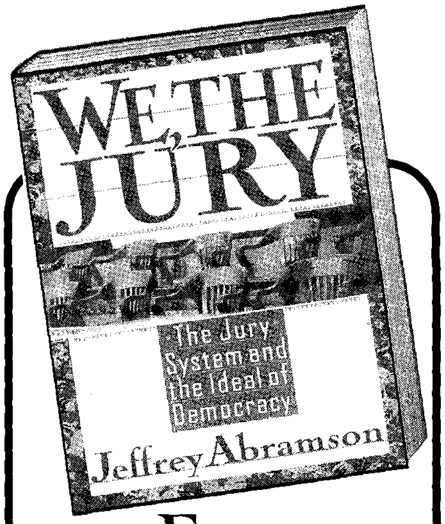
But Nature must be faced, and the virtue of "Naturalist" lies in the unembarrassed fullness of Wilson's self-portrait. Not content to show himself as the reasonable, hardworking, civilized man he certainly is, he seeks to plumb the irrational wellspring of his vocation—the "Alabama dreaming" that led the boy toward fanatic feats of exploration and exposition, a dreaming love of the *otherness* that gazes out at us, in particularly obdurate form, from the chitinous faces of ants. Even the most empirical science draws upon a strangeness in the personalities of its fervent devotees. In "Journey to the Ants" we read that naturalists' "primary aim is to learn as much as possible about all aspects of the species that give them esthetic pleasure." While most of us find little aesthetic pleasure in ants, whether as scurrying specks underfoot or magnified dragons on the page, Wilson makes real his own mysterious bliss, and expands our understanding of our own heterogeneous species. ♦

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

PAPA DON'T PREACH

BY DANIEL MENAKER

The standard rap on older parents is that we lose some vim to the years but gain some wisdom from them. My daughter is eight, and I am more than six times her age, which means that I creak a bit as I get down on my hands and knees to look under the couch when she hides my glasses from me. But I like to think I've developed something of a knack for picking out books to read with her, and I have come to understand that even if you make every right choice for your kids you won't block every hard knock and preclude the blues for them. We all do our best, and though we all fail to some degree, it's heartening to see school curricula and children's books try to emulate the eternal optimism of individual American families. In the face of cultural diversity, and the political and ethnic sensitivities so precipitously heightened by that diversity, we are trying to reinvent ourselves and the lessons we teach our children more radically than ever before. But when you sit at your eight-year-old's bedside with the only recently necessary glasses schussing down your nose you can tell that she can tell the difference between an agenda and a story. Kids often see right through Improvement to the adult anxieties behind it. Of course, all good writing has a moral dimension, but, es-



FIND OUT WHY O.J. *CAN* GET A FAIR TRIAL!

"Invaluable. . . . He has an earful to offer."—Lincoln Caplan, *Washington Post Book World*

At bookstores or call 800-331-3761

BasicBooks

A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*

Also available from HarperCollins*CanadaLtd*

RARE DALI PRINTS

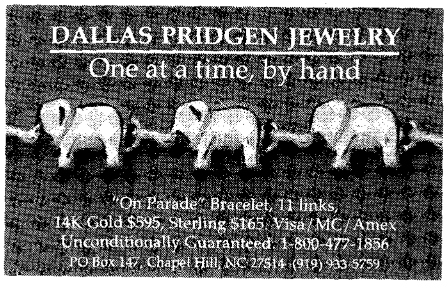
If you own, or are considering purchase of a Salvador Dali print...

SALVADOR DALI

Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 400 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we'll rush you a **free** copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter." ($10 an issue)

1-(800) 275-DALI

9 AM to 5 PM Pacific Time seven days a week



DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY

One at a time, by hand

"On Parade" Bracelet, 11 links,
14K Gold $595, Sterling $165. Visa / MC / Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759

WOMANSHIP

Learn to Sail Cruises

for and by women

Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
Flotillas to Greece and New Zealand

"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."

800/342-9295

ROGER TORY PETERSON
THE ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST BIRDER

Edited by Roger Tory Perterson and Rudy Hoglund © Text by William Zinsser

The gift book every bird-lover is hoping for this year

The first book to celebrate Dr. Peterson's artistic career in its entirety: oil paintings, acrylics, watercolors, prints, and more—all magnificently reproduced in 150 illustrations, 100 of them in color. 9½" x 12"

Available at fine bookstores

RIZZOLI International Publications

LIGHT
A Quarterly
of Light Verse,
Satire, & Cartoons
Jingle your bells, with funny poems by Disch, Ewart, Inez, Kennedy.

Said William Shak.
To Francis Bac.:
"Let's wine and dine."
"Your plays or mine?"—EDMUND CONTI

Subscriptions: $12/yr (4 issues), $18 foreign. VISA/MC: 1-800-285-4448. Or checks to *LIGHT*, Box 7500, Chicago, IL 60680. *Please note: Prices will increase in 1995.*

MURDER INK®
The world's oldest mystery bookstore.
2486 Broadway NYC 1·800·488·8123
FREE CATALOG

"Absolutley nothing about O.J."
A smashing gift.
GARY GALYEAN'S GOLF LETTER
THE INSIDE REPORT ON WORLD GOLF
Sample upon request. 800-320-6450
Our 5th year. $78. *P.O. Box 3899, Vero Beach, FL 32964*

pecially in the case of children's books, cautionary tales succeed (when they do) in spite of the caution and because of the tale.

NATIVE AMERICANS apparently provide a kind of culture-wide symbolic raw material for this attempt at reinvention, and they ride through the territory of children's books these days like a war party on a rampage. Often, they themselves are depicted as innocent children, at the mercy of European adult villains. They are the indigenous to the interloper, the honorable to the fork-tongued, the ecological to the toxic, the archetypal victims to the paradigmatic victimizers, the mystical to the materialistic, the unclad to the overdressed, the physically fit to the flabby, the disciplined to the depraved. On the whole, books about the pre-Columbian citizenry, like movies and other artifacts, seem to be saying that if only America could get right with the Indians—with their sad and violent history, their current resurgence, and what their past and their present have to teach us—everything else might magically fall into place.

"Crazy Horse," by Judith St. George (Putnam; $16.95), exemplifies not only the Native American vein in children's-book publishing but also the industry's broader multicultural tendency, and that tendency's strengths and vexations. It is a soundly written biography of the legendary Sioux warrior—victor at Little Bighorn and defender of his tribe, anomalously modest, unwilling to scalp or otherwise mutilate bodies after a battle, martyr to white greed and mendacity. The book certainly hopes to be a brick in the edifice of the new cultural diversity and understanding—it's filled with information and lore that its young-adult target audience, and even middle-aged parochials like me (those who haven't read Evan Connell's "Son of the Morning Star"), will find enlightening: the Sioux believed that homosexuals—*winktes*—could predict the future; Custer was point man for the gold-fever despoliation of the Sioux's sacred ground in the Black Hills long before meeting Crazy Horse at Little Bighorn; killing a woman in battle brought a warrior honor, because women were so staunchly defended. And it convincingly evokes Crazy Horse's character and wisdom, his courage not only as a fighter but as someone who dared to depart from tribal custom in what he wore and how he acted, while still trying to live up to the Sioux's leadership creed of putting his people first.

But in its combination of sympathy and agenda the book runs into historical and moral issues too thorny for it to deal with smoothly. I mean, what is a kid to do with a parenthesis like this: "(Throughout the Sioux Wars, whites killed innocent Sioux and Cheyennes in revenge for white deaths, while Sioux and Cheyennes killed innocent whites in revenge for Sioux and Cheyenne deaths)"? The dry, factual evenhandedness here seems at odds with the emotional pull toward Crazy Horse's point of view. And how can a book for kids remain coherent while it both conveys cultural understanding of the Sioux's predations on other tribes and implies that white greed for gold is less acceptable? It can't. I'm not saying that such a position is untenable, but the urge to instruct and improve here, as elsewhere, often conflicts with the urge simply to inform and to dramatize, and such books occasionally fall into a heap of attitudinal self-contradiction.

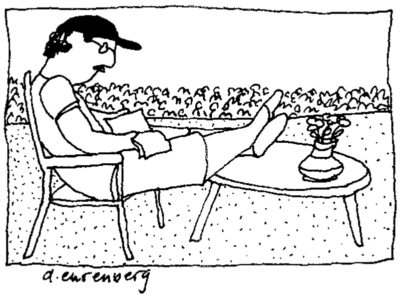
Nevertheless, it may be a good idea to open with your kids the modern cans of worms that show up between these superficially simple lines about *tempora* and *mores* gone by:

> Successful warfare brought prestige and honor to a warrior, raised him to a leadership position, earned him a wife and gained him membership in a warrior society. "When we were young all we thought about was going to war with some other nation," [Crazy Horse's] friend, the medicine man . . . recalled. . . . "and Crazy Horse wanted to get to the highest station and rank."

Sounds like the publishing business to me. While works that seem at internal cross-purposes, like Shakespeare's problem plays, may fail aesthetically in some ways, they often provoke lively discussion and debate.

St. George, in "Crazy Horse," seems aware that she's at work on a patch of the tatterdemalion American cultural quilt and, as in her previous well-researched books, she does her best to sew her panel in neatly for the children who will read it. So does Patricia Polacco, in

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...



The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use *The New Yorker* in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036-7440

CHIVERS
AUDIO BOOKS
UNABRIDGED RENTALS
You've Tried the Rest –
Now Try
the BEST!
Best Authors
Best Readers
Best Recordings
CALL FOR
$5
INTRODUCTORY
OFFER!
(800) 704-2005
PO Box 1450, Hampton, NH 03843-1450

THE ROSE
Pin
Sterling Silver $45.00
14k Gold $220.00
VISA, MC, AMEX
1-800-235-0471
24 hrs. 7 days
S/H $3.50
Actual Size
Velvet Box
ROGER NICHOLS
fine studios jewelry
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701

"Pink and Say" (Philomel; $15.95), a handsome picture book based on a true story of two Union soldiers who are caught behind enemy lines during the Civil War. One of them, a young white man, whose nickname is Say, lies wounded in a pasture in Georgia, and the other, a black man, Pinkus, comes across him and furtively carries him to his own mother's house, placing all three in great danger from Confederate troops. The ensuing tale, which involves interracial friendship, a brutal murder, and a tragic/happy ending focussed on the nightmare prisoner-of-war camp Andersonville, has a heavy message and may be too sad for kids under seven, but the drama of the narrative and the vigor of the illustrations help the book go beyond the sermon at its center. Another picture book about war, **"Casey Over There,"** by Staton Rabin, with quiet, nostalgic yellow-gold illustrations by Greg Shed (Harcourt Brace; $14.95), does a good job of dramatizing the anxiety and incomprehension of a young boy whose older brother is fighting in France during the First World War—the kid writes to Uncle Sam and basically asks to have his brother back—but it does less well with the larger issue of war and duty. Woodrow Wilson responds in a paternalistic and would-be consoling way to the little boy's letter: "I wish I could send him home to you tomorrow. Alas, Uncle Sam is not through with him yet." For many young listeners, though, the enormity of war will supersede the glowing pictures and the lucky ending, and qualify—if not nullify—the old-fashioned virtues of patriotism, stoicism, and duty which seem to be part of the story's point.

These three books try to place their characters in large political and historical contexts, and they all end up in some disarray. In recent years, a lot of children's-book writers have sought to avoid this kind of awkwardness by concentrating closely on a single tree or two and keeping the historical or moral forest well in the background. Michael Dorris's young-adult book **"Guests"** (Hyperion; $13.95) focusses on Moss, a young Indian boy, who gets angry at his father for inviting white people to the tribe's harvest feast, because he fears that their presence will change the way things have always been done. He leaves

XANDRIA
COLLECTION

SENSUAL
PRODUCTS

If you've been reluctant to purchase **sensual products** through the mail, we would like to offer you three things that might change your mind.

First, we guarantee your privacy.
Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we never sell, rent or trade any customer's name.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction.
If a product is unsatisfactory, simply return it for replacement or refund.

Third, we guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure.
Should it malfunction, simply return it to us for a replacement.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very special collection of the finest and most effective sensual products from around the world. It is designed for the timid, the bold, or for anyone who has ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasures.

The Xandria Gold Collection celebrates the possibilities for pleasure you each have within. Send for the **Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue.** Its price of $4.00 is applied, in full, to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose, and an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. NY1212
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131
Please send me, by first class mail, the **Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue**. Enclosed is my check or money order for $4.00 which will be applied towards my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)
I am an adult over 21 years of age:
Signature required ______________________
Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________________
State ____________ Zip ____________
Xandria, 165 Valley Drive, Brisbane, California 94005-1340
Void where prohibited by law.

ARTICHOKE

The nubbed leaves
come away
in a tease of green, thinning
down to the membrane:
the quick, purpled
beginnings of the male.

Then the slow hairs of the heart:
the choke that guards its trophy,
its vegetable goblet.
The meat of it lies, displayed,
upended, al dente;
the stub root aching in its oil.

—ROBIN ROBERTSON

the village for his "away time," and in the woods begins to learn, from a sagacious porcupine and a troubled young girl, what it means to be grown-up. "Guests" keeps the broader canvas of the American Indian tragedy largely concealed and tells an effectively universalized coming-of-age story. Still, given the reëxamination of history that such books have grown from, one cannot read this tale without the interfering knowledge that its young hero was right to be afraid. The thematic tables in "Guests" are turned in **"When Africa Was Home,"** by Karen Lynn Williams, with pictures by Floyd Cooper (Orchard; $5.95, paper). A modern-day white boy named Peter spends the first few years of his life living happily among black friends and their families in Africa. Then, because of his father's work, Peter has to go to America, where the stars in the city skies seem so remote, and snow falls, and not even pizza can quite take the place of corn paste. In the end, Peter goes joyfully back to his real home, but the book's pan-world, pan-racial thesis ("It will be most useful to those looking for material for multicultural units," says the *School Library Journal*) collides with its deeper implications about the difficulty of making changes and adjusting to foreign people and foreign places. Another Orchard paperback, **"The Potato Man,"** by Megan McDonald, with Cézannesque illustrations by Ted Lewin ($5.95), uses its nineteen-twenties setting only as backdrop for a story about a bunch of kids who tease a disfigured horse-and-cart vender, and one kid in particular, who gets into trouble and, like Moss, proceeds to learn something about tolerance. Another lesson. Oh, well—it's a good-looking book, with a real story and some humor, and a sly sympathy for children who see the unhappy consequences of their misbehavior as nothing more than bad luck. The early part of this century provides the historical locale for many children's books this year. Even when they don't concern history as such—as "The Potato Man" doesn't—they imply a yearning for simpler days.

The farther removed in time and species a kids' book is from our own, the fainter the reverberations from the discordant cultural controversies of the present day. **"Gawain and the Green Knight,"** written by Mark Shannon and illustrated by his brother David (Putnam; $15.95), retells the Arthurian legend in plain prose with a nice tinge of archaism—"Gawain knelt to receive the fearsome knight's blow"—and in brooding, monumental pictures, with a pair of eyes burning out from the Dark Ages color tones here and there. Modernity manifests itself only in the giant's wonderfully braided and beaded beard and in the slight Marianne Williamson flavor of the romance between Gawain and Caryn, who gives him the sash that protects him from harm. **"Good Griselle,"** by Jane Yolen, with illustrations by David Christiana (Harcourt Brace; $14.95), is set in Paris several hundred years ago, and it, too, treats virtue and its rewards in politics-free terms. Griselle, whose husband goes to war and doesn't return, is given a hideous foundling to care for, as part of a Christmastime bet between the stone gargoyles and angels adorning the cathedral in whose shadow Griselle lives her humble life. The message about love is almost too loud, but the drawings are excellent, and the appearance of a fiend disguised as a dashing war vet provides a satisfying chill. **"A Tale of Two Rice Birds,"** a retelling, by Clare Hodgson Meeker, of a Thai folktale, with vivid, Thai-art-inspired illustrations by Christine Lamb (Sasquatch; $14.95), appears to be pursuing the fashionableness of the global village, but its story, which involves the sad immolation of a family of birds, the parents' reincarnation as human beings, and their ultimate reunion, works well primarily because of its elegant intrinsic structure and emotions. It's suspenseful, and makes a post-modernist point about the power of storytelling.

"The Legend of the Poinsettia," by the correspondingly legendary Tomie dePaola, presents a Mexican folktale about Christmas and the transformative effects of gift-giving (Putnam; $15.95), and this book, too, derives its merit from narrative and artistic quality. (It is available in a Spanish edition, as are a growing number of kids' books each year; another, cartoon-colorful example for younger children is the board book **"I Am a Pilot"/"Somos Pilotos,"** by Cynthia Benjamin, with pictures by Miriam Sagasti, published by Barron's; $6.95. Excellent for calming the multicultural fear of flying.) Another Putnam picture book, **"All Night Near the Water,"** follows a mother mallard and her twelve ducklings from their nest in a meadow, through weeds and driftwood on the shore of a lake, to a sandbar, and, eventually, to peaceful slumber—like its tot listener, one hopes ($15.95). This appealing book—like Nancy Tafuri's brilliant "Have You Seen My Duckling?"—doubles as a counting book, and its agenda consists solely of comfort and reassurance.

Pure, ahistorical ideas for slightly older kids reach an apex in **"All I See,"** an Orchard paperback reprint of the 1988 picture book, written by Cynthia Rylant, with illustrations by Peter

"...It's about this little fuzzy critter who goes to the beach, and it's so neat. Like when you click on the starfish, it dances! I can even play it in Japanese, which could stand me in good stead one day given the proliferation of Pacific Rim trade."

ONCE UPON A TIME, kids lived in their own little world. These days, it's quite a bit bigger. And Living Books can help make it bigger still.

Each CD-ROM Living Books title tells a classic children's story, with characters who sing, dance and make mischief on the computer. Kids can read along with the narrator, even choosing a different language if they like. And practically every time they point and click, a new interactive surprise awaits them.

More than 40 awards attest to the quality of Living Books' sound, animation and interactivity.

For a free sample disc, call us at I-800-776-4724 and mention Code 414. ($4.99 shipping and handling charge applies.)

A Random House/Brøderbund Company

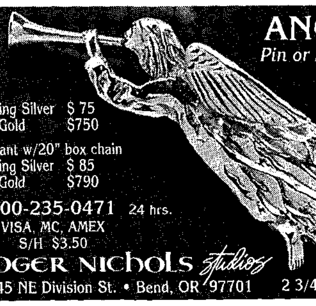
Living Books®

Interactive Stories for Children on CD-ROM

Requires Macintosh® or Windows™ multimedia computer. Living Books is a registered trademark of Living Books, a Random House/Broderbund company. All rights reserved. Patent pending. © 1994 Living Books.

Thoughtful Disc Gift
for
Computer Users (Windows)™
NATIVE AMERICAN
Day planner with
daily reflective
thoughts & meditations
A CHEROKEE
FEAST OF DAYS
by
Joyce Sequichie Hifler
This unique gift for Windows-users provides
365 Native American meditations
along with a computerized day planner
for meaningful introspection.
1-800-438-7660 (24 hrs.)
Only $14.99 plus $2.50 postage & handling
Immediate Delivery (allow 7 days)
Visa • Mastercard
Cherokee Avenues • 1324 E. 26th • Tulsa, OK 74114

SPECIAL OFFER FOR READERS OF *THE NEW YORKER*
Tailor's Apprentice
An extraordinary limited
edition platinum print made from
the original negative of
Paul Strand
"The work of Paul Strand has become a legend.... Strand has been a discoverer of photographic forms and concepts of our time." —Nancy Newhall
Limited to an edition of 150 numbered copies and 15 unnumbered artist's proofs. *Comparable Aperture Limited-edition prints sell for $3,500.* ***This outstanding print*** *(8 1/8" x 6 7/16"; matted to 20" x 16")* ***is being offered at a special price of $950.***
FREE BOOK GIFT WITH OFFER: Paul Strand: *The World on My Doorstep*
Call 1-212-598-4205 to order, to view the print or for a catalogue of limited editions.
Or call 1-800-929-2323
APERTURE
BOOK CENTER AND GALLERY
20 E. 23rd St., New York, NY 10010

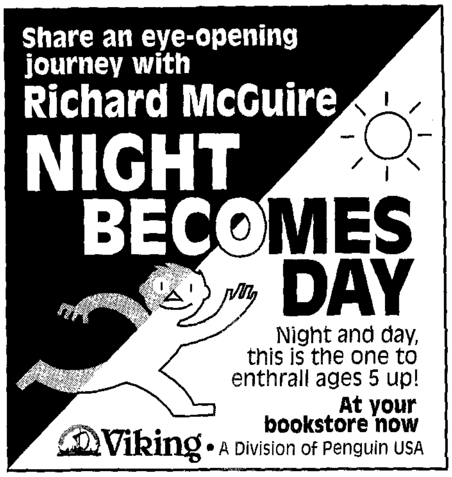


ANGEL
Pin or Pendant
Velvet Box
Pin
Sterling Silver $ 75
14k Gold $750
Pendant w/20" box chain
Sterling Silver $ 85
14k Gold $790
1-800-235-0471 24 hrs.
VISA, MC, AMEX
S/H $3.50
ROGER NICHOLS studios
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701
Size
2 3/4" W x 1" H

Catalanotto ($5.95). A shy young boy comes across an artist painting by a lakeside and wonders why the artist has chosen this setting, since he paints nothing but whales. Gradually, with the artist's generous help, he overcomes his timidity and learns something about artistic vision and freedom. This book has a lesson, and it's a weighty one, but it feels less burdensome than most, because it concerns defying expectations and convention. A more disturbing psychological tale is **"A Game of Catch,"** by Richard Wilbur, with vibrant watercolors by the incomparable Barry Moser (Harcourt; $15.95). The text—which was first published in these pages as a very short story, in 1953—concerns two ur-boys who are playing catch on a verdant, sun-drenched lawn near a small-town firehouse. A third, gloveless ur-kid joins them and screws things up royally by playing his own psychological game with them after they make him wait too long to borrow one of their mitts. All about exclusion and inclusion, control and violence, it's one of the best books of the year for pre-teens who don't mind seeing their conflicts brought out into the open and captured on canvas.

For all its quality, the seriousness and complexity of this kind of book make it a relief to turn to the unmitigated, inspired silliness of **"She'll Be Coming Around the Mountain,"** a Bank Street Ready-to-Read book, by Emily Coplon, Doris Orgel, and Ellen Schecter, illustrated by Rowan Barnes-Murphy (Bantam; $10.95). These loony extensions of the traditional song lyric—"We'll wear rhinestones and pajamas like our papas and our mamas"—will delight two-to-six-year-olds through many rereadings, and the cartoon pictures are bursting with high spirits and celebration.

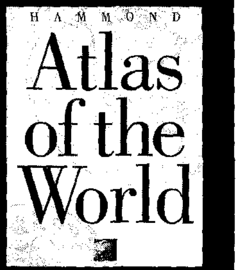
FOR my money, nonfiction—especially when it avoids the strident in favor of the lively and informative—promotes social tolerance and understanding far more naturally than fiction does. Take **"Jazz: My Music, My People,"** by Morgan Monceaux (Knopf; $17). This series of portraits in words and pictures, by the decidedly unacademic artist and singer famous for his book about Presidents, pulses with the energy and invention of the music it describes. Mr. Monceaux gracefully mixes his own autobiography in with capsule biographies of his subjects, beginning with the man who virtually invented jazz, Buddy Bolden—a New Orleans barber and trumpeter who started a band that put cultural twos and twos together and came out with sounds greater than the sum of their parts—and reaching all the way forward to the Modern Jazz Quartet and Lena Horne. "Jazz" handles its political content with admirable straightforwardness: "In 1969, embittered by racism, Nina Simone renounced her homeland and moved to Europe, where she continues to perform and record." With a foreword by Wynton Marsalis and a glossary of jazz terms, and with its wonderful folk-art illustrations, in which painted words surround the figures like cloaks of power, "Jazz" is a classic. **"Coming Home,"** Floyd Cooper's picture-book biography of the black poet Langston Hughes, whose work inspired some of the musicians in "Jazz," presents its subject with a similar matter-of-factness, letting the story demonstrate the difficulties that a sensitive black boy born at the beginning of this century had to face (Philomel; $15.95). The illustrations are large and the figures in them solid and substantial, but they are muted in a way that evokes the melancholy that suffused parts of Hughes' life. Hughes also makes an appearance in **"Celebrate America in Poetry and Art,"** a compendium edited with real imagination by Nora Panzer (Hyperion; $18.95). This is a relatively modest variation on Scholastic's grand montage of last year, "From Sea to Shining Sea." It assembles painting, sculpture, drawings, and other works of art from the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of American Art, and these images reflect on the poetry that accompanies them in emphatic type. The pages teem with creativity and variety. The poets include Cummings and Sandburg and Frost, along with more ethnic voices like those of Jean Toomer and the Native American poet named Antler; the illustrations range from a Thomas Hart Benton painting to a creation by Mike Wilkins of a panel of American license plates that replicate the Preamble to the Constitution: "WE TH" "P PUL" "OF TH" "U NI" "DIDD" "ST8S." I'm not sure that this collection achieves the national vision the flap copy claims for it, but the


Share an eye-opening journey with
Richard McGuire
NIGHT BECOMES DAY
Night and day, this is the one to enthrall ages 5 up!
At your bookstore now
Viking • A Division of Penguin USA

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign-language skills. We also offer introductory courses and courses for children, mystery dramas, music, games, dialogues recorded in Paris and more. Our 23rd year. Our 56-page catalog offers courses in 91 languages. Call 1-800-345-8501 or write for your free copy.
AUDIO-FORUM®
Room 3344, 96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437

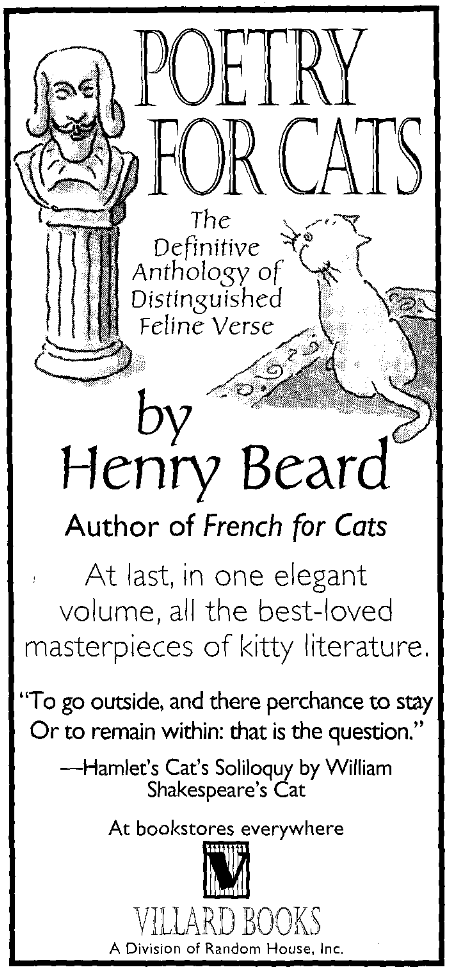
GO GLOBAL
Give Greece, Glengarry, Galápagos, and the Gobi All in One Great Gift.


HAMMOND
Atlas of the World
Defining Today's World
HAMMOND

BOOMER~GRAM©
A TRULY UNIQUE & LASTING GREETING
MANY HAPPY RETURNS!
Send an authentic Australian wooden Boomerang, the symbol of return and renewal. Crafted by aboriginal people, each Boomerang features an original hand painting. Your personal "Many Happy Returns" message will be inscribed on the reverse side. A gift to be kept and proudly displayed. Give It A Go! Call today and we'll get your personalized greeting on its way.
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED.
Only $29.95 plus $3.00 S&H
1 800 390 BOOM
Trade Inquiries Welcome
BOB, WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND! KATE
Approx. 12" Long
AUSTRALIA DREAMING INC.
P.O. Box D, Middletown, RI 02842
DEPT. NG7

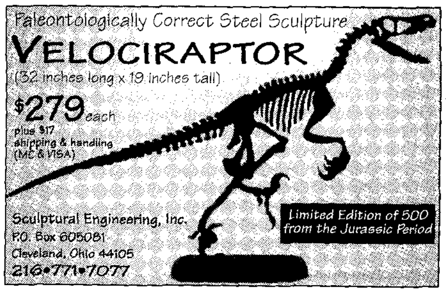
individual graphic and poetic entries are often stunning, inspiring, funny, or all three.

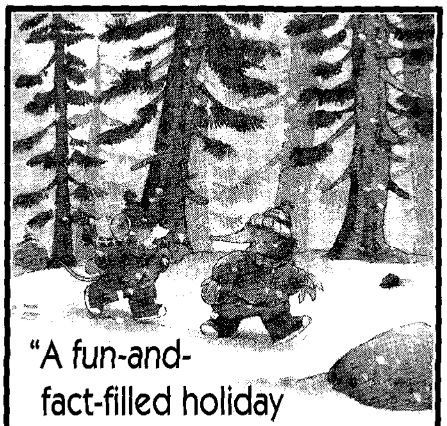
Turning to nonprogrammatic nonfiction, we find ourselves once again this year nearly blinded with science. Science books for children keep getting better, especially since the introduction, some years back, of the Dorling Kindersley white-space format, which has made science-book illustrations so clear and compelling, even if it lends Nature a neatness that she rarely displays in person. Freeman continues its marvellous One Small Square series in **"Arctic Tundra,"** by Donald M. Silver, with extremely neat, woodcutlike illustrations by Patricia J. Wynne ($14.95). This is a Scientific American Book for Young Readers, and it lives up to its redoubtable pedigree, presenting entertaining but unsensationalized facts and pictures about the tundra in a visually varied way—straight text, insets, pictures with captions or short paragraphs, and even an "activity" or two, like matching animal outlines to their fuller depictions. By the way, trees do grow on the tundra, even if less than a foot every hundred years. At another of the earth's far-flung locations, white space surrounds many of the vivid illustrations—of the great frigatebird, with its absurdly inflatable red throat pouch, the Sally Lightfoot crab, the brown pelican, and other faunal and floral specimens—in Katie Lee's **"A Visit to Galápagos"** (Abrams; $16.95, paper). Spectacularly detailed drawings by the author and a simple but eloquent text bespeak her commitment to her subject. Indeed, the book looks and feels almost more like homage than science, but it manages to convey a great deal of knowledge about its singular territory. **"Incredible Edible Science,"** in the Scientific American Mysteries of Science series (Freeman; $19.95), combines chemistry lessons with basic recipes for pizza, yogurt, French onion soup, and many other dishes, and it answers a number of questions that may have puzzled not only your kids but you: Why does popcorn pop? Why do some cut fruits turn brown? Why do onions make you cry? **"Pond Lake River Sea,"** by Maryjo Koch, has a strong ecological conscience as well as an informal approach, lovely drawings, and a sense of humor (Col-


POETRY FOR CATS
The Definitive Anthology of Distinguished Feline Verse
by Henry Beard
Author of *French for Cats*
At last, in one elegant volume, all the best-loved masterpieces of kitty literature.
"To go outside, and there perchance to stay
Or to remain within: that is the question."
—Hamlet's Cat's Soliloquy by William Shakespeare's Cat
At bookstores everywhere
VILLARD BOOKS
A Division of Random House, Inc.

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

CLIVE CUSSLER INCA GOLD
• Best Sellers on Cassette
• Full-length Readings
• Call for Free Brochure
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
(800) 626-3333


Paleontologically Correct Steel Sculpture
VELOCIRAPTOR
(32 inches long x 19 inches tall)
$279 each
plus $17 shipping & handling (MC & VISA)
Sculptural Engineering, Inc.
P.O. Box 605081
Cleveland, Ohio 44105
216•771•7077
Limited Edition of 500 from the Jurassic Period



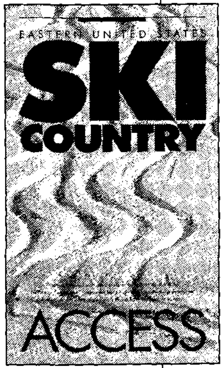
"A fun-and-
fact-filled holiday
perambulation"*

Mouse & Mole
and the Christmas Walk
Written and illustrated by Doug Cushman

Mouse and his friend, Mole, set out to find the perfect Christmas tree. The page borders for this humorous tale explain many wonderous winter things: ice and snow, pine cones, animal hibernation, and more. *Publishers Weekly

CHRISTMAS PLANTS
Holly
Mistletoe
Bittersweet
These plants are not for people to eat. They're poisonous.

Scientific American Books for Young Readers
An Imprint of W.H. FREEMAN and Company
41 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10010



Enjoy ACCESS® to the best places...

Even dedicated skiers are amazed at the doors that open with Ski Country ACCESS. Discover the best of the ski areas you love, and learn to love the new areas you discover with ACCESS guides.

HarperReference
A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers* $18.00 paperback
Also available from HarperCollins*CanadaLtd.*

CREATIVE
TRAVEL
ARRANGERS
36 Linaria Way
Portola Valley, CA 94028
TEL: (415) 854-4412
FAX: (415) 854-2102

TOUR OF ENGLISH GARDENS
& CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW
May 11 to May 25, 1995
also
• Summer Gardens of England and Wales – June, '95
• Santa Fe Opera – August, '95

We Desire to Purchase...

Book Collections, Fine Bindings, First or Significant Editions: all periods, subjects and languages.
American Historical Autographs and Documents, collections or single items, Colonial period to the present.
David L. O'Neal Antiquarian Booksellers Inc.
234 Clarendon St., Boston, MA 02116 • **617-266-5790**
Free appraisals cheerfully given.

lins; $28); you will learn the name of every part of the lobster you so love to crack open (endopodite, epipodite, exopodite) and make the acquaintance of the decorator crab. **"Picture Puzzler,"** by Kathleen Westray, a follow-up to the same author/artist's exceptional "A Color Sampler" of last year, demonstrates some familiar and some less well-known optical illusions by means of handsome, stencil-influenced illustrations (Ticknor & Fields; $13.95). And though **"Nature's Tricksters,"** by Mary Batten, with illustrations by Lois Lovejoy, doesn't have the high pictorial profile of many other science books for kids, it does have an excellent text, which carefully explains the deceitful devices of color, shape, and behavior that many species have evolved in order to avoid natural deselection (Sierra Club Books/Little Brown; $14.95).

The most blinding science book this year is **"Magic Eye III,"** the latest installment in the internationally best-selling series that presents dizzying, meaningless-looking computer-generated swirls of color which, with proper focussing and defocussing, resolve themselves into startlingly three-dimensional pictures. They're generally pretty surreal, and they out-Escher anything Escher ever dreamed of. The book should come with a warning label, because some people just can't make their eyes adjust to see these pictures: they move the image closer to and farther away from their faces, they roll and narrow their eyes, and then they retire with a headache. But for those who can "get" them, these illusions exert a strange fascination.

Speaking of warning labels and new technology, Golden Books offers a series called Discover Hidden Worlds, which employs high-magnification photographs of everyday sights—the human body, nature, bugs, the home—that some children and grownups will dwell on with gruesome happiness. Others will run screaming from pictures of the mites that live in our eyelashes and our beds, the flaky moonscapes of human skin, the nasty barbs of a bee's stinger, and the bacteria that thrive so horribly on the sponge in the kitchen sink. I like them—but then I would. Be warned!

FOR a back-to-basics approach to reading to your children, try **"The Random House Book of Bedtime Sto-**

Sitting on a tax Write-Off?

SURPLUS
EXCESS INVENTORY
EXCESS INVENTORY
EXCESS

Turn your excess inventory into a tax break and help send needy kids to college.

Call for your free guide to learn how donating your slow moving inventory can mean a generous tax write off for your company.

Call 708.690.0010

EAL

P.O. Box 3021, Glen Ellyn, IL 60138
Fax 708.690.0565

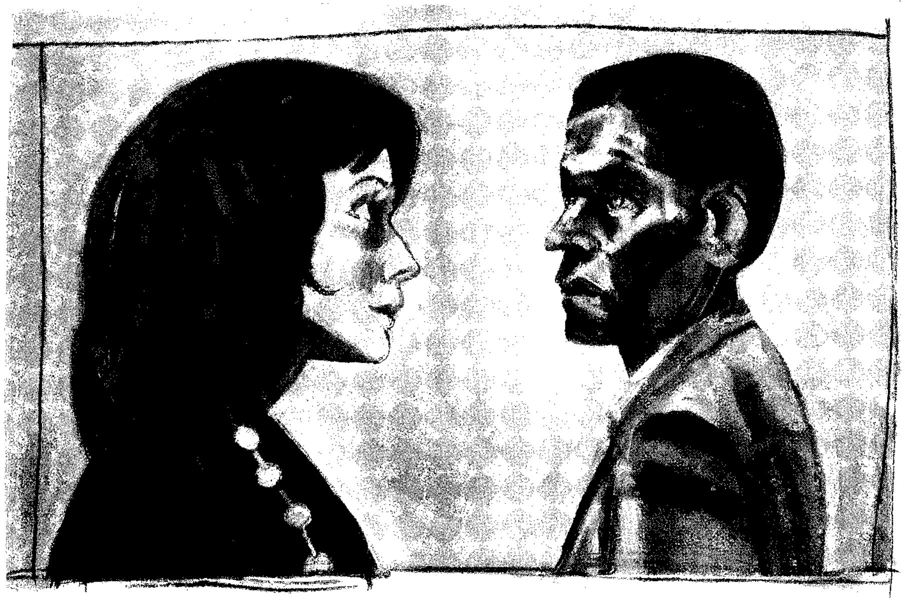
Excess Inventory today...student opportunity tomorrow

ries," by various writers, illustrated by Jane Dyer ($18). An excellent collection of old and new—at least to me—tales. There's almost as much delight for a parent in rediscovering the industriousness of "The Little Red Hen" (she's still asking "Who will help me plant this wheat?") as there is for a child in secretly relishing the laziness of the barnyard reply ("Not I!") and admiring the hen's ensuing declarations of independence: she'll do it herself. Twenty-one tales in all, and all of them just the right length for nighty-nights. ♦

THE CURRENT CINEMA

ETHERIZED

BY ANTHONY LANE



Poetic injustice: Miranda Richardson and Willem Dafoe in "Tom and Viv."

"TOM AND VIV" begins in 1915, with a young T. S. Eliot (Willem Dafoe) attending a philosophy tutorial at Oxford. His teacher is a little man with curious white hair, like the whipped cream that comes out of aerosols; from this we are meant to understand that he is none other than Bertrand Russell. In fact, Russell taught Eliot at *Harvard* (finding him "very silent"), but that is not the kind of distinction to trouble the director of this movie, Brian Gilbert. His interests lie elsewhere—to be precise, with Vivienne Haigh-Wood (Miranda Richardson), a woman in white cavorting about on the grass. Eliot goggles from an upstairs window, neglecting the charms of symbolic logic, and decides that she is the one for him. Before you know it, he is taking her out for a punt, thus allowing the camera to focus in slow motion on his pole as he plunges it, dripping, into the idling river. Guess what *this* guy has in mind. He leans her back and lays out his agenda. "I want to live in Europe and write poetry." Clear enough. But there's more. "I love you," he says. "I love you more than life itself. I'd do anything for you." This is *T. S. Eliot*? He sounds like Ashley Wilkes.

"Tom and Viv" is based on Michael Hastings' stage play, which, in turn, was based on almost nothing at all, apart from a smattering of blind prejudice and a thick ear for English verse, although it purported to tell the true story of the poet's first marriage. The film plods politely through this distress-

Time for Diamonds

© Sidney Mobell

Imagine... A miniture 18K gold hourglass filled with 200 tiny cut diamonds weighing a full carat total weight. The diamonds actually sift through instead of sand.
A timely gift for any occasion.
Yellow gold $2500
Honored by Swiss Museum

Internationally famed.
But uniquely San Francisco.

sidney mobell
Designer and Creator of Fine Jewelry

ONE FINE STORE IN SAN FRANCISCO
FAIRMONT HOTEL • ATOP NOB HILL
950 MASON STREET • (415) 421-4747
(800) 442-7999
MEMBER AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY

Recorded Books, Inc.
270 Skipjack Road • Prince Frederick, MD 20678

China White
by Peter Maas author of *Serpico*
Unabridged on audiocassette. Over 1,000 titles to choose from—histories, mysteries, classics, sci-fi and more!
Professionally performed by Broadway actors!
Ask about easy rental by mail.
Call now for a free introductory brochure.
1-(800)-638-1304

Peter Maas
A NOVEL
China White

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

Penguins Brooch
Five happy penguins to wear on your lapel.
Crafted in sterling silver by Hand & Hammer Silversmiths. 1.75" $32.00 PPd. Catalog $2.00
Williamsburg Merchants • (800) 545-4556
223 Parkway Drive • Williamsburg, VA 23185
HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

ADIRONDACK ESCAPES

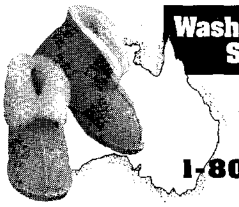
THE POINT
"#1 RESORT IN THE U.S."
" . . . *formerly the lodge of the Rockefellers; according to charmed reviewers, 'there are not enough superlatives' to describe this 'fantastic hideaway' located on Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, a 'serene' wilderness lodge offering uncommon luxury; it's a 'very special, one-of-a-kind retreat' . . .*"
ZAGAT SURVEY
The Point - private, romantic and eminently civilized.
Member Relais & Chateaux.
$775 - $1025 per night, all inclusive.
800-255-3530, HCR 1, Box 65, Saranac Lake, NY 12983

LAKE PLACID LODGE
"PERFECT PEACE"
" . . . *22 rooms with that distinct Adirondack spirit. Cedar twigwork by local craftsmen, Native American throw rugs, and carefully chosen paintings by regional artists create a surprising air of elegance.*"
TRAVEL & LEISURE
Lake Placid Lodge - sumptuously rustic and romantic, crackling fires and deep soaking tubs, exceptional French-American cuisine, sparkling vistas of snow-covered peaks – a fantastic winter retreat.
$150 - $400 per couple, European plan.
518-523-2700, P.O. Box 550, Lake Placid, NY 12946

ENDRAFT®
THE INDOOR AIR CONDITIONER COVER

STOPS COLD DRAFTS!
- Decorates
- Machine Washable
- Saves Energy
Beige, Blue, Brown (S-M-L)
(Measure H&W before calling)
1-800-532-2462
MasterCard & Visa Accepted
$19.95 + $4.95 s/h
A

SCOTTISH SMOKED SALMON
Smoked by the river Spey with oak chips from vintage Scotch whisky barrels. Then hand sliced.
1 1/4 lb by air. $46.00 + $3.50 s/h.
Major credit cards. Free Brochure
1-800-331-3001
SCOTTISH CROWN LTD
1704 Thomasville Road Suite #115, Tallahassee, FL 32303



Washable Sheepskin Slippers & Boots
Write or Call:
Aussie Connection
135 NE Third Avenue
Hillsboro, OR 97124
1-800-950-2668
for a FREE Catalog

TENTING IN TANZANIA
Deluxe, romantic safaris. Spacious tents. Beds. Hot showers. China. Candlelit dinners. Service. Style. Customized excursions for up to 8 companions (ideal for families).
CAMPFIRE SAFARIS
938 Santa Clara Ave., Alameda, CA 94501 (510)769-8268
campfire safaris

ing tale. We get the seaside honeymoon, with the poet stalking glumly along the shoreline and his wife back at the hotel washing blood off the sheets; we get her brother, Maurice (Tim Dutton), making every effort to remain jolly, and her parents (Rosemary Harris and Philip Locke) looking pained and tense, unable to decide which is worse—a daughter who is diagnosed as suffering from "moral insanity," or a son-in-law without even the common decency to write in heroic couplets; we get Vivienne pouring chocolate through the mail slot of his offices at Faber & Faber, then threatening Virginia Woolf with a knife—examples of her growing lunacy, apparently. Eventually, a distraught Eliot has her committed to an asylum for the rest of her life. (Since the movie was made, a letter has been published in which Maurice informs Eliot that Vivienne has been committed. He didn't even know.)

I am glad to report that the film, written by Hastings and Adrian Hodges, loses none of the rich nonsense of the original play, although I was sorry not to hear the interesting line in which Vivienne reports that her husband "adores the Fascists." A daring little slander, not least because it was Vivienne herself who joined the British Union of Fascists, in 1934. That would not suit the playwright's plan—wronged woman versus cold fish—so he made the switch. By way of compensation, there is plenty of new nonsense; try as I might, I just couldn't get my brain around the idea of T. S. Eliot hugging the Bishop of Oxford, resting his weary head against the reverend waistband. Nobody minds liberties being taken with the facts, but one doesn't expect those liberties to be pressed into the service of a hard-line willfulness; the film is more intolerant than the man whom it surveys with such distaste. When you see Eliot being baptized into the Anglican communion, for instance, with choirs carolling all around and the camera swooning, you can't help thinking of the quiet Cotswolds church where the real ceremony took place; the movie resents Eliot's need for seclusion and ritual and is set on disturbing his peace. Miranda Richardson certainly launches into this task with a vengeance, offering a performance so crazed with mannerism that in some terrible, back-door way it does lead us to the heart of the matter; if Vivienne really *was* this annoying, it was big of Eliot to stick with her as long as he did. As for Willem Dafoe, he looked much happier charging about on rooftops in "Clear and Present Danger," where, although under fire from drug barons, he could at least speak in his own voice. It is true that Eliot's accent, hovering between two worlds, grew very odd with age, but not even his recorded readings can prepare you for the soft, strangled delivery of Dafoe, who sounds like an Afrikaner telling a bedtime story.

"Tom and Viv" is a deeply unappetizing mixture: the snob section of the movie industry meets the sleazy end of the biography trade. Hastings has a high old time with stuffed-shirt, philistine England, which he thinks of as the ideal refuge for his trussed-up hero; the director, unfortunately, has rather a weakness for the trappings of that refuge. The props are straight Merchant-Ivory: parping old motors, garden parties, acres of white linen and black tie, a bunch of flowers thrown carelessly—ah, happy days!—into the air. But the motives that fuel the film are nowhere near as clean as the suits; it is a dramatization of envy, raising the dismal prospect that our age has become offended by genius. "Tom and Viv" carefully draws Eliot's creative sting, leaving him an average melancholic, no better than the rest of us, quite possibly worse, who just happened to possess a gift for poetry and wrote to relieve a psychological itch, aided by a companion who did most of the scratching. "I did so want to help you with your poetry," says Vivienne. "You will," Eliot replies. "You do. You're in every line. I can't do it without you." We see him looking blocked in front of the typewriter; Vivienne, by contrast, glances at a line of "The Waste Land" and rattles off a new suggestion, which he gratefully accepts. If you start to ask yourself who really wrote the stuff, then the film has got you exactly where it wants. Eliot is ripe for such treatment, of course, having been foolish enough, in modern eyes, to announce a

TAKE IT WITH YOU EVERYWHERE

THE NEW YORKER
1995 POCKET DIARY

Roomy appointment pages. Cheery illustrations. A ribbon marker. Midnight-blue cover. Plus a wealth of useful information: About Town listings for New York, as well as hotels and restaurants in 18 other cities. We've even added Manhattan subway and bus maps. Very New Yorker. *3 ⅞" x 6 ⅞".*

Yours by calling:

1-800-336-5510

for credit card orders, or send check or money order for $14.95, plus $2 shipping and handling, to:*

THE NEW YORKER
1995 POCKET DIARY
Box 10214, Dept. 021063-002
Des Moines, IA 50336.

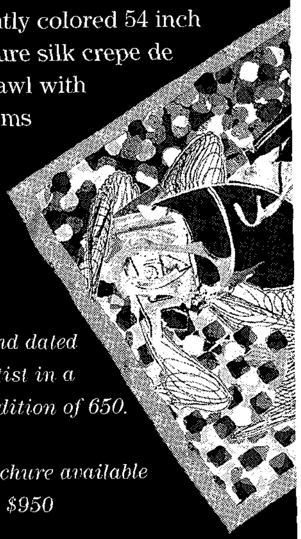
**Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH, please add sales tax. In Canada, add 7% GST. Offer only available in U.S. and Canada. Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.*

© The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

discreet distance between the work of art and the life of its creator. As he wrote in 1929, "I have always found that the less I knew about the poet and his work, before I began to read it, the better." To prove him wrong has been the joy of biographers, and is now the delight of a moviemaker. No one can deny that if his marriage had been other than it was we would not have "The Waste Land" in its present form; but more than that we cannot say.

So what is the point of this movie? Who could possibly want to see it? Devotees of the poet will learn nothing new, and will leave the theatre in suitably controlled fury; he is now so unfashionable that the act of reading him has itself become a monastic, Eliot-like operation, and the film can only drive us deeper underground. Other, more disinterested parties will wonder vaguely what all the fuss is about, and may simply find the whole experience rather exhausting. If you think some of Eliot's plays were tough to sit through, just try "Tom and Viv"; it makes "The Elder Statesman" look like "The Wild Bunch." You could argue that the dullness is appropriate, that it locks neatly into Eliot's own penchant for regularity; but it is dullness of a more pernicious variety—a tedium born of incurable histrionics, where every line and every gesture is decked out with self-importance. At the end of the film, we see Willem Dafoe standing in the cage of an elevator, doing his familiar impersonation of a dyspeptic sphinx; the camera stares back at him, and then returns for one last closeup, just to hammer home the point that Eliot was a prisoner of his own self. The effect, of course, is to lull us into superiority; we've seen through this guy, we know why he wrote, we know how he treated others, and, frankly, we're not surprised that he got on better with cats. The movie is not just lacklustre but irresponsible, because it will foster more Eliot haters than there are Eliot readers; people will come away knowing for certain why they dislike him, without feeling the need to discover whether they like his work. In "East Coker" he wrote, "The poetry does not matter"—a sombre, ruminative caution that gradually turned into a predic-

The Whale-Watch



A brilliantly colored 54 inch square pure silk crepe de chine shawl with rolled hems

by

Frank Stella

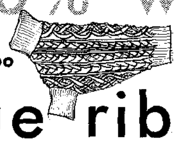
Signed and dated by the artist in a limited edition of 650.

Color brochure available
Priced at $950

TGL Designs®
250 Kisco Avenue
Mount Kisco, New York 10549
Fax 914-241-7756 Phone 914-241-2707

Also available at The Mezzanine Gallery of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

handknit
Available in various styles, colors & sizes at
100% wool



Barking Zoo **172 9th Ave.**
blue ribbon
N.Y.C. To order please call 1-800-850-8386
dog sweater

DOG LOVERS!
GOLDEN RETRIEVER-*"A Magnificent work of art"*
Correct in every detail
Hand-crafted & Hand-painted
Adult (17½") - $135 + S&H
Puppy (5") - $22 + S&H
(Other breeds available)
Visa, MC or check

WILLARD & FISH
Source Menagerie
10210 CIRCLE DR., AUSTIN, TX 78736
(512)288-0515

PARIS NOTES
The Newsletter for People Who Love Paris
A fine way to stay in touch with the world's favorite city.

History, Culture, Art, Trends, Books, Current Events, People, Fun Facts, Travel and Language Tips, and More.

$36 per year (10x). Sample copy $6. Cheques only.
PO Box 3668, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266
(310) 545-2735 • Full money back guarantee!

EVERY DAY AT SUNSET NATURE PAINTS A BREATHTAKING SEASCAPE OVER FLORIDA'S PRISTINE TEN THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Just 16 miles south of Naples is beautiful Marco Island on the Gulf of Mexico. Serene, secure and uncongested. Majestic Cape Marco is its premiere residential community and offers all the finest luxuries imaginable–2,3 & 4 bedroom residences overlooking 1200' of private beach, concierge services, a health club, tennis, and Yacht Club.

CAPE MARCO
THE FIRST AND FINAL WORD IN LUXURY

Marco Island is easy to reach via Southwest International Airport in Fort Myers, Florida.
Call (800)237-8817 Ext. 7

PRICES AND AVAILABILITY SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. NOT AN OFFERING TO NY OR NJ RESIDENTS: OR IN STATES WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW.

A Hat For All Reasons

This water-repellent 100% wool felt outback hat is trimmed in leather for dress-up, dress-down versatility. And it's designed to hold its shape, even if crushed! Black, chocolate, or khaki. $39.95 all sizes.
To order please phone: 800-936-5646
HARTFORD YORK LTD.
BURLINGAME CALIFORNIA

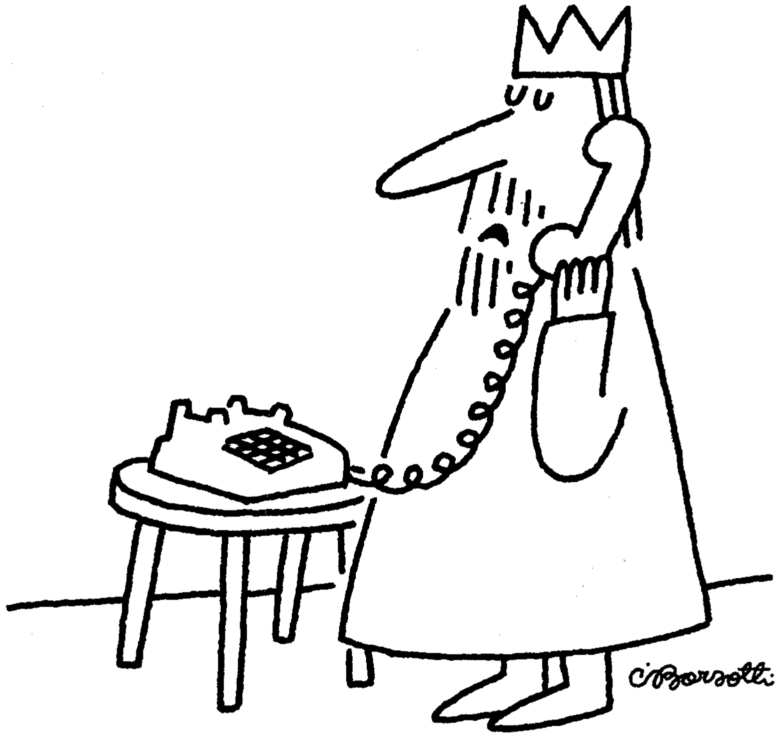
Video for Kids 1-5
Airplane! Airplane!
LIVE-ACTION VIDEO
- Lot's of Action, Music and Song
- 30 Minutes of Just Plain Fun
- Close Encounter with Flight

107 Mill Plain Road
Danbury, CT 06811
TAG ALONG PRODUCTIONS
$19.95 PLUS S&H Call 1-800-571-3725

Since Eve Ate Apples
QUOTATIONS ON FEASTING, FASTING & FOOD
SELECTED AND EDITED BY MARCH EGERTON
AVAILABLE AT FINE BOOKSTORES AND FROM:
TSUNAMI PRESS BOX 80151
PORTLAND, OR 97280-1151
1-800-595-0210
$17.95 + $3 S&H

FREE CATALOGUE
MINNETONKA MOCCASINS
CALL 1-800-603-0003
Handsewn in the U.S.A. Hundreds of styles.
WORLD TRADERS
Bar Harbor Rd., Box 158-6
Brewer, ME 04412

The Black Dog
Free winter catalog full of Martha's Vineyard's best stuff. Hats, sweats, vests, boxers, china, toys, biscotti, bread mixes and new recipes from:
The Black Dog
Box 2219N, Vineyard Haven
MA 02568 • (800) 626-1991



"This is Edward the Great. I don't know any Edward the Weenie."

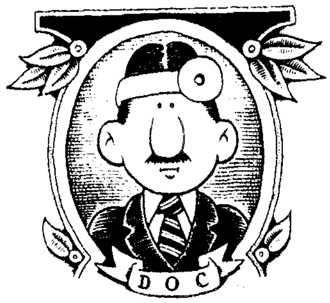
• •

tion. With "Tom and Viv," it has finally come true.

"MRS. PARKER AND THE VICIOUS CIRCLE" is more fun than "Tom and Viv," but only in the sense that a clean razor blade is more fun than a rusty one. It's another movie about writers, and a damn sight sharper. The director is the moody and subtle Alan Rudolph, which makes a change from the galumphing Brian Gilbert; but you still end up asking yourself, What's the point? Why be surprised that writers are good only for writing, and some of them not even for that? The movie is determined to demythologize, and therefore proceeds on the assumption that there is still a myth worth eroding; but that simply isn't true. The celebrated wit and panache of the Round Table crowd, Rudolph tells us, concealed an undergrowth of alcohol and spite. Well, so what? Put any bunch of writers together, and the fur will start to fly. If this particular bunch could be furrier and funnier than most, good for them; but nobody still believes that the Algonquin was a laugh-a-minute carnival of joy, and we don't need a laugh-an-hour movie to put us straight.

Things begin in a drunken haze; you expect it to burn off like fog as the movie warms up, but it never really lifts. The movie is more about drinking than about writing, which allows Rudolph to practice his fluid, dreamlike technique; there are plenty of smoky closeups and smooth flashbacks, and I loved the way in which overlapping dialogue—a trick that Rudolph inherited from Robert Altman—acquires a moral edge, uncovering a breed of people whose principal desire is not to mesh their voices in harmony but to shout each other down. Most of the casting works fine: Matthew Broderick—a broader actor than audiences expect him to be—has a good, seductive shot at Charles (Baby Vomit) MacArthur, and I was pleasantly surprised by Jean-Michael Henry's cameo as Harpo Marx, but Sam Robards' Harold Ross is another matter. It is more than mere loyalty that compels me to ask whether the editor of *The New Yorker* really resembled the hero of "Eraserhead."

Dorothy Parker herself is played by Jennifer Jason Leigh, who is starting to remind me of the young Robert De Niro in her strange, shocking ability not only to pick the lock of a character and slip inside but to breathe more easily once she is there. I have no



MEDICAL MONOPOLY
By Professional Games
Four hospitals race each other to fill their beds with patients. Game comes with symptoms, diagnoses, body parts, transplant cards, patients and instructions. The Detroit Health Care News calls it "a fun way to learn a little more about medicine."
ATTORNEY POWER
Players encounter criminal, civil and U.S. Supreme Court decisions covering flag burning, death sentences, right to a jury and other topics. Included are 84 court rulings, clients, office records and game board.
Order by sending $29 ($50 both games) to **Professional Games**, P.O. Box 1903, Chicago, IL 60690; or call 312-201-9470 to order with Visa or Mastercard.
Free UPS Xmas Delivery.

Civil War Generals
By Tradition of England
Lincoln, his Generals and Mathew Brady

Also available R.E. Lee & his Generals $120.00 for either set
Fine Quality Hand-Painted Metal Figures 2 1/4"
Military Mites
P.O. Box 2324, Rockville, MD 20847-2324
Phone: (800) 296-6483 FAX:(301) 770-6254
VISA/MC, Add 5% Postage, Color Catalog $6.00

TAKE A LESSON WITH

A LESSON WITH
STEVE ALLEN
HOMESPUN VIDEO

STEVE ALLEN
AN INTRODUCTION TO JAZZ PIANO
Play along as one of our most beloved entertainers teaches his "tricks of the trade," from blues to jazz standards.
80 Minute Video, $29.95+$4.50 p/h
Visa/MC/Discover FAX 914-246-5282
1-800-33-TAPES
HOMESPUN VIDEO
Box 325N Woodstock, NY 12498

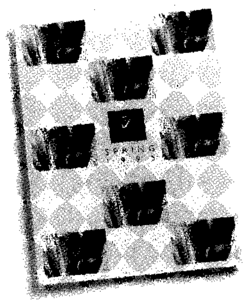
WHAT EVERY CAT'S BEEN HUNTING FOR

"Kitty Safari" is a video cats really watch, full of busy birds, mice, squirrels and more. Cats love it—some touch the screen, some look behind it. Great fun for kitties and their humans. 25 min. VHS.
Call tollfree **1-800-557-3378**
$19.95 + $3.95 P&H. Visa/MC.
Creative Dept. P.O. Box 69552 Portland, OR 97201

idea what Jason Leigh is like, but she rapidly hardens the illusion that I know what Mrs. Parker was like. The portrait may or may not be true, but it coheres: the booze and the lethargy click into place as you watch Jason Leigh drawling the one-liners out of a thin mouth, like an invalid dribbling soup. That she has no qualms about turning this woman into a bore shows an alarming honesty, proving beyond reasonable doubt that the main problem with any movie about Dorothy Parker is Dorothy Parker—or, to break Mrs. Parker down into her constituent elements, a double shot of self-pity topped up with fizz. Over the years, her prose and her poetry alike have turned sour; it gets harder and harder to feel sympathy for a writer who reserved her tenderest emotions for the mirror. The film has a curious epilogue, in which, while the credits roll, our heroine proclaims her loathing of racial segregation and her passionate involvement in the Spanish Civil War; but this last-gasp attempt to save her from solipsism feels like a token gesture—as if Rudolph had only just thought of it, or had suddenly felt guilty about exposing Mrs. Parker—and it comes far too late. She was a solipsist, and there's an end on it. I can still laugh at the Constant Reader reviews in *The New Yorker*, but the laugh curls into a wince when I come across, say, her 1927 piece on the diary of Katherine Mansfield: "Only her dark, sad eyes should have read its words. I closed it with a little murmur to her portrait on the cover. 'Please forgive me,' I said."

This mating cry from one sentimentalist to another is as bad as any of the mashed-banana prose that Dorothy Parker found and berated in A. A. Milne; moreover, it is not so much a departure from her standard wit as its flip side. She was forever on the lookout for anything that could make her suffer in style, be it a faithless lover or a lousy play. Rudolph is right to let the bons mots fall flat (even if it means disappointing his audience), because Parker lacked the courage of the true aphorist; she unleashed ridicule, and it could be very smart, but it never crossed her mind to be comic at her own expense—her own misery was beyond a joke. The crucial comparison is with Thurber, who had just as much, if not more, to be sorry about, but who knew that it was his duty to be funny

SWAROVSKI



OUR SPRING CATALOGUE
FREE
Enjoy a variety of dazzling crystal pieces from adorable woodland creatures to elegant candleholders and crystal fashion jewelry. All lovingly crafted for you by the makers of the world's finest full cut crystal.
1-800-888-7844
8:30 a.m. - 10:00 p.m. EST
Or write: Swarovski America Ltd.
Direct Mail Dept., 2 Slater Road, Cranston, RI 02920

CLARK'S REGISTER 150 CHESTNUT ST. PROV. RI 02903
AS SEEN IN PARIS
FROM THE 4e
MY CARDIGAN OF ULTRA FINE 100% MERINO WOOL IS LIGHT AS A SHIRT, TAILORED TO BE A BLAZER AND HIP ENOUGH TO BE NOTICED.
CHARCOAL GREY
US $119+S/H
PH: 401-861-0014
(9-5 EASTERN TIME)

Durrants Hotel, George Street
LONDON W1H 6BJ
England

West End family run Hotel
Tel: Toll Free 18002638720 Fax: 01144 1714873510

• A PERFECT GIFT •
The Educated Traveler®
The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism ❦ Museum Travel ❦ Learning Vacations
RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST
$39/year, includes exclusive *Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours*
Dept. RC, PO Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 22022, 1-800-648-5168

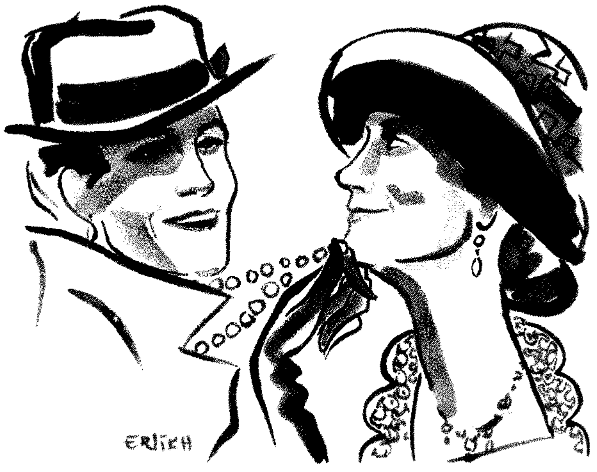
about it first. Honesty led him into self-doubt, and sometimes into a kind of decorous rage, but never into moping; I would happily give up the whole of "The Portable Dorothy Parker" for that single moment in Thurber when he catches himself standing foam-faced in the bathroom with his ear bleeding and his hands full of wet needles. The Parker equivalent would be the bathroom scene in Rudolph's movie where she decides to slash her wrists. This is filmed with typical assurance—we get the hard little thump of blade on flesh, and an astonishing closeup of Jason Leigh's eyes, with only the lashes in focus and the rest of her features curving away in a blur—but the mess of motives that swept Mrs. Parker to this crisis remains essentially boring. That she was sincere in these stabs at annihilation is no guarantee that we will find her interesting; it is more than possible to be melodramatic to the bitter end. Self-pity is just vanity with a poker face, and it kills any writer long before suicide gets there. ♦

THE THEATRE

TWO TALL WOMEN

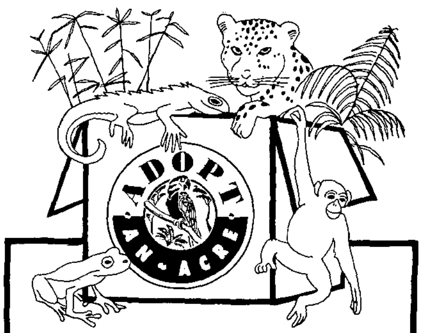
BY NANCY FRANKLIN

THE letters that Virginia Woolf and Vita Sackville-West wrote to each other during their eighteen-year friendship, which ended with Virginia's suicide, in 1941, provide evidence that when two people commit their feelings for each other to paper what they're really doing amounts to narcissism recollected in tranquillity. Anyone who reads their correspondence comes away with a feeling of comic relief about the surprising tininess of one's own neediness and ego, and also with the satisfying illusion that these remarkable women, whose paths we are unlikely ever to have crossed—the one unreachable because of the insular artistic and intellectual world she belonged to, the other because of her social class (Vita grew up in the largest private house in England)—are not that different from the rest of us, at least as far as their insecurities go. There's no question that they inspired each other ("Orlando" was Virginia's heroic "biography" of Vita), made use of each other (Virginia and Leonard Woolf's Hogarth Press published fourteen of Vita's books), and loved each other (the connection was intense, though the sexual part of it faded after a relatively short time). All this is testified to plentifully in their letters. But how much can these documents of acute self-observation—documents *about* self-observation—which contain the thrill of self-exposure but little of the risk, tell us about their friendship, about what they were actually like when they were together?



Belletrists: Vanessa Redgrave and Eileen Atkins in "Vita & Virginia."

Not much, and that's why Eileen



Looking for the World's Rarest Gift?

Save an acre of threatened tropical rainforest in the name of that special someone on your holiday list. We'll send each gift recipient a personalized honorary land deed suitable for framing, a detailed description of *their* acre, and periodic progress reports throughout the year on the protection of the land and its endangered wildlife. Do something wild this holiday season. $35 per acre.

THE NATURE CONSERVANCY
ADOPT-AN-ACRE PROGRAM
1815 North Lynn Street
Arlington, VA 22209
1-800-628-6860
(Visa, MasterCard)
Please add $2.50 shipping/handling charge.
Conservation Through Private Action Since 1951

ORIGINAL SAUNA SOAP
from
VAASAN SAUNA SAIPPUA
Since 1886
Enjoy the invigorating sensation of the Finnish sauna in your shower or bath with the original sauna soap. Generous 8 oz. bars are handsomely packaged in blond wooden boxes with crisp, cotton twill ties. Choose from 3 natural essences -- birch, pine or lilac. Single bar box, $13.50; triple bar box, $21.50, plus shipping/handling.
simplii skandii
To order: 1-800-929-7226 Visa/MC, Check or M.O.

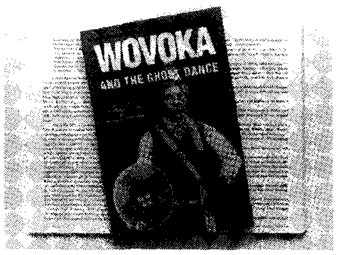
COW in a BOTTLE™ you'll wonder how we got her into an uncut standard milk bottle!
a unique gift item!
800-327-2079
518-329-2079
$25.00 ppd.
check, visa or mc
SMITH HILL ENT., Inc.
220 Woods Dr. Ancramdale, NY 12503

Ski Montana
Restored small hotel
"a jewel" SKIING 11/94
Downhill & x-ctry skiing
Entirely non-smoking
1-800-POLLARD
THE POLLARD
RED LODGE, MONTANA

Atkins' new two-woman show, "Vita & Virginia," in which her Virginia shares the stage of the lovely Union Square Theatre with Vanessa Redgrave's Vita, is really more like two one-woman shows—one of them riveting, and one of them gaining its force largely from the other's reflected glory. Based primarily on the women's correspondence but also including material from Virginia's diary and other sources, "Vita & Virginia" has some splendid expressions of infatuation on both sides, but the theatrical deck—somewhat surprisingly, given Redgrave's stage presence—is stacked in Atkins' favor, for Atkins, with her perfect, sly comic timing (imagine a female Jack Benny), brings out all the cunning and manipulation and humor—and the melancholy—that went into Virginia's writing. From the beginning, the catlike Atkins is in control, even when she's merely sitting behind a desk on one side of the stage, dressed in an old-maidish faded-pastel dress, while Redgrave stands regally ("stag-like," Virginia calls her, and so she is) across from her in beautifully tailored mannish clothes, looking androgynously glamorous. The set, a painting of a pastoral scene with a hedgerow in front of it, curves around them like a museum diorama, underscoring our sense of watching two magnificent creatures in their natural habitat.

Vita, by temperament and by the circumstance of being married to Harold Nicolson, whose public career included a Foreign Office posting in Persia and ten years in the House of Commons, led a life filled with events; Virginia's life and work, on the other hand, are about moments, and moments are what play on the stage. As Redgrave's Vita goes on about her travels and things she's seen and done, we can't help looking at Atkins, whose head is drawn back slightly in a pose of attentiveness and skepticism, and waiting to hear her response. For the duration of the show, as we listen to them flatter, flirt, needle, forgive, tease, cajole, criticize, and apologize, our gaze is drawn almost helplessly to Atkins, whose interpretation of Virginia is masterly. (She performed a similarly gripping rendition of "A Room of One's Own" a few years ago.) It would be tempting to say that Eileen Atkins simply *is* Virginia Woolf, but it wouldn't be true, as you realize when you see her at the curtain call, her face suddenly not long and drawn but open and rounder, and even her body looking younger than it did a few seconds earlier, as Virginia headed toward her death. It's a feat of acting. There's a scene where Vita criticizes Virginia's book "Three Guineas" and Virginia responds with acid severity, which Vita duly answers with alarm and contrition. Then Virginia, wide-eyed, says, "What on earth can I have said in my letter to call forth this telegram?" On paper, there's nothing droll about it, but Atkins, using pauses to great effect, turns it into a coolly brilliant comic moment that both breaks the tension and shows who's boss—at least, when it comes to the written word. (Emotionally, it seems, Vita had the upper hand most of the time.) The imbalance in the play is built in; it stems from the essence of the two people the play happens to be about. It's not that Virginia's self-awareness was deeper than Vita's; it's that her self was deeper, and incapable of such showy fatuities as Vita's pronouncement "I would rather fail gloriously than dingily succeed."

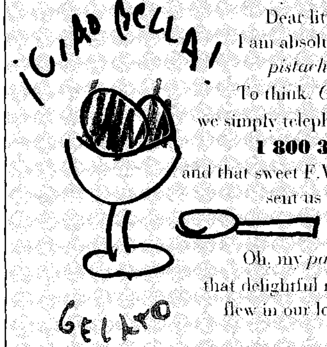
At some point the evening, which lasts nearly two and a half hours, begins to devour its own satisfactions; the incessant self-regard finally grates. And the staging has its awkwardnesses, probably unavoidable in a play where none of the actual dialogue, "authentic" though the words are, was ever meant to be spoken to another person. The director, Zoe Caldwell, focusses on the verbal aspects of the relationship, relying largely on eye contact to give a sense of the human glue that held the women together. What little physical contact there is is almost embarrassing, not because of its sexual nature—in fact, there isn't a hint of sex in the show—but because it evokes a kind of intimacy that doesn't necessarily follow from the words the women are speaking. Virginia herself referred in her diary to the "shock" of seeing Vita after Vita had been away for some months and they had exchanged passionate letters: "We sat talking on the sofa . . . she rather silent, I chattering, partly to divert her attention from me; & to prevent her thinking 'Well, is



—OUR FACULTY—
—REACH FAR—
—BEYOND THE—
—CLASSROOM—

"Wovoka"
Grace Dangberg Foundation

Professor Michael Hittman, Ph.D.
Anthropology Department
Brooklyn
LONG ISLAND UNIVERSITY
Education That Works®

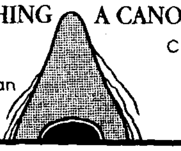


SORBETTO
¡CIAO BELLA!
GELATO

"My darling *pumpkin*,
let's misbehave
this holiday season.
Dear little *biscotti*,
I am absolutely...
pistachio about you.
To think, *Coconut*,
we simply telephoned
1 800 343 5286
and that sweet F.W. Pearce
sent us a freezerful.
Oh, my *passion (fruit)*,
that delightful man
flew in our lovely flavors
from Italy!"

"Oh, my *Ciao Bella*, Gelato!"

TREE FROG Pin
Sterling Silver
$45.00
14k Gold
$375.00
Velvet Box
Size
1⅜" W x 1" H
VISA, MC, AMEX
1-800-235-0471
24 hrs. 7 days
S/H $3.50
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701



THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
It weighs only **28 pounds**. For **less than $800** you can buy more than a canoe.
Call toll-free
1-800-354-0190.

Back Relief and Relaxation

Treat your back to the world's most stress-free recliner...

Adjusts from vertical to horizontal in the doctor-recommended 90/90 position.
Elegant wood finishes, with leather, fabric or **New UltraSuede.**

Free Catalog!

BackSaver Call 1-800-251-2225
or fax 24 hrs. 1-800-443-9609
53 Jeffrey Avenue, NY67, Holliston, MA 01746

ORDER A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO ANY MAGAZINE

100,000 U.S. & FOREIGN PERIODICALS
- Low rates from $9.95
- Free personalized gift card
- No extra charges
- Visa, MC accepted
- 24 hour service
- Satisfaction guaranteed

SUB·CLUB™
1-800-4ANY-SUB
Call to order gifts or your own subscriptions.

SUNFLOWER PIN
A flower for all seasons from James Breakell's workshop. In sterling, $35, 14k gold $312.
Add $3.50 handling.
Catalog available.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
1-800-767-6411.
1⅛"
J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill St. Dept NYSU Newport, RI 02840

The Now Watch™
To Remind You...
Attractive Gold, Black or Light Gray Casing with Black or Tan Leather Band. $60.00
Call: 1-800-437-3669 (X-Mas Delivery)
...It's Time
NOW

The Big Plane Trip
"Parents will bless you for creating a video they can watch with their children!"
Children's video - Only $12.95 plus shipping
1-800-KID VIDEO (543-8433)

this all?' as she was bound to think, having declared herself so openly in writing."

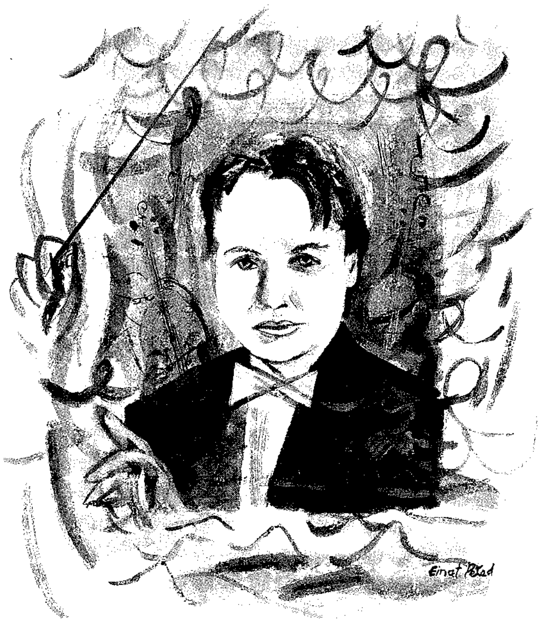
There's a lot of intelligence and entertainment in "Vita & Virginia," but one thing that's missing is imagination, a guess about what went on between these two women beyond what they themselves put on the page. "It cannot be denied that when women get together . . . they are always careful to see that the doors are shut and that not a word of it gets into print," Virginia Woolf titillatingly, but not inaccurately, wrote in "Orlando." In "Vita & Virginia" there's no mystery: it's all in print, and the doors are wide open. ♦

MUSICAL EVENTS

PLAYING TO LOS ANGELES

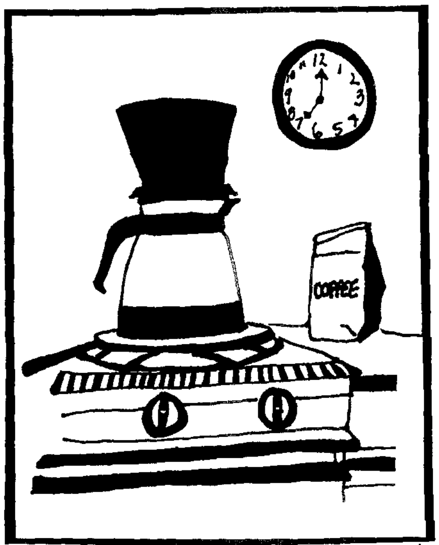
BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

THE effort to rethink the symphony orchestra—an effort that was directed principally by clean artistic vision when Pierre Boulez was at the head of the Philharmonic, in the seventies—has more recently gained the urgency of other needs: social, political, economic. Mr. Boulez didn't want to spend his conducting life in a museum; now we worry that the museum has only dead white males on exhibit, and pretty nearly only living white people among its dwindling numbers of visitors. Some people are inclined to blame the schools for deserting music education, but chiefly, and more positively, the mood in the orchestral world is one of self-criticism. What can be done—now, by us—to reach audiences more mixed in age and cultural background? Should we concentrate on the main area of our expertise—the orchestral repertory from Haydn through Stravinsky—or go for more variety: new music, chamber concerts, crossover material, opera? Should we reflect the complexity of life in a modern city or only be part of it? And then: which part? Are there possibilities other than the two-hour concert? Are there venues other than the concert hall? The questions are, beyond doubt, being forced on managements by financial circumstances, but they're good questions, and there are worse reasons for trying to respond to them.



The Los Angeles Philharmonic's Esa-Pekka Salonen: Trying to rethink the orchestra for a city in flux.

If they seem particularly crucial in Los Angeles, that may have to do with the city—with its comparative lack of an established constituency for orchestral concerts, with its ethnic diversity and geographical sprawl, with its social and seismic uneases—as well as with its orchestra, which was in town recently for two concerts at Avery Fisher Hall. Ernest Fleischmann, who has run the Los Angeles Philharmonic throughout the last third of its seventy-five-year history, has made it an all-



"JAVA"
Giant 24" x 36" poster signed by popular Cape Cod illustrator Suzie Coon. **$25.** post paid, shipped immediately. Send check to Suzie Coon, P.O. Box 2657, Orleans, MA 02653. 508 / 255-8331.
FOR ANYONE WHO *LOVES* COFFEE!

Remember Laughter
A Life of James Thurber
by Neil A. Grauer

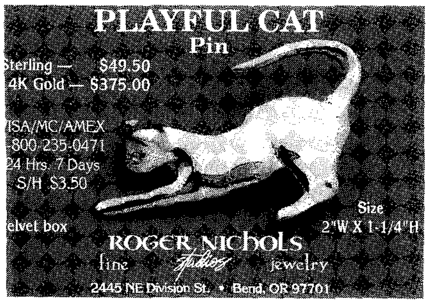
"A uniquely sparkling book."
—HUGH KENNER

"Biography at its best."
—JAMES J. KILPATRICK

at bookstores everywhere

Jniversity of Nebraska Press • 800-755-1105

Expedition to Vilcabamba
APRIL 30 TO MAY 14, 1995
OUR UNIQUELY FASCINATING TOUR TO PERU: THE LAST REFUGE OF THE INCAS PLUS LIMA, CUSCO, THE SACRED VALLEY AND TWO NIGHTS AT MACHU PICCHU
HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC
513 FLEMING STREET, KEY WEST, FLORIDA 33040
TELEPHONE (305) 294 8174 FAX (305) 292 9665



PLAYFUL CAT
Pin
Sterling — $49.50
4K Gold — $375.00
ISA/MC/AMEX
-800-235-0471
24 Hrs. 7 Days
S/H $3.50
elvet box
Size
2"W X 1-1/4"H
ROGER NICHOLS
fine Studios jewelry
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701

purpose institution for performing and promoting Western classical music. In addition to its subscription series and summer concerts at the Hollywood Bowl, it occasionally becomes an opera orchestra: it did so spectacularly at the 1992 Salzburg Festival for Messiaen's "Saint François," and will be in the pit again in Los Angeles next February, for "Pelléas et Mélisande." Other productions, of "Mathis der Maler" and "The Rake's Progress," are being mooted. More regularly, many of the musicians have the further opportunity to play in chamber programs and in the orchestra's Green Umbrella series for new music. Saturday-morning children's concerts are not only music-appreciation classes but also lively practical sessions at which young children have a chance to talk to musicians and try out instruments. And—sparked partly by an association with Peter Sellars, who, besides directing all the operatic endeavors, serves as intellectual gadfly—the orchestra has been giving concerts in churches and temples, in areas where the population is predominantly of African or Asian or Latino origin.

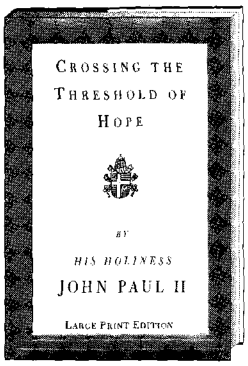
Along with Mr. Fleischmann's quiet determination and Mr. Sellars' intermittent shock therapy, what largely will determine how this orchestra goes forward is the presence of Esa-Pekka Salonen, who took over as music director two years ago. He seemed in many ways the ideal choice. For Mr. Fleischmann, long committed to Boulezian principles of repertory reform, here was a junior Boulez: a composer, a conductor with sympathies weighted in the twentieth century (in Stravinsky, Sibelius, Nielsen, Messiaen, Lutoslawski, Ligeti), a musician with an acute ear and a clear mind. The orchestra welcomed him for his lucidity, his efficiency, and his lack of pretension; its musicians had been playing for him since he made his American début with them in 1984, and their coöperation with him in rehearsal is calm and relaxed. Then, for the marketing people he was a gift. When his appointment was announced, in 1989, he was just past thirty but looked ten years younger, with the boyish features of a gentler rock hero.

If the dream isn't immediately working out as planned, that must be partly because the expectations were so contradictory: a smooth-running conductor

Blenheim Ginger Ale

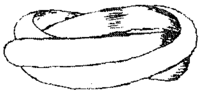
WE MAKE GINGER ALE
THE OLD FASHIONED WAY
SINCE 1903
NOW YOU CAN ORDER our famous Ginger Ale prepaid anywhere in the U.S.
$24.00 per case of 24/12 oz. bottles.
Specify #3 HOT, #5 NOT AS HOT or #9 DIET (or can mix)
NOT FOR TIMID PALATES !
Write to: Blenheim Bottlers
Box 452, Hamer SC 29547
or Call: 1-800-270-9344
AMX/DISCOVER/VISA/MC

EASY TO GIVE, EASY TO READ.

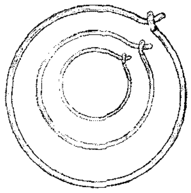


Bestsellers in large print make perfect gifts for the holidays.
RANDOM HOUSE
LARGE PRINT EDITIONS

Rose Gold • White Gold • Yellow Gold
Give the Gift of Gold
Trio Rings, Earrings and Bands in Rose, White or Yellow Gold.



Earrings for unpierced ears are also available. For a free catalogue call; 1-800-262-6026 or write; Spring City Craftsman 190 N. Main Spring City, Utah 84662



THE DISTINCTIVE GIFT

AMANDARI
Fine Mahogany Gifts
Solid mahogany: wastebasket Chippendale, 15" H $175. Octagon w/brass lions head, 13" H, $135. Cigar ashtray w/ removable pewter insert. $96. S/H $4.
To order or for a catalog 1-800-449-7844
9 Academy Lane
Salisbury, CT. 06068

100% fun.
0% alcohol.

For all your celebrations, choose Meier's Sparkling Grape Juices. All eight festive flavors are naturally crisp, bubbly and delicious, without alcohol or added sugar.

MEIER'S
John C. Meier Juice Co. 800 346-2941

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd. Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

"Pigs" Bracelet,
14K Gold $595, Sterling $165. Pin or Pendant 14K Gold $95, Sterling $40. Visa/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call or come and see us.
2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 1 800-277-0130

who would present tough-minded music while maintaining the image of a Baltic Michael J. Fox. But just as significant may be the changes taking place in Mr. Salonen—changes that are inevitable in a whiz kid who has passed the age of whizzing, and have probably been precipitated and exacerbated by the Los Angeles appointment. There are other reasons for him to be taking stock. He began his career as a composer, and, like Mr. Boulez, took up conducting only as a means to further his own music. He must now be wondering if—again like Mr. Boulez, and at the same age—he is to find the tail wagging the dog. During the last few years, he's completed little but a short oboe concerto, "Mimo II," which he'll be presenting in Los Angeles next April.

That work is included on a newly released compact disk of his music (Finlandia 4509 95607), along with an early saxophone concerto, a rather self-consciously zany—and, on the record, wildly mispronounced—setting of words from the English translation of a Stanislaw Lem novel, and a bunch of instrumental solos, all of which together offer some clues to his musical personality. The imagery is bright, lively, and clear-featured; the proficiency is evident. "Mimo II," in particular, fair bounces along, trying on different ideas, discarding some immediately, going back to others. But there's also in his music a hampering, if touching, eagerness to please, which declares itself especially at the upbeat endings. It's as if he didn't trust his material. And his present uncertainties as a conductor may be those of a man who doesn't quite trust himself, who is in the process of rediscovering himself.

Talking to me in Los Angeles recently about the experience of conducting Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" with black soloists, for black audiences, he seemed almost embarrassed by his potential to move people, and spoke hesitantly of "a very strong feeling of bringing a message." Hitherto, his inclinations have led him to music that doesn't need—that may even resist—that degree of identification and projection. Mr. Fleischmann, telling me what he feels to be his conductor's qualities, drew attention to his "clear stick"—an aid to which the orchestra had got used during its long time under Zubin Mehta (who is remembered with far more fondness in Los Angeles than in New York). The result is a superbly emphatic beat, as we heard all through the second Fisher Hall concert, in Beethoven's "Consecration of the House" overture, Lutoslawski's Fourth Symphony (the composer's last major work, written for Los Angeles), and Sibelius's Second. At a more detailed level, though, ensemble isn't always so precise. The presto at the start of the Sibelius scherzo lacked coördination; it also had no connection with the slow tempo of the intervening trio material. And that's another worry about Mr. Salonen's grand beat—that it has no power to move anywhere but on the level, that it's detached from growth and change. The composer and the conductor are the same man: technically well equipped, unfailingly able to make an effect (this New York concert was a great show, by an orchestra arriving in triumphal-return mode), but unwilling to take risks, and seeming to hold greater potentialities in reserve.

Of the recordings Mr. Salonen has made with the Los Angeles orchestra, early Sibelius ("Kullervo" and the Lemminkäinen legends) has come off well. So has the Lutoslawski Fourth, which sounds better in the recorded performance (on Sony SK 66280) than it did in the concert hall—though it's still a strange piece, with its swelling Broadway tune on the strings and its snap bravado finish after so much hesitation. Other things Mr. Salonen has done recently have a new evenness—serene or, as may happen, bland. Perhaps this is the difficult birth of maturity, which may be coming with a shifting of interests. Though his "Mimo II" is a Stravinskyan masquerade for oboist, his sympathy with Stravinsky seems to be waning—on the evidence of some sloppy performances I heard in Los Angeles last spring and also of the faltering of his output of Stravinsky recordings. Estimations change. Mahler, he told me, is becoming less central fo him, Bruckner more so, and Shostakovich more so. It isn't just a persona matter. It's the way of the musical world the ending of dogma—"the collapse of the Soviet Union," as he put it. "Also, life is too long. The orchestral repertory is already only a tiny segment of the two-thousand-year history of Western music; to specialize too much within that tiny segment would be dangerous." What now seems crucial to him, both as composer and as conductor, is the lesson of folk music. "Some ideas in European and Chinese folk music may go back three or four thousand years. What gives them this long life span?"

Folk music is bound to matter to a musician who performs what Berio and Ligeti are writing now, but being in Los Angeles has been an education, too. The city is, he says, "a continuous ethnic-music festival"—a festival to which he wants the orchestra to contribute. "We cannot camouflage ourselves: we are a group of experts in a particular tradition." But the orchestra has begun presenting combined programs with ensembles from other cultures: the distilled Sicilian folk songs of Berio's viola concerto "Voci," say, put up against Chinese music. Hopes for the future include a touring version of Stravinsky's "Soldier's Tale" that could be quickly set up in different parts of the city.

These are important ideas. To develop them, the orchestra and Mr. Salonen need time, and probably Mr. Salonen also needs time to find some alternative to showmanship, which he can deliver, but which doesn't and shouldn't satisfy him. The delays in building the orchestra's new Walt Disney Hall—magnificently designed by Frank Gehry as a cheerful hat of great rectangular off-white flaps to stand across the street from the sandstone table of Arato Isozaki's Museum of Contemporary Art—may therefore turn out to be useful. Now the orchestra and its conductor can exercise the will and the imagination hey have to experiment with change. ♦

ALL THE GNUS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT

[*From "Corrections" in the Times*]

The crossword puzzle yesterday was printed n error. It had been scheduled to be printed n Sept. 3. The error temporarily rendered noperative the "900" telephone number for nswers. The answer printed in puzzle form esterday was for a puzzle that has not yet een printed. The answer to the puzzle that was printed last Saturday, and the answer to he puzzle that was printed yesterday, appear oday on Page C19.

FOR PUTTING NEW YORKERS IN THEIR PLACE

The New Yorker *magazine case is designed to neatly store and give you easy access to back issues of your favorite magazine. Midnight blue. Gold stamping on 3 sides. Includes convenient slip-in label holders for indexing. Each case holds about 15 issues. Sold in sets of 2.*

To order, call toll-free:

1-800-336-5510

or send check or money order for $29.95 per set, plus $3.50 shipping and handling to:*

The New Yorker
Box 10214, Dept. 673004-067
Des Moines, IA 50336.

© The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

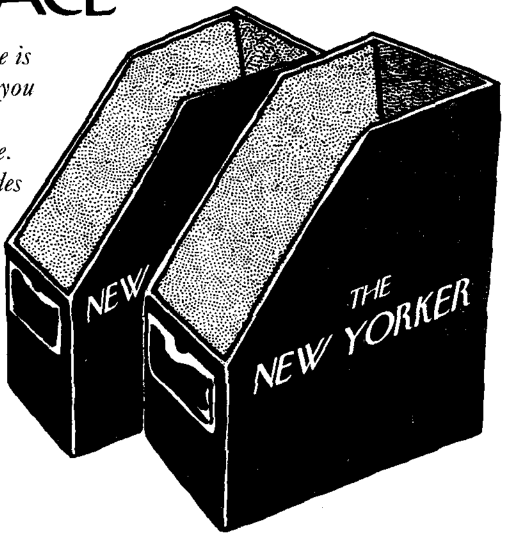
Please send me ___ set(s) of magazine cases at $29.95 per set, plus $3.50 S&H.* (211615)

Name __________

Address __________

City __________ *State* ____ *Zip* ____

*Offer only available in the U.S. and Canada. Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH please add applicable sales tax. Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.



"An album of imaginary souvenirs that evokes a bygone era and reveals another secret on each passage through it."—N.Y. Times Book Review

STATIONS

AN IMAGINED JOURNEY

MICHAEL FLANAGAN

NOW IN BOOKSTORES PANTHEON

We make your holiday book shopping *easy*.
Call us to order any book in print, from new releases to classics. Free shipping on US orders over $20. Free gift wrapping.

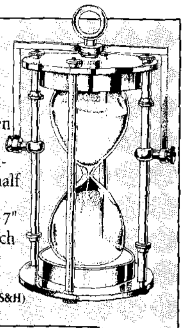
Book*Bound* 800-959-READ
516-324-1518 • Fax: 516-324-2846
Box 2376, East Hampton, NY 11937

Eight bells, it's dog watch

Old Salts use the word 'Glass' when talking about a half hour. Ship's time in the Age of Sail was regulated by watches divided into eight half hours... the helmsman turned the glass and rang the ship's bell. Our 7" hand-tooled, gimbaled brass French Admiralty Hourglass comes with its own fascinating history.
HG004 - 7"Hourglass-$49.95(+ 4.50 S&H)

To order: **1-800-895-3050**

TRADING STORIES
5th Street Public Market, 296 E. 5th Street, Eugene, OR 97401
TALES AND TREASURES FROM AROUND THE WORLD



NEW MOON
The Magazine for Girls and Their Dreams
Award winner • International • Edited by Girls!
Praised by NY Times, Ms., Utne Reader, Chi. Trib., US News
Profiles, History, Cartoons, Arts, Sports for Real Girls!
$25 / year (6 issues) 1-800-381-4743
PO Box 3620-Y, Duluth, MN 55803

SHOUTS & MURMURS

THE CON CHANNEL

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

A group of conservative political operatives is expected to announce today the launching of the *Conservative TV Network*, a 24-hour pay cable-television channel expected to debut in early 1996.—*USA Today.*

Morning

5-6: Prayer (Mandatory).

6-6:30: Nikkei Today—Highlights from the day's trading on the Tokyo Stock Exchange.

6:30-7: Dónde Está Mi Café? (Educ.)—Communicating with your servants.

7-8: Grrrr!—Host G. Gordon Liddy lets Camille Paglia shave his head; N.R.A. chief Wayne La Pierre on why White House shooter Francisco Martin Duran missed.

8-9: Girl Talk with Maureen Reagan—Does liposuction work? Also: Is Patti Davis really Ronald Reagan's daughter?

9-11: Phyllis! with Phyllis Schlafly—Pacific tuna fishermen explain how dolphins commit suicide by hurling themselves into the nets; also: how to tell if your son is queer.

11-11:30: Get a Job!—Talking back to the homeless.

11:30-12: How to Marry a Millionaire (Educ.)—Hostess Arianna Huffington shows how to find out how much he's really worth; guest Mercedes Bass talks about her new seven-billion-dollar studio apartment on the Faubourg Saint-Honoré.

Afternoon

12-1: Perles Before Swine—Strategic thinker and gourmet chef Richard Perle whips up a perfect *soufflé atomique.*

1-2: As the World Burns (Drama)—Kent is forced to reconsider his views on multiculturalism when he learns that Binky is actually Scottish and not Senegalese.

2-4: Midday Matinee—"Red Dawn" (1984): Communist paratroopers occupy a Colorado high school. With Patrick Swayze. (Violence; Russian profanity.)

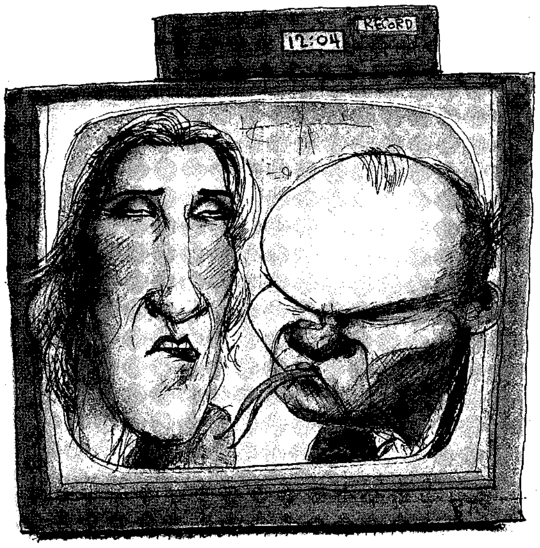
4-4:30: Midday Matinee Panel (Public affairs)—Michael Medved asks: Could it happen again? A Colorado school principal argues that students today are well armed enough to repel any invasion; N.R.A. chief Wayne La Pierre disagrees.

4:30-6: How'd You Make Out Today?—Stock-market update, with *Wall Street Journal* editor Bob Bartley; guest Malcolm Forbes, Jr., talking about how he did.

Evening

6-6:30: Evening News with Brit Hume—American Addenda: Liberals who drive expensive foreign cars.

6:30-7:30: Irv—Irving Kristol demands that Daniel Patrick Moynihan personally apologize for black illegitimacy; guest Hilton Kramer denounces French Impressionism.



7:30-8: Crosshair—R. Emmett Tyrrell calls Donna Shalala a "Druze dwarf"; Florence King goads A.C.L.U. head Ira Glasser by repeatedly mispronouncing his name.

8-8:30: Destination: Singapore—Tour guide Margaret Thatcher takes you behind the scenes in the best-run country in the world, where sneezing in public brings a ten-thousand-dollar fine.

8:30-11: Biography: Newt ("The Gathering Storm," Part 6 of 12)—Despite his anguished pleas that they can "work it out together," Newt's first wife shocks him by serving him with divorce papers as soon as she comes out of the anesthesia after her cancer operation.

11-12: Bedtime with Bill Bennett—Virtue czar reads from his favorite Brothers Grimm tales and talks about his one date with Janis Joplin.

Late Night

12-12:30: Mary and Serpenthead—Mary throws up in a tony restaurant when she accidentally learns that Serpenthead has agreed to manage Clinton's Presidential campaign. (Mild profanity.)

12:30-1: Perspiring Line—Liddy Dole tests the new Nordic-Track 2000.

1-2: The Great Books—Tom Clancy talks about how he has grown as a writer.

2-3: Oh Yeah, Well What Are Your Shoes Made Of?—Talking back to PETA activists.

3-3:30: Capital Gang—Tonight: Utah's crack firing squad Also, Florida State Prison's Old Sparky electric chair. Host: Pa Boone. (Mature.)

3:30-4: Lethal Injection—More executions. (Mature.)

4-5: Jim Baker III ♦

"Did you ever notice how good he smells?"

GEORGIA: *I finally went out to dinner with him last night.*

JACKIE: *Just the two of you? Where did you go?*

GEORGIA: *Mario's.*

JACKIE: *Mario's? The food is terrible.*

GEORGIA: *I didn't notice. I don't really even know what I ate.*

JACKIE: *Really?*

GEORGIA: *You should have seen him. He was so sweet. He spilled his wine all over my dress.*

JACKIE: *Adorable.*

GEORGIA: *And then when he reached over to give me his napkin, he knocked over his water glass.*

JACKIE: *Hilarious.*

GEORGIA: *Well, it was. We couldn't stop laughing. We just had to get out of there. We laughed all the way back to my place.*

JACKIE: *Your place?*

GEORGIA: *Well, I was soaked. And besides...*

JACKIE: *Besides.*

GEORGIA: *Did you ever notice how good he smells?*

JACKIE: *Frankly, no.*

GEORGIA: *He wears the most wonderful cologne.*

JACKIE: *Dare I ask what it is?*

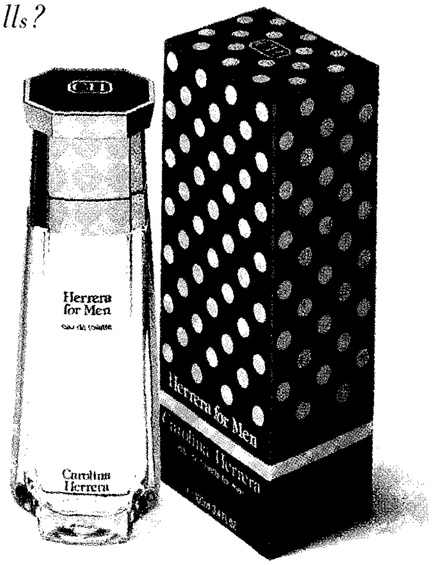
GEORGIA: *Well, it comes in a box with dots.*

JACKIE: *Dots?*

GEORGIA: *Dots.*

JACKIE: *So. Now we're back at your place...*

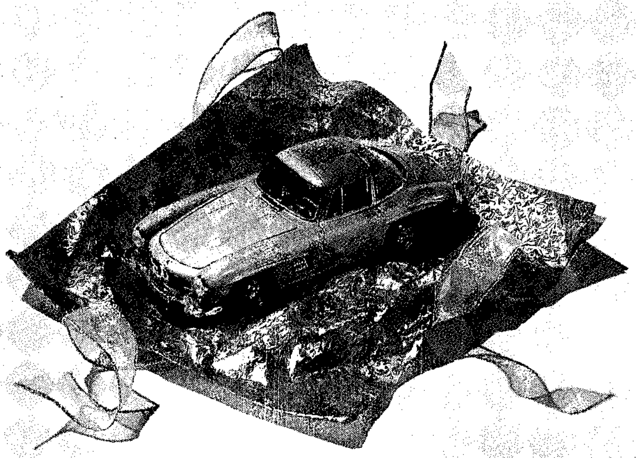
GEORGIA: *Jackie, how's your mother?*



Saks Fifth Avenue

Herrera for Men
Carolina Herrera
New York

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You went zooming around the house in it.

You took it cruising on the front porch,

kerplunking down the steps and racing down the walk.

You drove it to the Indy 500.®

You drove it around the world.

And when Mom told you to put it away for the night,

you tucked it under your pillow

and dreamed really, really hard about it.

❧

Years later, it turned up

on a slightly larger scale.

Seasons Greetings and may all your wishes continue to come true.

©1994 Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., Montvale, N.J. Member of the Daimler-Benz Group.